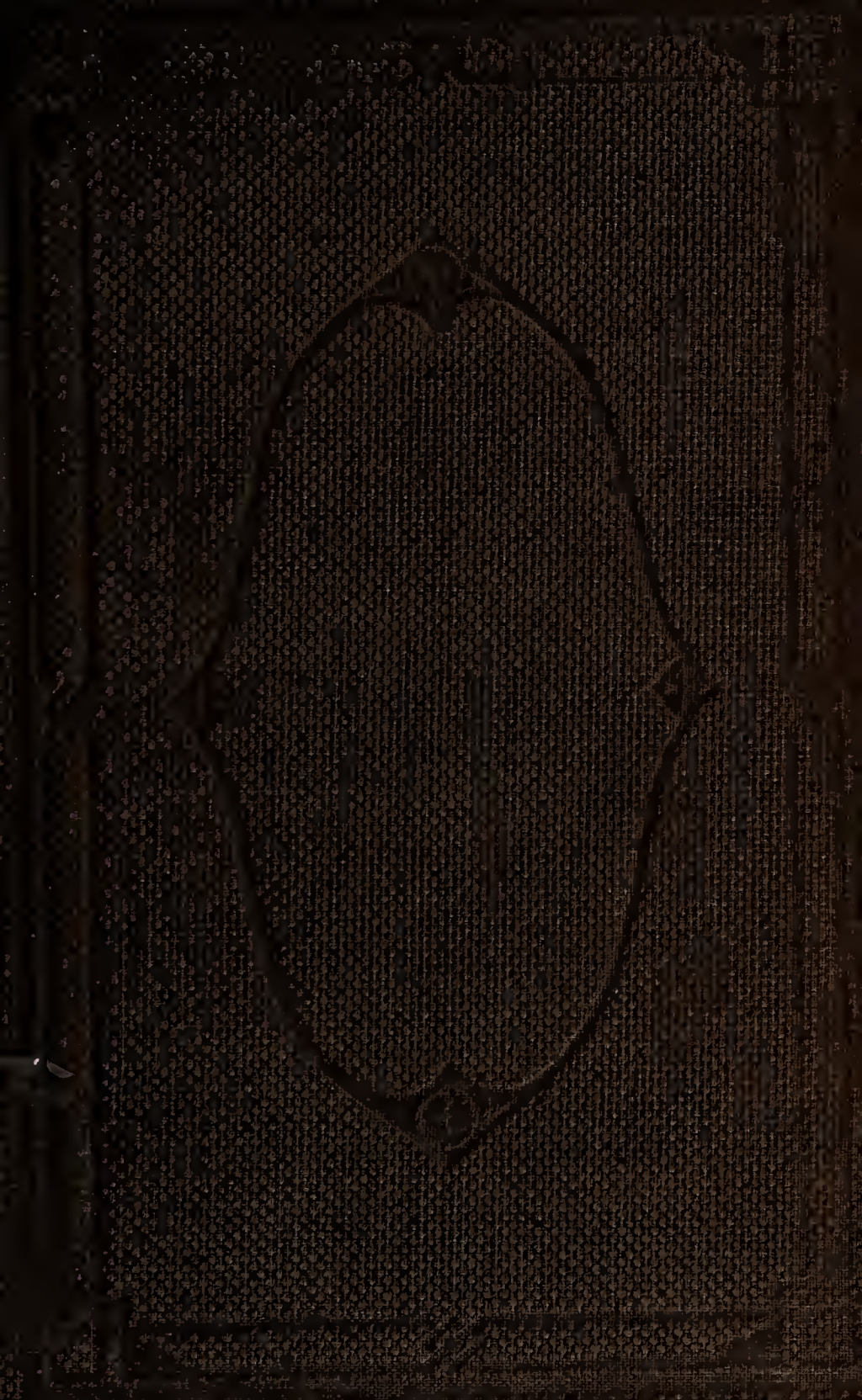

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T. B. SMITH & SON
82 & 84 Beekman-st.

PRINTED BY
PUDNEY & RUSSELL,
79 John-street.

PREFACE.

When I was requested to prepare a Memoir of my early friend and classmate, judgment demurred at the labor which the heart accepted. A pastor's first and constant duty is to the flock to which he ministers; and never have the labors of the pastoral office been so arduous and absorbing, as during this memorable year of mercy. Yet by devoting to the memoir a summer's vacation, and such rare hours of leisure and relaxation as a city pastorate will permit, I have been enabled, through God's blessing, to complete it without trenching upon the claims of pulpit or parish. Indeed I have found this frequent communion with one whose industry and devotion in the service of Christ were alike eminent, a healthful stimulus and encouragement in all kindred labors.

The materials for a memoir of Mr. Stoddard proved to be abundant, but all of one description. He kept no diary or record of his religious life or his personal labors; but his correspondence was so extensive and full that it furnishes a transcript of both. Extracts from nearly two hundred letters appear in this volume; and at least an equal number have been withheld for want of room, or because their contents were expressed or implied in others, or on account of personal references.

Every one of these letters, published and unpublished, making in all, some two thousand closely written pages, has been read and sifted for the preparation of the Memoir; and I can testify that there is not in them all one single expression of regret, of discontent, or even of wavering, in view of the labors and trials of the missionary life. The unbroken joyousness of these letters with regard to the service of Christ in a foreign land—familiar letters, for the most part addressed to intimate friends—crowns the appeal of his active and blessed life for a full consecration to the work of recovering this lost world to the Redeemer. May that appeal incite many young men who have recently confessed Christ as their Saviour, to go forth to proclaim his salvation to the benighted and the perishing.

When I read in one of Mr. Stoddard's letters, these lines:—"I am no friend to biographies or even sketches, multiplied so injudiciously as they are, and I will say to you here, please never allow one to be prepared of your missionary brother;"—it seemed almost like invading the secrecy of death, to unfold his life upon the printed page. But Mr. Stoddard, when living, could not fitly judge of what the very cause for which he lived, might require of him after his decease. If this memoir shall kindle in other minds that flame of missionary zeal which burned so purely and so brightly in his own, then doubtless he will rejoice in heaven, that though he rests from his labors, *his works do follow him.*

New York, September 10th, 1858.

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CHAPTER I.

BIRTH-PLACE AND EARLY HOME.

"Oh, that we were richer, in our German language, in biographical works, which are adapted to illustrate and promote a truly elevated and practical Christianity, by laying open the sanctuary of the inner life! While English literature is exceedingly rich in such biographies, and the religious life of England owes, perhaps, not a little of its activity to this circumstance, we Germans are comparatively poor in such reading. Yet it may be said, that even among us, more awakenings have proceeded from the written lives of those eminent for piety, than from books of devotion and printed sermons. We are able, even in the circle of our own acquaintance, to mention a great number of Christians—and among these names of the first rank in the religious world—who are indebted essentially to works of biography for the confirmation and stability of their spiritual life. The writer can assert this in regard to himself. He can make such an acknowledgment respecting a book to which he knows that not a few in Europe, and America, and Asia, will bear a similar testimony. The biography of the missionary Martyn—the man who, even among the Persian Mohammedans, was known only as the holy—opened in my own life a new era of religious progress."*

* Preface to the *Sonntags-Bibliothek*, a series of biographies for Sabbath reading.

These are the words of one whose own "books of devotion and printed sermons" have largely contributed to the awakening of spiritual life in Germany, and whose learned and candid criticism, with his fine moral and esthetic powers in the Professor's chair, have arrested the inroads of Rationalism at Halle, and have restored something of its early tone of piety to the University which Spener and Francke hallowed with their prayers. It is Dr. Augustus Tholuck, whose "Hours of Devotion" have ministered to the spiritual life of so many in England and the United States, who thus testifies of the influence of the biography of Martyn upon his own religious progress.

There was much in the character of Martyn to attract a mind like that of Tholuck. The fine scholarship of Martyn, both in the mathematics and in the classics, his enthusiasm in the critical study of the Scriptures, his refined and courteous manners, his sympathy with Nature in her silent but ceaseless tributes of praise to the Creator, his delicate sensibility toward the spiritual wants of those around him, the almost ethereal temper of his piety—these well might win the heart of a Christian scholar, who, more than any other commentator, has entered into the devotional spirit of the Psalms and of the Sermon on the Mount, and who, in his early theological lectures at Halle, would read his notes weeping that his students "could not see *light*, because they did not have *love*." How much of the saintly life of Martyn, which breathed itself out in vindicating the New Testament before Moollahs and Soofies, is reproduced in Tholuck vindicating the Gospel before Rationalists.

But the testimony which Tholuck bears to the biography of Martyn, as having opened to him "a new era of

religious progress," Martyn also bears to the biography of one who was his equal in thorough and graceful culture, as in native promise, and his exemplar in high personal sanctification, and in missionary devotion. The prize scholar of Cambridge had already devoted himself to the ministry of the Gospel, when, "on reading the life of DAVID BRAINERD, who preached with apostolical zeal and success to the North American Indians, and who finished a course of self-denying labors for his Redeemer, with unspeakable joy, at the early age of thirty-two, his soul was filled with a holy emulation of that extraordinary man; and after deep consideration and fervent prayer, he was at length fixed in a resolution to imitate his example."*

As the piety that so sweetly flowers in Tholuck's "Hours of Devotion" has twined its notes around that lonely missionary grave at Tocat, so the piety that left its dying fragrance over all the East had early twined its roots around that missionary tomb in the well-ordered cemetery of Northampton, where, under a venerable, moss-grown, iron-gray slab, supported by antique pillars, rest the remains of Brainerd, "sometime missionary to the Indians," and near by, those of that "dear Jerusha,"† *of* whom the dying saint testified to her parents that, "by the temper of her mind, she was fitted to deny herself for God, and to do good, beyond any young woman whatsoever, whom he knew;" and *to* whom he said, as earthly love was sublimated by faith, "I am quite willing to part with you. . .

* Sargent's Life of Martyn.

† *Jerusha*, daughter of Rev. *Jonathan Edwards*, the affianced of David Brainerd. She watched over him for nineteen weeks, in his last sickness, at her father's house; and, four months after Brainerd's death, was herself borne to the grave at the early age of eighteen.

Though, if I thought I should not see you, and be happy with you, in another world, I could not *bear* to part with you."

While the missionary grave at Toeat thus answers to the missionary grave at Northampton—both sending forth the testimony and the ineentive of genius, and scholarship, and gentlemanly culture, sanctified by grace, and eonseerated to the serviee of Christ, in the salvation of rude and barbarous tribes—we may also link the two together by another life of genius and of piety, which began amid the yet green memories of Brainerd, and whieh terminated its labors and sacrifiee of love in that Persia whieh Martyn traversed as the apostle of missions.

The eye of Martyn, whieh always drank in spiritual pleasure from natural scenery, would have reveled in the surroundings of the burial-plaee of Brainerd. The Connecticut, whieh has already threaded its way for a hundred and fifty miles between the hills of New Hampshire and Vermont here stretehes out in graceful curves, over the wide reaeh of cultivated land—a basin of twenty miles by fifteen—formed by the westward eurve of the Green Mountains from Greenfield to Mount Tom, and the Lyme range sweeping down to Mount Holyoke, on the east. From almost any elevation in Northampton, the eye takes in on either side the sweep of hills—some wooded, others cultivated to the summit—whieh bound the horizon twenty miles to the north. Directly to the south, stand the twin mountains Holyoke and Tom, their roots interlaced beneath the bed of the river that now divides them, and which seems to have forced its passage through their once united barriers. Extensive meadows, whieh, like the delta of the Nile, are liable to a yearly de-

posit of alluvium from the overflow of the river, and the fatness of whose soil is like that of Goshen, stretch southward and eastward almost to the base of the mountains. From time immemorial these meadows have been bought and sold, and inherited without any division of fence or wall. Thousands of acres thus lie in fields divided only by the meanderings of the river, from whose banks rise meadows, orchards, and arable plots, like a succession of terraced gardens, whose perfect culture answers to Emerson's picture of England, as "finished with a pencil instead of a plow." At intervals of a few miles, villages are seen reposing upon gentle slopes, in the shade of abundant trees, with an occasional cupola or spire, the symbol in every New England town, of the supremacy of knowledge and religion. A little below, the factories and academies of East Hampton suggest to the traveler and will transmit to posterity, the name of one who has made the success of mechanical labors pay large tribute to the institutions of learning and of piety; multiplying to operatives the benefits of knowledge and religion, and building schools, churches, and colleges with the avails of manufactures. At the foot of Mount Holyoke, the Female Seminary, which has been the nursery of missionaries, recalls the honored name of Mary Lyon its founder; "she did what she could for her Lord." To the east are seen the chapel, the library, and the observatory of Amherst College. And thus, as at Oxford, the most exquisite softness of natural scenery, in stream, and vale, and meadow, and gentle slope, and the most finished beauty and richness of cultivation, are heightened by the associations of learning and religion, and of the most cultivated society.

Nor is there wanting here antiquity, and the association

of great names, so far as these can enter at all as elements into an American scene. The town of Northampton was of early settlement, and there are yet to be found there families whose names and estates have come down to them through two hundred years. The irregular course of the streets, and the absence of grading and leveling, mark this as an old-fashioned town; while its huge and lofty elms assert the dignity of years. On one of these streets stood the house of Jonathan Edwards—*the* name of New England theology—and there are yet standing two majestic elms that were planted by his hands. Near by, on the same street, is the house in which Timothy Dwight was born—a name second only to that of Edwards in the churches of New England. If we turn into the ancient grave-yard, we shall there see the grave of Brainerd—the path to it worn by the feet of numerous pilgrims; and many a stone whose hue and dates tell of the last century, while its record is of honored names and worthy deeds. Not far from the grave of Brainerd is a family enclosure, marked by the graves of three generations, each of whom realized the promise to the sons of wisdom, of honor and length of days—Solomon, High Sheriff, dying in 1827, at the age of ninety-one; John, the Hon. Chief Justice, dying in 1784, at the age of sixty-six; and his father, Solomon, for fifty-seven years pastor of the church in Northampton, dying in 1729, at the age of eighty-six. There is yet room in that enclosure for the grave of the patriarch Solomon, the son of Solomon the High-Sheriff—who still lives, at the age of eighty-seven—and for a monument in memory of his youngest son, David Tappan Stoddard, missionary to the Nestorians.

CHAPTER II.

A GODLY ANCESTRY.

What a volume of history in Church and in State is embosomed within that little burial enclosure! Of the three principal names upon these monuments of the Stoddard family, that which is nearest to our time covers the colonial history from the accession of George II. down to the period of the American Revolution, and the administrations of Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams, under the Federal Constitution. The second covers the whole period of the French and Indian wars. The third reaches back to the middle of the seventeenth century, and forms a direct link between our own times and the early Puritan emigration to Massachusetts.

The biographer of the late Dr. Wardlaw has these very sensible observations upon the honor due to a worthy ancestry: "There are some people who say they attach no importance to a man's descent or to family honors, and despise those who do. Perhaps they may be sincere; but I can not help thinking their judgment in this matter erroneous, and their feeling unnatural. 'The glory of children,' says the wisest of men, 'are their fathers;' and I do not see why an honorable descent should not be valued, as well as any other blessing of Providence. At any rate, I must confess that it affords to me a singular pleasure to be

able to trace the lineage of one whom I respected as one of the first of living theologians, and admired as a model of Christian courtesy, through an ancestry in which the distinctions arising from eminence of rank and eminence in sacred learning are so curiously intermingled." * It is not, however, for the sake of chronicling "an honorable descent" that a chapter is devoted to the ancestry of the subject of this Memoir; but to illustrate the sure mercies of the covenant of grace to which that ancestry have witnessed in all their generations.

Anthony Stoddard, a Puritan emigrant from the west of England, came to Boston about 1630, where he married Mary Downing, a niece of John Winthrop, the devout Governor of the Massachusetts colony. When his first-born, Solomon, was a boy of eleven, a township some ten miles square, lying upon the western bank of the Connecticut above South Hadley Falls, was purchased of the Indians for a satisfactory consideration, and the settlement of *Nonotuck*, or Northampton, was begun in the wilderness. One of the first acts of the people of this infant town was to employ an agent "to obtain a minister, and to devise means to prevent the excess of liquors and cider from coming to the town." † Rev. Elcazer Mather was settled as their first pastor, and labored among them with fidelity and success until his decease in 1669. Meantime, Mr. Solomon Stoddard had graduated at Harvard College in 1662, and had entered upon the work of the ministry. Rev. Joseph Elliot, son of the apostle to the Indians, the colleague of Mr. Mather, having removed to Guilford, Connecticut, Mr. Stoddard was settled over the church in Northampton,

* Memoirs of Ralph Wardlaw, D.D., by William Lindsay Alexander, D.D., p. 3.

† Dwight's Travels, vol. i. p. 343

September 11th, 1672. He was then twenty-nine years of age, and he continued to minister to the same people until his death at the age of eighty-six, a period of fifty-seven years. For the last two years of his life he was assisted by his grandson, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, as his colleague. Mr. Stoddard is described as "in person tall and imposing, of a comely countenance," and in old age, of a "grave and venerable presence." But the affability of his manners and the pleasantness of his conversation inspired confidence and affection even in the young, while his dignified mien "commanded reverence from all that saw him."* There must have been something in his presence akin to that in Washington which caused the very savages to look upon him with awe. The following anecdote is well authenticated. "Once, when he was riding from Northampton to Hatfield, and passing a place called Dury's Hole, an ambush of savages lined the road. A Frenchman directing his gun toward him, was warned by one of the Indians, who sometime before had been among the English, not to fire, because that man was Englishman's God." †

Mr. Stoddard was a faithful pastor and a successful preacher of the Word; and for two generations, nearly all the people of the town of Northampton were trained under his wise and faithful ministry. There were three general revivals of religion in Northampton under his pastorate.‡

Mr. Stoddard married Mrs. Esther Mather, the widow of his predecessor in the pastoral office, who survived him seven years, and died in 1736, at the age of ninety-two.

* "Sermon on the day of the interment of the reverend, pious, and learned Mr. Solomon Stoddard," by Rev. W. Williams of Hatfield. Also, Boston Weekly News Letter, No. 112.

† Dwight's Travels, i. 331.

‡ See Appendix A.

Five of six daughters by this union were married to worthy and useful ministers of the Gospel. The second, Esther, married Rev. Timothy Edwards, of East Windsor, Connecticut, and was the mother of Jonathan Edwards. Of the sons, three died in infancy, and one died a prisoner in France. Anthony graduated at Harvard, and was for sixty years pastor of the church in Woodbury, Connecticut. John, the ninth child of Solomon, and the direct ancestor of the subject of this Memoir, was one of the most eminent men in the province of Massachusetts. He resided at Northampton, and was often chosen to represent the town in the General Court. For many years he was Chief Justice of the Colonial Court of Common Pleas. He was also Judge of Probate, Chief Colonel of the regiment, and member of his Majesty's Council, under George II.

Govenor Hutchinson said of him that "he shone only in great affairs," for he would not stoop to "the little arts and crafts of minute politicians;" he adds that "few men were more generally esteemed." And Dr. Dwight, who had access to the best sources of information, bears this testimony:

"No man in Massachusetts Bay possessed the same weight of character during the last twenty years of his life; and it may be said almost literally, that '*after him men spake not again.*' Once, when Governor Shirley had a party dining with him, a servant came into the room and informed the Governor that a gentleman at the gate wished to speak with him. 'Ask the gentleman to come in,' said the Governor. 'I did, sir,' said the servant; 'but he said that he could not stay.' The company were not a little surprised, nor less indignant, at behavior which they thought so disrespectful to the Chief Magistrate. 'What

is the gentleman's name?' asked the Governor. 'I think,' said the servant, 'he told me that his name was Stoddard.' '*Is* it?' said the Governor; 'excuse me, gentlemen; if it is Colonel Stoddard, I must go to him.'

"Probably no man understood equally well the affairs and interests of the colonies; particularly of Massachusetts Bay. In his native town and county he was greatly beloved both for his public and private virtues; particularly for his piety and beneficence. The civil and military concerns of Hampshire county, then a frontier, were for a long time under his supreme control; and were managed with admirable skill and success." *

Colonel John Stoddard died in Boston, June 19th, 1748, in the 67th year of his age. His remains lie in the family burial-place at Northampton. He left five children; and it is a curious circumstance that his two sons each filled the office of High Sheriff—one in Hampshire county, including what is embraced in the three counties of Hampshire, Franklin, and Hampden, the other in Berkshire; and that one of his daughters married a gentleman who filled the same honorable office under the Crown, in the county of Hartford, Connecticut.†

Solomon, his oldest son, was born May 29th, 1736. He was educated at Yale College, and entered upon the practice of law at Northampton. He was High Sheriff for Hampshire county at the time of the American Revolution; and notwithstanding his strict integrity and the courtliness of his manners, he became somewhat obnoxious to the people of the county because of his conscientious

* Travels, vol. i. pp. 331–2. See Appendix B.

† Mr. Ezekiel Williams of Weathersfield, Connecticut.

adherence to the cause of the Crown. He afterward gave in his cordial allegiance to the new government, and continued to reside in Northampton, where he died, greatly respected, December 19th, 1827. His second son, Solomon, the father of David, was born February 18th, 1771, and graduated at Yale College in 1790. He took up the profession of law in his native town. As evidence that the ill feeling toward the family which was excited by political differences during the Revolution, had passed away, Mr. Stoddard was elected to various offices in the gift of the people, for a long succession of years. He was repeatedly a member of the General Court in which his grandfather so often sat when Massachusetts was a province. He still lives at Northampton in a green old age, to enjoy the universal esteem of his townsmen, and the reverent and affectionate regards of six surviving children; while he awaits in patience of hope the call to join anew the wife of fifty years, and the eldest and the youngest of their household, who are with her in the joy and glory of heaven.

But two links intervene between this living patriarch and the venerable pastor of Northampton, whose name he bears; and there are only three direct links between him and the first ancestor of the Stoddard family in this country. Between the present head of the family at Northampton, and his great-great-grandfather Anthony, stretches a period of two hundred and thirty years—the whole history of New England from its colonization until now, comprised within five successive lives, the last of which is not yet closed. The longevity of this family is remarkable. In the direct line, Solomon, the High Sheriff, aged 91. Colonel John, aged 66. Reverend Solomon, 86. Collaterally, a Simeon, son of Anthony, an honorable and useful mer-

chant of Boston, aged 80; Anthony, son of Reverend Solomon, aged 82, and for sixty years minister in Woodbury, Connecticut; Christian, daughter of the same, aged 88; Rebecca, aged 80; Esther, another daughter, and mother of Jonathan Edwards, aged 98; Mary, Esther, and Prudence, daughters of John, aged respectively, 70, 78, and 88.

Of the male descendants of Anthony Stoddard, following simply the line of Solomon, after the first generation, and then that of John, and of the second Solomon, with their children, at least *thirty* are known to have received a collegiate education. Among the latest of these, were two sons of Solomon Stoddard, Esq., of Northampton: one whose name will always be honorably associated with the study of the Latin tongue in American colleges—the late Professor Solomon Stoddard, of Middlebury College; and one whose name will live in the history of American missions—David Tappan Stoddard, of Oroomiah. David was born in the house pictured on the following page, December 2d, 1818. He was the youngest of eight children.

The name Tappan suggests another family, no less eminent for piety and worth than that of Stoddard. David's mother was Sarah Tappan, daughter of Benjamin Tappan, Esq., of Northampton, whose standing is indicated by a once familiar saying in that town, "that, to be considered among the first families, one must own a piece of meadow land, must have a pew in the broad aisle of the old church, and must deal at Mr. Benjamin Tappan's store."

This Mr. Benjamin Tappan (formerly Toppan), of Northampton—goldsmith, and afterwards merchant—was a son of Rev. Benjamin Tappan, of Manchester, Essex county, Massachusetts, and a brother of Rev. David Tappan, D.D., Professor of Divinity in Harvard College, for

RESIDENCE OF SOLOMON STODDARD ESQ., NORTHAMPTON.

whom the subject of this Memoir was named. The family is supposed to have been of Huguenot origin, but the remotest known ancestor was Abraham Tappan, of Boston, England, whose widow emigrated, with her children, to Salisbury, Massachusetts. The family has been as remarkable for longevity as the Stoddard family. It has also been eminent for piety, and especially for the due observance of household religion, with faith in the unchanging covenant of grace.

Mr. Tappan's integrity in business may be inferred from the counsel which he gave to a son when entering into mercantile life. "Shun the crooked and deceitful ways of sin, and be honest and upright in your whole dealings with your fellow men. Try to establish a fair character as a merchant, and never be guilty of any thing that looks like tricks, or a desire or wish to overreach those with whom you trade. I have no suspicion of your doing otherwise than right; but, as a beloved son, I warn you, (as I think it my duty,) not to go with the wicked and the workers of iniquity, but to follow the ways of good and virtuous men."

What Mr. Benjamin Tappan here recommends to his son, he also practiced in his own business. A lady of one of those "first families" that dealt at Tappan & Whitney's store, informed the writer that when a little girl she was often sent to that store to make purchases, because it was known that no advantage would be taken of a child's ignorance of the cost or the quality of an article. Such was the father of David Stoddard's mother—a fair representative of the upright and pious ancestry from which he has descended through the Tappan family. But the unfeigned faith which dwelt first in his *grandmother* Tappan, and in

his *mother* Sarah, challenges our admiration of the grace of God.

In his youth, Mr. Benjamin Tappan was apprenticed to Mr. William Homes, goldsmith, of Boston, in whose daughter Sarah he found that treasure "whose price is far above rubies." In 1770, their youthful love was hallowed by the marriage vow; and for more than half a century, with unbroken health, and an unruffled home, they enjoyed together its successive fruits. Indeed, with the period of Mr. Tappan's apprenticeship, they lived under the same roof for sixty-five years—fifty-nine of these in their happy and prosperous union. At the time of her marriage, Sarah was in her twenty-third year; and she united with a rare grace and beauty of person, an uncommon sweetness and strength of character. Her grandmother was a sister of Benjamin Franklin; and she herself seems to have had much of the quickness of perception and soundness of judgment which were characteristic of the Franklin family. But her relationship to Mrs. Abigail Waters—who, for eighty years was a faithful member of the old South Church, in Boston, and for upwards of sixty years was a most eminent pattern of godliness—had a stronger influence upon her personal character than her connection with a family so remarkable as that of Franklin could have exerted upon the qualities of her mind. Like that venerable aunt she consecrated to Christ the bloom of her maidenhood, and lived to enjoy the fruits of a mature Christian experience in a serene old age. Her conversion is described in a letter to one of her children, written after she had passed her seventieth year.*

Mrs. Tappan was remarkable for wisdom and thorough-

* See Appendix C.

ness in training her household. Economy without parsimony, strictness without severity, piety without cant, gentleness without weakness, a self-sacrificing kindness toward all about her, and a nniformly cheerful, hopeful spirit, made her home the dearest place on earth in the affections and the memories of her children. They "rise up and call her blessed." Her knowledge of the Scriptures was remarkable. It was not a mere verbal knowledge, but an nnderstanding of the Word of God, especially in the great doctrines of the evangelical system, which she had embraced intelligently and cordially from her own stndy of the Scriptures. Her greatest trial in life was the fact that some of her children for a time rejected those views of the nature and the work of Christ in which they had been educated. Her letters to one of them, in particnlar, who had adopted the so-called "liberal" opinions, are remarkable specimens of sound and vigorous theological reasoning, urged with the warmth and fidelity of maternal affection. One of these, especially, in the strugglings of Christian faith and resignation with the yearnings of maternal love, approaches the sublime.

"Ah, dear L., if God should see fit to show you the evil which now lurks unperceived in your heart, you would soon see your need of an Almighty Saviour, and fully subscribe to the doctrine of total depravity. And can I cease to mourn over dear children who are rich and satisfied that they are in want of nothing, when I believe them to be poor and needy, blind and naked, and know how uncertain life is? My heart's desire and prayer to God is that they may be saved, and with the views that I have of the way of salvation, I neither can nor dare be silent. . . . . Now I have done, I think, and never mean to disturb you again. If you are not convinced, but are determined to hold fast your opinions, I

wish not to know it, at least not from yourself. I know assuredly that the Judge of all will do right, and what am I or mine that for ourselves his honor and glory should be tarnished? Rather let me say, 'Here am I, Lord, and the children thou hast given me: thou art the potter, we are the clay; thou hast a sovereign right to dispose of us as, in infinite wisdom, thou seest fit; thou hast made rich provision for all who will receive it, and hast freely offered it without money and without price. If, after all, we refuse, we must abide the consequences; and all the redeemed will unite in ascribing glory, honor, and power to Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever, at the last decisive day.'

"But, while we are on earth, we must feel for our dear friends, and painfully, too, a separation from them. Oh, that word *forever!* I *must* lay aside my pen. . . . Again, I resume it to offer a tribute of praise to redeeming love, and that, notwithstanding all our unbelief, we are prisoners of hope. For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man that Christ may dwell in your heart by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of that love of Christ which passeth knowledge; that ye may be filled with all the fullness of God, who is able to do above all that we ask, or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

Such was the faithful piety of the grandmother of David Stoddard. Her eldest daughter, Sarah, walked in her steps. For fifty-nine years a member of the first Church of Christ in Northampton, she was known and respected throughout the community for her humble piety and her abounding works of love. Unobtrusive in her manner, she was most esteemed where best she was known—in the intimate circle of family and Christian friends. But her

habitual kindness to the needy caused her graces and virtues to be known through a wide sphere of active charity. Always ready to sympathize with the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, she ministered to their relief according to her opportunity and ability. "At the age of eighty, she was still accustomed to visit the sick, and to go personally to the dwellings of the poor, carrying to them needful supplies, and giving them words of kindness. Even on the very evening before she was struck with the palsy, she visited a helplessly sick friend in the neighborhood, in order to cheer her by the act of sympathy." A stroke of palsy terminated her life, after an illness of two days, April 27th, 1852, at the age of eighty years and nine months.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY EDUCATION.

Among the papers of David Tappan Stoddard, is a memorandum of topics to be remembered in prayer. These are classified as matters for thanksgiving, matters for confession, matters for supplication and intercession. This memorandum is written upon a mere scrap of paper, and was evidently intended for reference in his private devotions, by way of suggesting and quickening thought. At the head of the list of topics for thanksgiving, are these three items: "Pious Parents;" "Early Instruction;" "A Mother's Prayers." In early childhood he was made conscious of the guiding, quickening, and elevating influences of household piety. His mother consecrated him, from infancy, to the service of God in the work of the ministry; and as he grew in stature and in knowledge, many were her prayers with him and for him, that he might be renewed and sanctified for that service. He was early taught to pray, and in child's language to utter his simple wants and requests in the ear of his heavenly Father. He was made familiar, also, with the Bible, and his memory was stored with hymns, which, in after years, in a foreign land, were among the most precious tokens of his Northampton home. "Often," writes a missionary brother, "have we heard him repeat, with ever fresh and kindling rapture, the sweet hymns which his mother taught him in

his early years." And he himself has left this testimony: "Almost as soon as I could speak, I was taught to pray every morning and night; and as soon as I could read, I used, once a day, to read a chapter in the Bible, to my mother. She often talked with me about God, and seized every opportunity to impress religious truth upon my mind. Sometimes she retired with me into her closet, and there poured out her soul in prayer on my behalf."

His parents were on their guard against the natural tendency to relax discipline toward the youngest member of the household, and therefore David was never indulged, for their present ease, and to his own future hurt. But, when the native quickness and fire of his boyish disposition broke forth in rebellion, and feet and hands gave emphasis to his rapid iteration, "I will, I wont, I will, I wont," the firm hand of authority would presently subdue hands, feet, voice and temper, to a most refreshing tone of penitence. Amiable and docile as he eminently was, yet in native temperament he was neither a cherub nor a cipher. But the quick heats which might have kindled the fire of passion were judiciously tempered to a generous ardor and enthusiasm. The discipline of the family was firm and decided, but never severe. Cheerfulness, humor, an affectionate freedom of intercourse, dignity without reserve of manner, and familiarity without forgetfulness of station, made the parents objects of love and veneration to their children, but not of fear. Their religious teachings were not staid and somber, but simple and attractive in style, while thorough in doctrine and earnest in spirit. David often recalled these with much tenderness of feeling.

The playmates of David's childhood, in the family and at school, recall no instance of rude or unbecoming conduct

on his part; no quarrels, in which he was a leader, no impropriety of speech or behavior in childish sports. Affectionate, susceptible, confiding, he was sometimes teased by older boys for his almost girlish disposition—which seemed in harmony with the general delicacy of his person and manners, his soft blue eye, and fair and beautiful complexion. But in boyish adventures he proved himself beyond his seniors in manly qualities. The stoutest swimmer, the boldest climber, the most enterprising schemer was he. At ten or twelve, he swims the Connecticut opposite Northampton; climbs to the top of the spire, which the painters mount only by rope and scaffold; runs up trees like a squirrel, and in all innocent though sometimes perilous ways, gives vent to the exuberance of his natural spirits. Now he falls from a tree, and dislocates his shoulder; again, he is carried to the doctor's office insensible, with a broken arm; but even such severe experiences can not restrain his natural vivacity and love of adventure.

This combination of the energetic with the amiable made him a general favorite. He was remarkably considerate of the feelings of others, and susceptible to their griefs. In childhood he once framed in verse, a remonstrance against making sport of "a man of inferior condition."

A genius for mechanics and mechanical inventions was early manifested in his boyish sports. Trip-hammers, worked by water or by wind, wheels turned by water-power, and made to move a rude machinery of sticks and pins, fire-balloons, and a variety of similar contrivances, evinced his native skill. There was not in his boyhood any such forwardness of intellectual growth as would warrant the term precocious, or would awaken extravagant

expectations of his future career. He was a youth of fair talents, of fine qualities of person and of heart, and of good promise. But it is pleasant *now* to read in one of his letters, written at ten years of age, "I have gone in the Latin Reader to Liber Quartus, in Roman history. I find it becomes more and more interesting to me as I proceed. Please bring the Greek Reader."

The Round Hill school at Northampton was then famous among the academies of Massachusetts. It had been for some time under the joint superintendence of J. G. Cogswell, Esq., now librarian of the Astor Library, and Mr. George Bancroft, the historian. Professor Solomon Stoddard was also, for a time, associated in the instruction of the classical department of this school. Under his wise superintendence, David was early entered as a pupil, and encouraged to prepare himself for college. His rapid attainments as a scholar may be inferred from a statement in one of his letters written at the age of fourteen:

"I am very pleasantly situated on the Hill, study pretty hard, and hope I improve a little. I am engaged this winter with Geometry, French, History, Geography, and Writing. I have given up Latin and Greek for the present. I had advanced in both these studies as far as to the Sophomore class in college. In Mathematics I have been through Arithmetic, Algebra, the first six books of Euclid, and am soon to commence Trigonometry." Before he entered college, he read through Rollin's Ancient History three times, as a private exercise.

His youth did not pass away without religious impressions. The woods of Round Hill were his play-ground, and the stately elms before the Edwards house served as a hiding-place in his boyish games. Yet a boy so bright

and susceptible must now and then have thought of the names he so often heard spoken with reverence—the grandsire whose parsonage stood upon that hill, and who preached for half a century in the old parish church; the great theologian of New England who planted those elms; the President of Yale College who was born near by—with each of whom he had some tie of affinity. And when he rambled in the grave-yard—always a place of mysterious fascination to children—where, at eight years old, he had seen the whole town gathered to do honor to his dear old grandmother *Tappan*—he must have pondered with childish interest the family record of worth and goodness there graven in stone, and have paused beside the worn and broken monument of David Brainerd the missionary. While the voices of Nature in the river, the meadow, the mountain, were a perpetual song of beauty to his soul, educating him in taste and poetic sentiment; and the voices of Learning and Art from the adjacent hills were luring him to scientific culture; and the voices of love, through Christian teaching and example, were inciting him to virtue; the voices of the Past spoke also with that somber but magic tone, that awes, then fascinates, and then inspires.

The strange Providence that led the generous and resolute Lyman away from the home of his youth to die by barbarian hands—an event long talked of in his native town, and commemorated in its cemetery—had its influence upon young David, when the sad news came from Sumatra. The heroic saying of that missionary mother, "I mourn that I have not another son to give," was a call upon all the youth of Northampton to fill the place of their fallen townsman. All these influences upon the mind of the youthful Stoddard were afterward reflected from the

depths of his religious experience, as the mountains and the stars are reflected from the very depths of the lake by the light that glances on its surface.

Nor was the still small voice of the Spirit silent or unheeded. Often was David overheard in his own chamber weeping and praying for the forgiveness of some childish fault, and supplicating grace for future duties. But the first decided expression of concern for his soul's salvation, upon record, is in the following letter written in his fifteenth year. He was then upon a visit to New York, in the year 1833, a season of general religious interest in that city. He writes to a brother:

NEW YORK, May 3d, 1833.

I am staying at uncle L.'s, and find my visit very pleasant on several accounts. When I first came to New York, uncle talked with me and urged me to repent. This was on Friday, April 26th. In the evening I went to hear Mr. Finney preach, and became rather more impressed. On Saturday noon uncle again talked to me, and before he had finished I promised him that I would serve the Lord. I was very serious at that time, and in the evening went with brother William to see Mr. Finney, and after I had talked with him I repeated the promise I had made to uncle L. I then thought myself in earnest about it, but now know that it was not so. The next day (Sabbath) we went to hear Dr. Lansing in the morning; in the afternoon, Dr. Skinner, who preached for Mr. Finney; and in the evening, Mr. Finney himself. They were all three very solemn sermons, and I felt very wretchedly all day, though I endeavored to conceal it. Monday evening I went to an inquiry meeting, and there again determined to love God. But O, how wicked was my heart! Tuesday morning I got up determined to serve the Lord. I distributed some tracts in the morning; but in the afternoon felt that I had no love to Jesus Christ. The trouble was, I wanted evidence that I loved God before I served him. Now I see that if we

serve him with all our heart it is an evidence that we do love him. That evening I went to see Dr. Lansing. He told me to give up thinking of myself and just serve the Lord, and he would take care about my going to heaven. This I determined upon, and hope that my resolution is stronger than it was then. I have been trying to do something for God the last three days in this city, but have not accomplished half that I ought to have done. Brother, write me soon, at Northampton, and direct me what to do, and give me the aid of your experience.

This vacillating mood may be ascribed either to an excitable temperament or to an imperfect apprehension of the nature of repentance and faith, and the signs of a Christian experience. The sincerity and earnestness of this youth of fourteen in avowing his anxiety of mind and in seeking instruction as to personal duty, and his zeal to serve God under his new convictions, are surely marks of a genuine religious awakening in his soul. But his repeated resolves to serve God indicate rather a mechanical stress of feeling in the direction of duty, than an intelligent and hearty yielding of himself to God in Christ as the object of his highest love. While verging toward the light, he does not seem to have found "the light of *life*." He did not at this time make a public profession of faith in Christ, but he seems to have clung for awhile to the hope that he was a Christian, and in that hope to have decided to prepare himself for the work of the ministry. This state of mind determined his parents to send him to Williams College; and he entered that institution as a Sophomore, in the fall of 1834.

The college life of few young men will bear to be written in detail. David appears to have had a love of study, and to have retained the conscientiousness, the purity, and

the simplicity of character that had marked his youth. His natural vivacity and his amiable temper exposed him peculiarly to the temptations of college life; but he threw his influence decidedly in favor of order and good morals. This was owing in no small degree to the excellent influence of Mr. Simeon H. Calhoun, now missionary to Syria, who was then tutor in the college. David writes of him in a tone quite unusual with students in speaking of their college instructors.

"Our tutor has already become very dear to me, and seems almost a second father. Indeed he is so considered by all the students, who go to him for advice and direction as to one in whom they place implicit confidence. By his unwearied exertions he has rendered himself so necessary to the college that it would seem that the college could not exist without him."

As an illustration of the quiet habitual influence of Tutor Calhoun over the students, young Stoddard writes to his sister this glowing account of his boarding club: "My boarding place is first rate, whether the board or company are considered. At the table is our Tutor Calhoun, together with five of the likeliest men in college. We go on the temperance plan—tea and coffee have no place among us. I take milk, morning and night. We go round the table in order, each in turn bringing up a text for explanation or discussion in the morning, and some historical fact at night. Mr. Calhoun's observations have always a bearing on the subject, and in this way we may derive much advantage."

Such familiar intercourse between a tutor and any portion of the students is possible, in an American college, only where the number of students is small, and the custom

prevails of boarding in clubs or in private families, without distinction of class or station. But how desirable it is, may be inferred from this tribute of a Sophomore to his instructor, both of whom afterward became the principals of missionary seminaries in the East.

At Williams, young Stoddard appears to have devoted himself to study with proper diligence and enthusiasm. He writes to a brother: "I find college a very pleasant place for study, and first rate instructors. . . . I have endeavored to be regular, and have succeeded so well that I have neither 'slept over,' nor been absent from prayers or recitation once during the term. To be sure it comes rather hard to get up every morning at six o'clock without regard to snow or rain; but habit makes the most difficult things easy to us."

He soon, however, became aware of the disadvantages of entering college at too early an age and at an advanced stage of the course. "I am able to redeem very little leisure for reading. This is one reason why I am dissatisfied with having entered in advance. It seems to me that if I had entered Freshman, taken a good stand, to say the least, in my class, and had abundant time for reading, my position would be much preferable to what it is at present. Now I must go through college a poor writer, and be attended with the troubles of not being well fitted."

He seems early to have appreciated the importance of thoroughness in study. "I can not charge myself with any gross misimprovement of time, but with a disposition to *shirk* and *extemporize* with my lesson half got. This inclination is natural to me, I believe, and was increased by my habits when on Round Hill. I will not go into particulars, but merely say, that I was there prone to be super-

ficial. I have resolved to set out anew, determining *that no lesson shall be neglected.*" Such reflections and resolutions on the part of a Sophomore of sixteen, augur well for future attainments.

In view of his subsequent interest in physical science, the following bit of pleasantry in a letter to his sister, dated February, 1835, is worthy to be here transcribed: "The studies of this term seem to be easy enough, and nothing is wanting, except application, to render them interesting. We are now upon trigonometry, by the aid of which the distance of stars, the heights of mountains, and all such things are ascertained. Perhaps by next spring I shall be able to measure Tom and Holyoke, and see how far Northampton is from Williamstown. Don't you think that my mathematical investigations will turn the world upside down? Mr. G——— pronounced my mathematical bump wanting, and yet I am more famous for this kind of genius than for any other talent, though my reputation at best is but poor."

An amusing description to the same correspondent, of his "Gilpin-like" chase after a balloon, brings into view that union of mechanical invention with a zest for adventure, which has already been noticed in his childhood. On the 4th of July, 1835, our youthful philosopher undertook to amuse the students and the people of Williamstown by sending up a large balloon. When partially inflated, the balloon flew off horizontally for a distance of three miles, and then lodged at the base of a mountain. The exhibitor, on horseback, puffing and panting, reached the spot in time to save the balloon. Nothing daunted, he rode back with it to Williamstown, reinflated it, and sent it up at night, illuminated with fire-balls. "It rose to a height of

about two miles, where it made a grand appearance, tossing about among the clouds. As it was quite valuable, having cost the students about ten dollars, some of us set out in pursuit of it. I reached the spot on which it fell a moment after it blazed, having been fired by some of the works. Having my eyes fixed on the heavens, or rather on the balloon, as I ran along under it, I took no notice of the direction which I followed. Setting out to return, I was completely bewildered. Once I was in water up to my middle, and as soon as I had extricated myself, a deep slough was ready to receive me. Thus I wandered about till near midnight, when I happily found a familiar pathway about a mile from Williamstown. I had forgotten to mention that all this time the rain was very drenching, so that when I reached home I felt like some poor outcast. The next morning found me in good health and spirits, laughing at the curious adventures of the preceding night. As to the balloon, it is a pity that it burned, since I should have been entitled to it had it been saved. Now don't you think that my adventures will compare with those of Clayton or Durant?" *

The delicate form and constitution of Stoddard—whose growth had outrun his strength—and the childlike softness of manner which he still retained, would hardly have suggested a capacity for such endurance. But his mercurial temperament prompted him to enter into any undertaking with his whole soul, and this generous enthusiasm became, in after life, an important element in self-sacrificing labor. The vein of pleasantry that creeps out in these boyish letters, was apparent also in his conversation, which partook rather of a cheerful vivacity than of sparkling wit.

* Then celebrated aeronauts.

There was no marked development of religious eharaeter in his life at Williams College. His letters indieate a serious attention to the study of the Bible "every morning and night," and a frequent attendance upon eollege prayer-meetings, and other means of graee. He kept himself aloof from viee and overt wiekedness, and was even zealous for the reform of eollege morals in regard to the use of tobaceo and of intoxicating drinks. But in his letters of this period, there is no traee of ardent love to Christ, or of a mind deeply imbued with the spirit of prayer. Indeed, he does not seem to have understood himself, with respeet either to his mental eapaeity, or his religious state. In June, 1835, he writes to a brother:

"I have no distinct plan in obtaining a eollege edueation. My present feelings are repugnant to studying any profession, or engaging in the delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot! But these are not the only employments suitable for edueated men. This eountry has been called remarkable for the innumerable paths spread out to enterprise and exertion. Parents have, I suppose, sent me to eollege in the fond hope that at some future day they should see me a minister. This it is impossible for me to beeome without piety and devotion to the cause in whieh ministers are engaged. I trust that these qualifieations, at least, may not be wanting, and that whatever I now may be, I shall soon be able and qualified to preaeh the Gospel."

A little later, he writes his determination to elevate his college standing by untiring efforts, and to suffer nothing "to impede progress in wisdom and sciene."

In this uncertainty of plans and feelings, how manifest the struggle between duty and ambition in a mind just

awaking to the consciousness of power, and to the prospects of life. John Adams, in his youth, feared that he must "live and die an ignorant, obscure fellow;" yet he made in his Diary such entries as these: "I talk to Samuel Quincy about resolution, and being a great man. . . . which makes him laugh." . . . "*Reputation* ought to be the perpetual subject of my thoughts, and aim of my behavior." And again: "Let love and vanity be extinguished, and the great passions of *ambition* and *patriotism* break out and burn. Let little objects be neglected and forgot, and great ones engross, arouse, and exalt my soul." Ignoble as is the thought of living for reputation and ambition, yet this sufficed, with the elder Adams, to overcome his dread of perpetual ignorance and stupidity. Young Stoddard, conscious of deficiency, distrustful of attainments, yet eager for knowledge, began to feel the kindlings of "the great passion of ambition." Happily it did not "break out and burn" so as to consume him. Conscience, under the watchful care of parental love, guided him into a better and a nobler path, and he came at length to say, even of ambition and its aims, "let little objects be neglected and forgot, and great ones *engross*, *arouse*, and *exalt* my soul."

CHAPTER IV.

THE GREAT TRANSITION.

At the close of the first year of his college course, young Stoddard was transferred from Williams to Yale College—the *Alma Mater* of his father, and of his brother, Professor Solomon Stoddard, as well as of many of his ancestors. The sense of deficiency which had somewhat marred his pleasure as a student—a deficiency which was owing entirely to his having entered an advanced class without sufficient preparation—led him to retrace his steps, and to enter anew, at Yale, the Sophomore class, whose studies he had just finished at Williams. It was here that the writer's acquaintance with David began.

The members of the North division of the class of 1838, at Yale College, will never forget the first recitation of the fair-haired, ruddy, blue-eyed youth who took his seat among them at the opening of Sophomore year, and who "rushed" through a Latin paragraph with a fluency and an impetuosity that challenged the mettle of the best scholars. It was broadly intimated that the new comer must have been through the text-book before; that his relationship to the author of the Latin Grammar must have made him a Latinist; and that he would prove a dangerous rival to the aspirants for Junior honors. Yet he had not the air of egotism or of ambition. On the contrary, there was such a soul swimming in his eye, such frankness and affection

beaming in his countenance, that those who might well have been jealous of their college laurels were at once drawn toward him as a genial associate. Gentle and loving, of delicate and generous sensibilities, the soul of truth and honor, full of vivacity and energy, they found him all that could be desired in a college friend. His sensitive spirit shrank from the boisterous manners of college life, while yet he was averse to no fit and hearty pleasantness or familiarity of intercourse.

The most demoralizing institution then maintained within the college walls was the Commons Hall, where the students took daily lessons in barbarism from the untamed instincts of hunger. Rap, rap, went the tutor's fork; a prayer was mumbled; and four hundred young men, thrown promiscuously together from families of every grade of culture, pounced pell-mell upon the limited supply of food before them, each devouring eagerly whatever he could seize, since politeness might cost him a meal. In the midst of the confusion, while many were yet bolting their food, the tutor's fork rapped again, and with another inaudible prayer the tables were dismissed. On winter evenings, in the dimly-lighted hall, fragments of victuals would fly to and fro between antagonist classes. Under such a regimen, health, manners, and morals were depreciated, and the social festivity of the meal was perverted into a rude scramble for bread, or the rendezvous of college rebellions. To young Stoddard this was in wide contrast with that quiet private table at Williamstown, where Tutor Calhoun had made himself the companion and friend of the few favored boarders. How far all this was from his tastes and habits is shown in one of his earliest letters to his parents:

"Now let me ask you to look at the House of Commons of which I have been elected a member. From short experience it seems to me to be in a worse state than was its counterpart when filled by Cromwell's Parliament. The bell rings—every member is in his seat in a moment. Then comes such a clashing of the 'articles laid on the table' as at first to terrify the stoutest heart. You would verily think that each man was waging war with his neighbor, so great is the general commotion. However, the eatables are the greatest sufferers, for these are handled in the most unceremonious and *ungentlemanly* manner I ever saw. The fact is, I can not endure to board in Commons."

The humor of the foregoing, the play upon history, the refinement of taste and instincts, are all creditable to a college youth of sixteen. Dissatisfaction with Commons led to the formation of a boarding club, of some fifteen members of the class, nearly all of whom were pious, and most of whom have become preachers of the Gospel. In connection with this club the acquaintance of the recitation-room grew more familiar, and some who had known each other only as classmates became intimate as friends. In this circle, as in the class at large, Stoddard was a general favorite. He did not court popularity nor make hasty overtures of friendship; indeed he was rather fastidious in his choice of companions; but his frank and courteous manners, his charming simplicity and honesty of character, and the sprightliness of his conversation, attracted to him many of the better spirits in the class. His scholarship was always respectable; and though from a subsequent devotion to certain specialtics he did not realize the expectations at first formed of him, he nevertheless took rank with the first third of his division.

Those genial traits which made young Stoddard so at-

tractive as a friend, made him also susceptible to the irreligious atmosphere of college life—which is compounded of ambition and hilarity in about equal proportions. His early training, his sense of character, and some lingering impressions of former religious convictions and resolves, kept him from open immorality. But how far he had wandered from the vows he had made in a visit to New York, already described, may be gathered from these confessions in a letter written after his interest in religion was renewed and confirmed:

"Did you know what I once was, you would shudder, as I do, at the review of my past course. I have probably appeared to you, I have appeared to the world, a moral man. True, I have never fallen into gross outward sins, such as using profane language, intoxication, etc. But it was not on account of the goodness of my heart, but only regard for character, for I had within the same principle that leads to the commission of these crimes. I have lost more than seven hundred Sabbaths! Many of them have been desecrated by attention to worldly employments, many have been spent in sleep and novel-reading. Can you believe it? It seems almost incredible. Since here, I have studied, written letters, and done other things of the same kind, without remorse, on God's holy day. Oh, may I hereafter be preserved from these and every other sin. One word more. Three weeks ago I took down my dusty Bible, which I do not recollect to have *opened* for the preceding six weeks."

The hand of friendship would willingly palliate these self-accusations, for while it is true that for the first six months of his residence at Yale, young Stoddard showed no special interest in the religious affairs of college, and no convincing marks of a religious life begun in his own

soul, yet his general deportment was so blameless, that no one would have called in question his claim to be a Christian had he then united with the church. But it is better that the record should stand as he made it, under the fresh conviction of his guilt in the sight of God. Possibly some may think that he exaggerates his faults, and in the attempt to square his experience with his theology, magnifies peccadilloes into crimes. Yet what greater crime can there be, than the deliberate and habitual neglect of God, of His Word and His day, by one who has been taught to respect them both, and who has even classed himself among the friends of Christ? How great the contrast between the youth who for six weeks left his Bible unopened, and who wasted the Sabbath in worldly and frivolous occupations, and him who at Williams College, attended a prayer-meeting almost daily, read his Bible at morning and evening, and took special delight in the religious conversation of his favorite tutor. If he had ever truly known the grace of God in his soul, it is painfully evident that he had wandered from duty, and had lost the sense of that gracious presence. Conscience seems to have been lulled; religious duties were neglected, and religious restraints were in a measure thrown off. Nothing but "regard for character," and the habits and tastes formed by early education, remained as a barrier between this seemingly fair and faultless youth and "gross outward sins." So true is that pithy saying of John Owen to illustrate the difference between a simply *moral* and a truly *religious* life. "The great difference between the two houses that Solomon built—the temple and his own palace—was, that God dwelt in the one, and he himself in the other. Though any two houses, as to their outward fabric, make the

same appearance, yet, if the king dwell in one, and a robber in the other, the one may be a palace and the other a den. On this inhabitation of the Spirit, therefore, all the privileges of believers, and all their superiority over men of the world, depend." But this antieipates the narrative. The spring of 1836 witnessed in Yale College one of those speeial visitations of Divine merey with which that institution has been favored in almost every generation of students sinee the beginning of this eentury. As the day of the annual fast for eolleges approached—the last Thursday in February—a deep concern was exhibited by many pious students for the religious welfare of college. Prayer-meetings were multiplied, and there was a manifest increase both in attendance and interest, at all religious exercises. This feeling was deepened by the general distribution of an appeal to young men, from the fervent pen of the late Dr. William Scudder of Madras.

On the day of prayer for eolleges the pious members of the Sophomore elass agreed each to visit some unconverted elass-mate at his room, for the purpose of religious eonversation, or at least to present him with a eopy of the tract, and to solicit his attendanee at the elass prayer-meeting. Upon this errand, a friend sought David at the room whieh he then occupied alone, remote from the eollege premises. The first interview was brief, but kind and frank upon both sides. It resulted in a promise from David to read attentively Dr. Seudder's tract, and to devote the day—whieh was exempt from eollege recitations—to serious meditation upon his spiritual state. At a seeond interview, on the day following, it was evident that his mind was somewhat impressed with his personal need of repentance and faith in Christ, and the conversation closed with prayer. On Sat-

urday his convictions appeared more definite and pungent, and his mind became deeply agitated upon the question of his personal salvation. At a prolonged interview in the after part of that day he manifested so much earnestness that he engaged audibly in a prayer for pardon, light, and peace. The next day, the Sabbath, brought him to a sense of gracious acceptance with God in Jesus Christ. From several letters to his friends, describing this change, the two following are selected as giving the various emotional and theological phases of his experience. The intelligence of his joy was first communicated to his mother.

"YALE COLLEGE, February 29th, 1836.

"MY MOTHER—

"I trust the Lord has heard your prayers and looked upon me in tender mercy. I humbly trust that I, who have gone on so long in impenitency, am in some measure brought to see my wretched condition, and am willing to accept the terms of salvation. Yesterday was a day long to be remembered by me, as one upon which my final, deliberate choice was made for eternity. And is it then possible that the exile from his father's house, that he who had by his indifference almost grieved away the Spirit of God, that he has laid down the weapons of his rebellion? If it be so, as I hope, eternal and never-ceasing thanksgivings become me. Truly it is a wonder of mercy, that Jesus is yet willing to receive me, after he has been so long refused, neglected, and despised; that I am yet in a land of hope, and yet am offered the gift of pardon and reconciliation to him.

"But two days ago, and I was immersed entirely in the vanities of the world, unmindful of my alarming situation, and my gloomy prospects. T———, of whom you have heard me speak and who is now my dear friend, on Saturday ventured to converse with me on this important subject. His words, dictated by friendship, and coming from the heart, through God's blessing, did not fail to affect

me. I then promised that I would consider my ways, and seek diligently after truth and duty. You are well aware, my dear mother, that my duty is well known to me; that I have been instructed in the theory of religion, and seen the reality of it evidenced in the lives of Christian friends around me. Saturday evening I devoted to a close and careful examination of my heart. I felt that the carnal heart is indeed at enmity with God. I endeavored to realize my ingratitude, my wickedness, in refusing to obey the dictates of conscience and my understanding, and maintaining a warfare with the greatest and best of beings.

"I strove to bring to my mind the goodness and loving kindness of God, his willingness to save all who will come to him, and with such feelings, I trust I made that decision, which I shall abide by in life, in death, and through eternity. I know that I have been once deceived, and I shudder to think that this may now be my case. The only resort is prayer. Reliance on him, who is able to keep us from falling, is our only refuge. I feel that I am weak and miserable, blind and naked. But Jesus has promised that he will never forsake, that he will put underneath us the everlasting arms, and as our days, so shall our strength be. Relying on him, I will go onward. A life of watchfulness and prayerfulness awaits the Christian. But the yoke is easy, and his grace will make the burden light.

"Do you, my dear mother, inquire farther into my feelings? I am not now under the influence of excitement. From beginning to end, I have endeavored to be governed by reason, not by feeling. In view of three worlds, in view of eternity, I trust I resolved like the prodigal to return and seek my father's injured face. After this determination I felt calm. It seemed to be a glorious thing to be permitted to take the lowest place in God's service, and in building up his kingdom. Surely those who have done much for the reign of sin, should do much for the reign of righteousness. Surely every one who hopes that the Saviour is his friend, should show proofs of attachment to him by devotion to his cause.

"But time tells me that I must be drawing to a close. It may,

after all, be a deception, but it is a delightful deception. Delightful to look forward to a Christian's life on earth. O! how glorious the thought that though our family may never meet in this world, we shall meet in heaven. There forever to celebrate his love, who has washed us in his blood, and made us partakers of like precious faith. All the other members of the family have an interest at the throne of grace. Will they not pray for me? To you, my dear mother, I have no need to put the question. I feel assured that earnest supplications will ascend from you continually in behalf of your affectionate, though unworthy son DAVID.

"Can I close without asking your forgiveness for my ingratitude and disobedience in multiplied instances. To both my parents I have often been a disobedient and wayward child. For this and my other sins I ask pardon from above, and may I not indulge the hope that for my offenses against you, my parents, I may receive forgiveness?"

The following letter was addressed a few days later, to his brother, Mr. Charles Stoddard of Boston.

"YALE COLLEGE, March 3d, 1836.

"MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES—

"In a letter to Solomon, a short time since, I expressed the intention of answering your long neglected letter. I have accordingly set apart a little season for this purpose, and in this way inform you of my change of feelings. Yes, I trust that God has of his infinite mercy inclined his ear unto me and heard my cry. Last Saturday evening, a very dear friend of mine had some conversation with me on the subject of religion. He urged me to the immediate performance of my duty, and the unreserved renunciation of all my sins. Such advice coming from the heart, and dictated by friendship, affected me. I shut myself in my room, devoted the evening to a review of my life, and saw that it was diametrically opposed to God and that my actions aimed at no less than the subversion of his throne. I saw that Jesus, whom I had so long

rejected, stretching out his arms of mercy to save me, and pleading with the influences of his Spirit. I then, with all these things in view, endeavored to decide the question for eternity, and as reason and conscience demanded. Though, during the Sabbath, I did not enjoy God's presence, yet I was much in prayer, and endeavored to renew again and again my consecration to him. In the evening, light did dawn, as I trust, upon my soul, and I did feel the preciousness of that Saviour. Since that time I have been encouraged to go onward in the Christian race, and to promote his glory in the world. Through his grace I find my poor weak resolutions daily growing stronger, and my desires to serve him increased. In obedience to the voice of conscience, and relying on the promise that whosoever confesseth him before men, him will he confess before his Father, I have striven to take the place of an active Christian. It is a glorious service to be permitted to act as humble instruments in the hands of God.

"Brother, I have been once deceived. I know that there is great danger of it now; but there is one who will keep us from deception, if we keep near to him. If he has brought me out of darkness into marvelous light, to him be all the glory. Surely it is a wonder of mercy that, after so long refusing him, he should be willing to receive us, and through the merits of the Saviour to remove our transgressions from us. God is love! O, what matchless, infinite grace. It is astonishing, that all will not come at once to Jesus. Here is the law honored, and the sinner saved. I know not what to think, when I reflect that I have seventeen years refused this love, and neglected such a Saviour. 'Tis but one sincere desire he needs, one resolve to come to him; he rises, and while we are a great way off, takes pity and runs to our relief. All we can do is to love and serve him forever. I feel that life is short—what we would do must be done quickly. The world presents itself, undone by sin, and in rebellion against its maker. Here then is enough to do; a willing heart and a dependence on Christ is what is wanted. O that I might have this willing heart, and become a herald of salvation to proclaim the wondrous story of redemption and pardon.

O, that it may be the reigning purpose of my life to glorify God, and build up that cause which I have opposed.

"Of course I can as yet form no particular plans for the future. But one thing I think I anticipate with pleasure—the celebration of his feast of love, and the prospect of joining myself with the people of God. Such an ordinance must be calculated to warm the heart with love to him, and keep alive the flame of piety. Next Sabbath the college church are publicly to renew their vows,

"'And enjoy in sweet communion
Joys that earth can not afford.'

I trust that day will be a blessed day to all. A day when many shall leave the ranks of Satan, and come over to the side of the Saviour.

"But enough of my letter has been devoted to self. You do not yet know what we trust God is doing here. This week has hitherto been solemn, and much interest has been felt for the situation of this college, the indifference of the church, and the carelessness of sinners. Our meetings are numerous, crowded, and the Holy Spirit seems to be here. Several who were opposers of religion, it is hoped have been subdued by its power. Many prayers went up a week since to the throne of grace, and will not the petitions of the righteous, offered in faith, avail much?

"And now, my dearly beloved brother, what more shall I say? I have described to you the feelings of my heart, as well as the hurried manner in which I have written has permitted. I hope the work of grace is begun in me, and that I shall daily grow in grace, and in the knowledge of God. In his strength, who has promised never to leave us nor forsake us, I will go onward. But if I am deluded, I pray God that I may be brought to see my wickedness. And need I ask your prayers. Will you not remember your guilty, repenting brother? I feel that you will. O, pray that I may love him more and give up all to him. Please write soon, and believe me, your affectionate brother, DAVID."

He seems to have been keenly alive to the danger of self-deception, in view of his decline from former professions. A little later he writes: "I have sometimes endeavored to recur to the scenes which passed in New York, and compare my past with my present feelings. But, owing to the lapse of time, I have not been able to do so with clearness, nor do I consider it necessary. Although I have once been deceived, yet daily consecration to God, renunciation of the world, and repentance for sin, constant desires for growth in grace, if hearty and sincere, and blessed by the Holy Spirit, will give us all desirable evidence."

The doctrines of the Scriptures concerning household consecration, the prayer of faith, and the influences of the Holy Spirit, are all strikingly illustrated in the conversion of Stoddard. *What* led one to whom religious truth and duty had been so long familiar, but who had been growing callous toward both, on a sudden to give his whole mind to the question of personal duty, and to yield his heart to the claims of Christ? It was not the influence of excitement—for he had been to no religious meeting other than the usual service in the college chapel, had heard no sermon with more than ordinary attention. Rooming alone, retired from college halls, he did not even partake of the measure of religious interest which began to pervade their atmosphere. There was nothing in the conversation of a classmate who had but little experience in the Christian life, to give a new attractiveness or power to truths which he had heard from the lips of parents who honored and exemplified them in their lives. The Bible alone offers a satisfactory solution of such a change, regarded merely as a psychological phenomenon. "The wind bloweth where

it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." The result witnessed, the phenomenon itself of conversion, argues the supernatural operation of the Spirit of God.

Why was that operation now induced, or for the first time made effectual? The ultimate answer lies in the gracious sovereignty of God. "Of his own will begat He us with the word of truth." But was there no human link in the chain of influences that now fastened conviction upon the child of many prayers, and drew him into the kingdom? The answer to this question was given in a letter from his mother which the young convert received the very morning after he had found peace in Christ. In that letter, his mother, knowing nothing as yet of the change in his feelings, reminded him that in infancy she had consecrated him to Christ for the work of the ministry, and informed him that on the day of prayer for colleges, *she had spent a great part of the day in prayer for his conversion.* Young Stoddard at once avowed the change which had taken place within him, and it was soon known throughout his class. He became zealous for the conversion of others, and with characteristic ardor engaged in all the public duties and responsibilities which the season of special mercy devolved upon the friends of Christ in college. The pious members of each division met daily in their respective recitation rooms for prayer and counsel. Members of different classes, who lodged in the same college hall, held "entry prayer-meetings" every evening at nine o'clock, in some private room. General prayer-meetings for college, in which the Faculty united with the students, were multiplied; and two or three times a week

Dr. Taylor preached with great power to large numbers of students, assembled in the rhetorical chamber. The general tone of the revival is well exhibited in the following letter:

March 22d, 1836:—"You can more easily imagine than I can express, how much I am occupied daily, and language even would utterly fail to convey an idea of my enjoyment. Until last Sabbath I was at times perplexed with doubts as to my condition, the genuineness of my repentance, etc. But on reading the 265th Village Hymn the evening before, such joy took possession of my soul, as I previously formed no conception of. During all the next day I was just in the state described by the lines,

'Love and grief, my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe.'

"I felt, yes, I knew, that I loved that Saviour who died for me. My heart seemed ready to burst; I was full to overflowing, and could do nought but weep and pray. You can doubtless understand me, for these are the feelings of a Christian, and those which I presume you often have. On Monday, and thus far to-day, I have been happy. I have been FULL. I love to pray, I love my Bible, and what more can I say? It almost appears to me, on retrospect, that I never really submitted till the time I mention. However, knowing that it is dangerous to rely on old hopes, I endeavor to obtain a new one daily, and daily anew consecrate myself to God. I believe I feel the necessity of living to his glory, and promoting his cause in the world. And what field for usefulness so wide as college? Here are five hundred young men who will probably exert more influence than ten thousand of ordinary talents and capabilities. Is it to be on the side of Christ, is a question which is big with importance to all his followers. Shall sinners break through every barrier, and *force* their way down to death; shall their destruction be made sure? But is their ruin all? No; they will, it is to be

feared, drag down others with them, while they scorn, and at every step, trample in a Saviour's blood. Oh! my brother, why am not I among them? I undoubtedly owe much to the prayers of Christian friends. But I owe much more to the restraining grace of God. It is all of His mercy, and I would desire for ever to bless his name.

"The seriousness is, I think, increasing, and may we not soon expect to see sinners flocking unto Christ in great numbers? Mr. Kirk and Dr. Hawes have both declined an invitation to labor with us. Perhaps it is designed to strengthen our faith, and lead us to pray more, trusting less to human instrumentality, and more to the Holy Spirit. Dr. Taylor, however, preaches three times a week, and that too with great power. We feel that we need prayer. We feel that it is our fault that the work advances so slowly. The term is soon to close—five weeks more, and these students will leave the influence under which they now are, to be dispersed over the country. Probably, then, the revival must close. How many immortal souls may perish through our unfaithfulness here, I know not. We ought rather to inquire how can we do most to promote this revival. I was rejoiced to hear that W. H. N. and K. had come out decided on this subject. With the former I was intimate, and now feel a great interest in him. At Williams College, too, I trust, they will receive a plentiful shower."

CHAPTER V.

RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCES IN COLLEGE.

"LORD, *what wilt thou have me to do?*" was the form of conseeration in whieh the Apostle Paul expressed his implieit submission and obedience to Christ. And the same form of aetive conseeration is seized upon by all neophytes, whose temperament, like that of Paul, is ardent, and whose conversion is marked with any sudden and violent transition of feelings. A eomplete surrender of one's being to do the will of God, belongs indeed, to the very essenee of conversion. But the hearts of some are gently opened like that of Lydia, by the river-side, or of Nathanàel, at the first words of Christ, while others are wrought upon by an inward energy, fitly symbolized by the blaze that smote Saul, and the earthquake that terrified the jailor. And so, in some, piety takes on a more quiet, meditative mood; in others it beeomes an inward fire of zeal. Indeed, a degree of zeal to glorify God through the conversion of others, is a universal aecompaniment and fruit of genuine conversion.

"O, by those gentle tones, and dear,
When Thou hast stayed our wild career,
Thou only Hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

"As to Thy last Apostle's heart,
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire—
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze, and higher."

Such was the spirit with which our youthful friend entered into the service of Christ. Very early after his change he writes: "I believe that I am somewhat impressed with the importance of being an eminent Christian, of giving up all for God. Many young men are now needed to proclaim the good news of salvation both in this and foreign lands. I know that my mother has often expressed the hope that I should become a missionary, and though this subject should be thought and prayed over much before decided, I can not but indulge the idea that I shall be a missionary, and perhaps labor for Christ in the dark corners of the earth." Again, in the following letter, written at home, in his first vacation after the revival, he pours out his whole heart upon the question of personal duty to the unevangelized. The letter was addressed to Mr. Charles Stoddard, of Boston, a member of the Prudential Committee of the A.B.C.F.M.

"I can not let more time pass without addressing you, and touching upon a theme which you first introduced, and upon which I love to dwell. I refer to the conversion of the world to Christ, and to the hope which I cherish, that Providence will permit me to be an agent in hastening the dawn of the latter-day glory. Before your letter by Mr. Armstrong, and my interview with him, I had made this subject a matter of serious consideration. Shall I not, ought I not, to go as a herald of salvation to the benighted corners of the earth, and preach there the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ? It

struck me as being a blessed work, and one in which I could heartily and cheerfully engage. The more my attention was drawn to the subject, the more was I impressed with the call for laborers to toil in the vineyard. With such feelings, I went on in the investigation, and have at periods continued it to the present time. The result is a firm conviction, in my own mind, that duty will summon me, at a future day, to give up friends and country, and spend my life in a foreign land. I now want the approval of my family in order to make the decision as final as a prospective view of several years will allow.

"The question seems to resolve itself into this, How can I exert the most influence upon the ultimate conversion of the world? My reasons for deciding in favor of Foreign Missions are briefly these: six or seven hundred millions of heathen are perishing for want of the bread of life, multitudes of whom never heard of a Saviour's love. At home, we have a population of thirteen millions, who might all probably have access to the means of grace. True, our home destitution is alarming, and young men are needed to go forth to the West, and other sections of the country, in mighty armies. But when we consider how few, compared with the whole number of ministers, devote themselves to the missionary cause, does it not seem that the calls of those who sit in darkness are too much unheeded? And the question might also, with propriety be asked, Will our efforts to relieve and succor the benighted impoverish ourselves, or will too many be likely to volunteer at present for this work? Will not, on the contrary, every one who goes abroad exert a reflex influence upon those at home? Thus will the promise be fulfilled, that the liberal man deviseth liberal things, and by *liberal things he shall stand.* If feeling be allowed to have any effect in the decision, I can truly say, as I have said before, that it seems to me that I could go with joy, and lay down my life, if necessary, in this holy cause. I realize, in some measure, the feelings of those who have ardently desired a voice which might be heard throughout our land, rousing Christians to their duty, urging youth who are pious to become students for the ministry, and caus-

ing all to feel their responsibility in a tenfold measure. Oh, when will the millennium ever dawn; when will righteousness and love cover the earth, and the nations learn war no more? Were the professed followers of Christ half so earnest about saving souls, as accumulating the paltry honors of this world, the kingdoms of this world would soon become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. One general song of adoration to the Lamb would arise, and be re-echoed from shore to shore, and the Saviour reign triumphant in the hearts of men. Can this not be in our day? Can our eyes not behold the light, and hear the joyful sound? These solemn questions Christians must answer. Brother, you are aware that our family are all professing to look forward to a heaven of glory. Duty, then, and not self-interest, should be our ruling motive. All my friends with whom I have conversed, would not thwart my desire to leave my native land. Doubtless all would bid me God speed, and follow me with their prayers. That there is no obstacle opposed by parents, brothers, or sisters, seems to me a strong argument in favor of the missionary life. Many who would go, can not, and does not it behoove all who know nothing to prevent, to fill their places? My heavenly Father has done much for me, and should I not be willing to spend and be spent in his service? To you I look, my brother, for advice and direction. You have had experience, and perhaps could decide with more judgment than others of the family. The motives for an early decision appear to my mind to be great. It is now my expectation to make a profession of religion on the first Sabbath in June, in college. The piety will probably attain more strength, and a deeper tone. The missionary needs an overcoming faith; he needs grace, he must walk with God. The attainments, too, of the student will all be made to bear on this one object. His qualifications for his work abroad will be much superior, and his usefulness can not be less at home, should it seem necessary to remain here."

In this frame of feeling Mr. Stoddard returned to college at the close of May, and on the first Sabbath in June,

he united with the college church by a public profession of his faith in Christ. His feelings in anticipation of this event are thus expressed.

"The next Sabbath it is my hope to be permitted to unite with the people of God, and take upon myself everlasting obligations. I trust that I am in some measure sensible of the immense responsibility which will then rest upon me, and my own weakness and inability to fulfill my vows. But there is one on whom frail man may rely; one who has promised to put underneath us the everlasting arms, and sustain us by His grace. There are too, joys in coming out from the world, and avouching the Saviour as my Saviour and my eternal portion. To be allowed a hope of heaven, after such a life as mine has been, spent in sin, and with my back turned upon such redeeming love, O, to be allowed such a hope, demands my highest gratitude and praise. We love him because he first loved us. . . . But there is such a thing as deception—the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. While reading Edwards on the Affections, I have been very much tried with doubts as to the reality of the change in myself. If I know my own heart, I do love those things which I once hated, prayer, contemplation on death, eternity and judgment. May I not be deceived. May I build on the rock Christ Jesus, and count all things but loss for Christ."

The revival of the preceding spring brought a large accession to the active strength of the college church; but the fervor of that season was perceptibly diminished by the intervening vacation. Moreover, college politics, which in their sphere are as exciting and distracting as are the politics of state, arrayed in parties under the banners of various literary societies many who had co-operated as brethren in the work of the Lord. In the year following the revival, these dissensions became so violent in our own

class as even to alienate from each other some who had been bosom friends. In a confiding letter to his mother, David thus speaks of the hindrance of the work of grace from this cause.

"I have been drawn into these scenes of excitement most unwillingly, and have all along felt their deadening influence on the piety of individuals and the church in college. When the quarrels commenced, brethren were dwelling together in unity, praying and longing for the outpouring of the Spirit of God. But when by open altercations professing Christians had shown to the world how weak was their principle and how little their devotedness, the efforts of the class seemed to be turned into a different channel. The main question was, how shall we advance the interests of our party, and triumph over our opponents—not how shall we do the most for the glory of God. A spirit of worldliness crept in among the members of the church, and we have now at the close of the term to feel that we have loved the things of time, to the neglect of the things of eternity. The city however, has been blessed in an eminent degree, and under the labors of Dr. Hawes, Mr. Ludlow, Dr. Patten, and several other clergymen, large numbers have been added to the church."

But while he thus bewailed the general declension in college, Mr. Stoddard was not disposed to shield himself behind the delinquencies of his brethren. In the free interchange of religious experience which he maintained with an older brother, he sometimes laments his own spiritual declensions in terms which even at this early period remind one of the humility of Brainerd.

"It grieves me to say, though I will say it candidly to you, my brother, that I have not that joy and peace in believing, which I once thought that I possessed. Temptations seem to have thick-

ened around me, and I find myself prone to yield to their allurements. The causes may perhaps be found partly in the indifference manifested by other Christians here, but they are mainly attributable to my own wicked, deceitful heart. If I have learned nothing else in religion, I believe that my short experience has taught me that human resolutions are all weakness, and human power is complete impotence. But it is not so with that power and that arm on whom we can rely. I know how great and how mighty He is, whom we call our Father, to comfort, sanctify, and bless us. I feel assured that as we rely on him, so he will be with us, and as we forsake him, so will he depart from us. . . . Sometimes feelings such as were mine in days past, will return, and I long, as I think, for their continuance. But some sin comes in, and shuts God from my sight, while I am left to mourn over my unfruitfulness, and the hidings of his face."

The paramount interest which Mr. Stoddard had been brought to feel in religion did not abate his diligence in the pursuit of knowledge. In the Junior appointments he took rank as an orator, an honor which in a fit of boyish enthusiasm, he thus describes to his sister:

"This is as high as I hoped or expected to be. I have an appointment as good, and in fact the same, as Professors Goodrich and Olmsted, President Humphrey, Tutors Brace and Langstreth, Mr. Twining, Rev. L. Bacon, and a whole host of other worthies. Though not the valedictory, it is the next grade below, and is as much as I can bear with dignity. . . . In scholarship here, considering the maximum to be 100 to 0, so that 50 shows medium scholarship, etc., Friend ——— stands at 100! and I, during Sophomore year, at 93; since then, somewhat lower, owing to ill health, etc."

Mr. Stoddard's health seemed at one time so precarious as to threaten a serious interruption of his studies. A

general debility and a dizziness bordering upon blindness were symptoms of which he complained. But by taking leave of absence for a few weeks he reinvigorated his system by a process which he thus jocosely describes, and which may prove of service to others.

"Northampton was so far away that I preferred going to New York, to the care of my second mother—aunt F. While in the city, I became intimately acquainted with a Mr. Exercise, a gentleman who kindly conducted me all about, free of expense. He is accustomed to practice medicine, or rather he is professor of the healing art, and in company with his partner, Mr. Simplicity of Diet, has effected many wonderful cures. I employed him in my case, and am happy to say that he soon benefited me very greatly. You will be glad to learn that, although I had formerly some difference with Mr. Exercise, I have been so won upon by his kindness as to open a daily correspondence with him. He frequently paints my cheeks, and does many other things which can not here be mentioned. Suffice it to say, that in a fortnight's time, I came back to New Haven with new life and spirits. I was destined, however, to more trouble from sickness; and for ten days intermitted my studies. I have now once more recovered. . . . Our appointments for Junior exhibition come out in six weeks, and I am backward in my studies. Though I do not study for *honor*, yet I do desire to get all that I can consistently, both for my own sake, that of my friends, and the credit of the family."

We have seen how well his diligence was rewarded. Mr. Stoddard took high rank as a scholar, especially in the physical sciences, to which he became almost a devotee, snatching hours from sleep to watch the stars, and spending his seasons of relaxation in the observatory, the laboratory, or the shop of some intelligent machinist. He had always too low an estimate of his ability as a writer, and

his attainments as a linguist; but like Martyn in his University course, he excelled in the study of the mathematics, whether pure or mixed. His zeal for general knowledge appears in the following account of a short winter vacation spent at college.

"I set out at the beginning of vacation with good spirit, and C——— and myself were intending to accomplish wonders in a fortnight. We rose regularly at five o'clock, spent three hours in reading, etc., before breakfast, and, by thus taking time by the forelock, were able to accomplish considerable. I wrote a piece for the *Yale Literary;* read part of Milton and a portion of Butler's Analogy; read also, Mammon *twice* from beginning to end, and studied Lardner's Hydrostatics and Pneumatics. Mammon I fell in love with, not only from the dignity and elegance of the style, but also from the importance of the subject. Indeed, I have hardly ever read a book, which so well repaid me for the perusal. I also dipped a little into some select parts of Byron, whose poetry I admire, but whose principles I would reject."

Such was Mr. Stoddard's proficiency in the natural sciences, that before the close of his Junior year he received the offer of a post in the United States' Exploring Expedition, then about to sail for the South Pacific, under Commander Wilkes. As several gentlemen of Yale College were to be connected with the Expedition, and the post was one of honor as well as of emolument, the offer was quite tempting to one whose mind was so enthusiastic in the pursuit of the natural sciences. But Mr. Stoddard declined it because he regarded himself as consecrated to the work of the ministry. A letter to a brother, bearing date August 4th, 1837, expresses in the language of Christian conscientiousness, his decision upon a proposition that might have changed the whole course of his life.

A subject has recently been brought before my mind, for consideration, in regard to which I regretted that I could not have your advice. Application was made to me by government on the recommendation of one of our Professors, to go out to the Southern Sea, on the Exploring Expedition now fitting out. The office proffered was that of Secretary, on board one of the vessels, and the duties of that office something of the following nature: To keep the course and distance of the ship, including occasional astronomical observations—to write a sub-journal of the expedition, which would be of considerable importance, as this vessel is to do most of the exploring. The salary is fixed at near seven hundred and fifty dollars per annum, with an outfit of three or four hundred. It was considered here a very advantageous situation for a young man, and my friends many of them, advised my acceptance. I even went so far as to write home in favor of the plan, thinking that it might make me more robust, and better fitted, *physically*, to perform the duties of life on my return. I was assured that I could procure without difficulty a degree on my return, and receive an education as good as by a regular course. But serious reflection, and I trust, guidance from on high, dissipated the illusion which deceived me and set before me arguments too great to be surmounted, for declining the enterprize. I could not go as a Christian; for little opportunity would be afforded me of doing good, and such a voyage *might* have a very unhappy effect on my Christian character. I could not go as a man of the world; for I have a Master, whose I am and whom I am ever bound to serve. Were I to look only at time and ask myself, what course would be likely to advance me in worldly science, I might accept the offer. I could not, however, forget the interests of eternity and the life which I had chosen, or rather I hope I may say, the life to which I have been chosen, that of an ambassador of Jesus Christ. Parents and the family at home disapprove of the idea no less than myself; and I presume you will coincide with us all in opinion.

"You ask me in your last letter some questions of thrilling importance, and questions which, if they could be all answered in the

affirmative, would prove me peaceful and happy. Peaceful in the victory over my indwelling corruptions, and happy in the love and favor of God. You can 'suspect' that the ardor of my youthful piety and the sacred enthusiasm of my purpose had vanished away; but it is left for me to *know* that I am 'poor and miserable, and blind and naked.' It is for me to feel, that my heart has claimed alliance with those of other Christians around me, and become wrapt up with them in the cares of the world. Coldness reigns in our college church, and the darkness of winter broods over our spiritual prospect. But in the church and Sunday school in town with which I am associated, a continued, gentle shower of grace descends upon the teachers and the taught. There occasionally I feel something as I did formerly, when it seemed as though I dwelt in the inner court of the temple. Shall I ask you for your prayers to ascend with mine, that I may be guided in the path of truth, and brought near to the God and Saviour of us all? In regard to my purposes, they remain the same. I entertain the same hope and the same desire to preach the everlasting Gospel, perhaps in foreign lands; but my youth, and the years that intervene, before I come to act as a man, prevent a final decision."

The hesitancy with which Mr. Stoddard here speaks of his personal consecration to the work of missions, is quite in contrast with the fervor with which, in an earlier letter, he urged the paramount claims of the missionary service upon the young convert; yet this does not argue a loss of interest in that cause, nor any serious decline of piety. It was, in part, a natural reaction from a decision made by feeling, as the judgment became more matured, and the wide scope of life and its responsibilities began to be better appreciated. Whether it is wise for the student, at the outset of his course, to pledge himself unconditionally to the foreign missionary service, may well be questioned. He should consecrate himself unreservedly to the service of

Christ, *wherever* that service may lead him; but the light of experience, as he advances in his course, may assist him to determine for what field or circle of labor he is best qualified. It soon became evident that the work to which Mr. Stoddard devoted himself in the freshness of his Christian life, was that to which the Master had called him, and for which He had endowed him with qualifications of no ordinary kind. At the same time, it must be acknowledged that in the latter part of his collegiate course, Mr. Stoddard did lose somewhat of his zeal, not only for the work of foreign missions, but even in the more immediate duties and labors of the Christian life. This was owing in part, to his rare enthusiasm in scientific pursuits, which led him to appropriate to mechanical labors and optical experiments even the hours which he had held sacred to devotion.

That there is nothing in the study of physical science to secularize the mind, and to draw away the heart from God, does not require to be argued at a time when many of the most eminent votaries of science are devoted Christians, and when science is bringing her choicest fruits to illustrate the written word of God. But at this period Mr. Stoddard was too much a man of impulses; and the zeal with which he entered upon this new pursuit gave to his mind a bent quite different from that it had received at his conversion. He seems to have been aware of this danger, and to have attempted to give a religious direction to his studies in astronomy. Thus he writes to his brother:

"In this department I daily find new attractions. There is so much to increase the boundaries of thought, and familiarize the mind to abstract meditation; so much symmetry and power displayed in the movements and laws of those vast systems that age after age continue their revolutions around their respective centers; in a

word, so much to cause man to entertain enlarged views of the works of his Creator, that no one who dives deep into the mysteries of this science can fail to derive abundant profit from his pursuits. . . . For my own part, I neither see nor desire to see, anything worthy of admiration in the worlds around us, except as they are made to reflect the benevolence and goodness which everywhere characterize the works of God."

The mechanical skill which he developed in his boyhood was now revived in aid of this favorite science. He constructed from the crude materials, an excellent telescope, which he sold, to gain the means of constructing another upon a much larger scale. An account of his labors upon this instrument is preserved in a letter addressed to Professor Solomon Stoddard, under date of Nov. 20th, 1837.

"As to worldly matters, I am enjoying myself very highly. I lay hold of our Senior studies with interest, and, I trust, with some degree of success. I have not yet got over my astronomical passion, but on the contrary, the more I pursue the science, the more do I see to enlarge and interest the mind. It is a pursuit requiring much thought, much accuracy, and much industry, to pursue it to advantage; and on this account I think it well adapted to improve my character. I fear sometimes, that so much time given to one branch—a branch so widely separated from the course I have marked out in life—will be injurious to me. But Professor Olmstead and Silliman, with both of whom I have conversed on the subject, think it very well that I should pursue my taste in this department. To this end, the former has given me the privileges of an *assistant*, so that I have access at all times, to the college observatory, and the philosophical instruments, and am allowed to take observations with an experienced and careful man. Mr. Silliman also has kindly given me access to his library and laboratory, and proffered me any assistance I may desire. In town too, an able machinist has offered me the use of any or all his tools, comprising

those in almost every department of the arts. These things I speak not in the spirit of boasting, but to let you know how I am situated, and to ask your opinion in regard to my pursuits. Although nothing is more *agreeable*, yet another course may be more *profitable* than watching in the evening for meteors, and auroras, and consuming some of my time during the day in calculation. As to my mechanical operations, these I have no idea of discontinuing, exercise being very conducive to health, and the more so when rendered both pleasant and profitable. My little telescope I have sold, and on the proceeds am constructing, *very* leisurely, one of five and a half inches aperture, and six feet focal length, intended to magnify from two to four hundred times. This is not merely to be done in theory, and to be found to be impracticable in execution. It *is to be done*, and well done, notwithstanding it is almost a herculean task. You will perceive, by squaring 3 and $5\frac{1}{2}$, that the new will have about three times the light of the old telescope. I have sent you an account of the eclipse of October 13, which I published at the time. In connection with Professor Olmstead and some one or two others, I watched for the meteoric shower on the 12th and 13th November, and was highly gratified at the exhibition. I believe that the Professor intends honoring the observers by giving their names and separate observations in the next number of Silliman's Journal. That you may not misunderstand me, I will repeat the question which I asked you. Do you think it advisable for me to spend the time, and give the application necessary to a familiar acquaintance with Astronomy, merely because my taste leads me strongly to the study when the purpose of my after life is so very different? *Que dites-vous?*

At this time Mr. Stoddard occupied a room in the North College, directly under that of the writer. This room was converted into a machine shop, and at every interval of the class recitations and even to the prejudice of the regular studies, he was at work grinding his mirrors or framing his tubes; and his conversation was so much upon

these topics, that he gained for himself in the college hall the *soubriquet* of "speculum." An anomalous incident in his course is recalled by that term. On a summer morning, too hot for severe mental application, the members of the Senior class occupying the upper story of the building, assembled in the hall to regale themselves with music and iced lemonade. Stoddard, who was at the moment immersed to the elbow in the black and oily filings of his speculum, came up stairs in this plight to enjoy the innocent diversion. Though the Senior class had no noon recitation, the hour was appropriated to study, by college law; and the entry Tutor hearing the sound of mirth, suddenly emerged from his sanctum to mark the rebels. At the first note of his coming, the students rushed to their several quarters; but poor Stoddard, unable to gain his own room in season, and not being quite presentable for the eyes of a college officer, took refuge behind the nearest door. From this ignominious retreat he was brought forth hatless and coatless to confront the offended dignity of the Faculty; and thus he who was quite innocent of the whole affair, had to bear the brunt of the reprimand. The reader of the life of David Brainerd, will remember that this was not the first instance in which the walls of Yale College had witnessed an indignant tutor chiding an incipient missionary. Even the speculum came in for a share of the reproach. But in either case the brightness of the missionary's character is untarnished by the official censure inflicted upon the student. In the office of Tutor in the same college, Mr. Stoddard himself, a few years later, was a rigid and conscientious disciplinarian. Possibly the remembrance of the speculum served to magnify his own sense of official duty.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS WORK AS AN EDUCATOR IN MARSHALL AND YALE COLLEGES.

Mr. Stoddard graduated with honor, in the summer of 1838, and entered almost immediately upon the office of Tutor in Marshall College, Pennsylvania, to which he had been appointed upon the representation of friends who knew his qualifications. He remained in that institution one year. During this time, his mind impressed with the responsibilities of men of education, became more serious and earnest in view of his personal duty to the cause of Christ. He was invited to take a Professorship of Natural Science in Marietta College, Ohio—a flattering offer to one so young, and one which his decided taste for such pursuits inclined him to accept. This, like the proposal to join the South Sea Expedition, was a strong test of his devotion to the work of the ministry. The office was honorable and useful, and he had already evinced a special fitness for it. Besides, he well knew that in expounding the book of nature he could glorify God as truly as in teaching his written word. But, as he describes it, "the question then came up, will you spend your life in chemical experiments, or in laboring as a minister of the Gospel, for the conversion of souls? Ever since I professed religion, I had expected to become a minister, but had never

solemnly and fully considered the question. I did it at this time, and the result was a determination to preach Christ and him crucified."

It should not be inferred from this that Mr. Stoddard disparaged the pursuit of physical science or regarded this as incompatible with a high devotion to God. The names of a Brewster, a Davy, a Silliman, a Guyot, demonstrate that the Christian life may exist in the highest harmony with a devotion to science. Mr. Stoddard here has reference to the best use which in his circumstances he could make of his own gifts and powers. His more mature and reflective decision to enter the ministry turned him aside from his favorite sciences to the study of languages and letters. Accordingly we find him diligent in acquiring the Hebrew and the German—the latter then just beginning to be appreciated by ministers in the United States. His regard for thorough scholarship may be seen from the following extracts from letters to Professor Solomon Stoddard.

September 11th, 1838. "My own duties are briefly these: I have a class in Horace and one in Homer. These are the Freshmen. The Sophomores I also hear in Livy. There are some good scholars and some poor; but whether good or poor, we have all entered into a conspiracy that they shall pass through neither the preparatory school nor the college without a thorough drilling. We make your grammar the first, the second, and the third thing. We do not intend to let them dodge around or slip through, but if their brains or their knowledge will not permit them to go forward, they must fall back."

To the same, March 28th, 1838.

"My dear Brother,—

"I was once your pupil, but it was at a time when I could not

appreciate your worth. I now should like to be placed in the same relations, and have you again for a teacher. I am yet a learner, and scarce a day passes but I feel, while consulting your *Manual*, how improving it would be to me, if I could have its author at my elbow. As, however, this can not be, in lieu thereof I should like pretty frequent and pretty long letters from you, and I promise, on my part, to furnish you with matter in such abundance that you will be able to fill a sheet without difficulty, in reply. In using your Grammar, some few things I have noticed, which I thought worthy of being suggested to you. I have found it in *almost* every case, a sure and excellent guide, and if not perfect, at least far nearer perfection than most other grammars. I give you my list here, lest I should be hurried at the close of the letter.

"§ 31. *Homo, Fui*, are exceptions. *Homo nata* fucrat. Sulpicius in Cic. Epist. ad Divers IV., 5 post medium.—Scheller's Latinisch Deutsches Lexicon.—*Fures* estis *ambœ*. Plautus, Po. V. 4. 67. The authority for Obses being feminine, not so sure.—§ 8. Exc. 1. Quá-dro you have rightly *divided*, see § 18. 2. Therefore, as the first syllable does *not* end with a consonant, how does the rule § 8. 2. apply? Must not the *a* have the sound of the *a* in fatal?—§ 78. Exc. I. Vibex has īcis in the gen.—§ 79. Bipennis has sometimes *im*. Ovid, Met. VIII. 766.—§ 83. Gen. plural, 2 Exc. *Proles* has gen. plural in *um*. Scheller, also, Martian, Cap. III., post. med. p. 78, Grot.—§ 84. Lacunar has Lacunariis. Vitruvius.—§ 89. 5. *Quercus* has ŭbus. So says Ramshorn. *Sinus* has ŭbus. Ramshorn, Scheller, Pliny, Nat. Hist. II. 43, cxt. sec. 44. *Quercus*, like *domus*, has gen. plural *orum*. Lev.—§ 108. Add to the list, *sequester*, § 115, 4, also *volupe, pernox, semireci*. Ramshorn.—§ 126. 2, add *nuperus*.—Ramshorn and Scheller.—§ 172. *Jacio*, and some have jectum instead of jactum. Would you not insert salio, ivi, ii, or ui, saltum? So much for the etymology—and the grammar is good indeed, if these are all the omissions that are to be found in it. As I set these down, several of them some months ago, and now transcribe the list without close scrutiny, it is possible you may find some *errors* in the errata itself. Your syntax is admirable, and, as I said before, every

day increases my belief of the fact. I have found but one passage where the principle did not seem to be fully alluded to in your rules. Hor. Ars Poetica, line 302. *Pur gor bilem.* Have you any thing except § 234, II., and § 250, R. 2? If so I can not find it. You would not of course rest the solution on 234, II., as that applies to the *part* to which the signification relates; the other reference does not develope the principle fully. The construction is evidently Greek. I have referred to Ramshorn, § 132, where the case seems to be met.

"I had no idea, a year since, that I could become so fond of Latin and Greek as I have. Then it was all Astronomy and star-gazing, and I fancied that I had closed Horace and Cicero forever. Though I have been teaching here but six or seven months, I find that in Latin, by the attentive perusal of your Grammar, I am beginning to appreciate far more of the beauties of the language than ever before. I am still ignorant and blind enough, but I trust that when I leave Mercersburg, if I carry away none of their silver and gold, I shall carry with me a fondness for the ancients. You must not suppose by this that my *mathematical* fit has come to an end. I keep my telescope in one corner of my dormitory, and occasionally spend an hour in dabbling with sines, tangents and squares. Professor Budd and myself have also made some curious observations here, without any instruments except those of our own manufacture. I call them curious, not because our results were so, but merely in reference to the *modus operandi.* We have taken our latitude by observations on the pole-star, with a huge home-made quadrant, and laid down a meridian line of three hundred and fifty feet length, by means of the elongation of the same polaris. But to return from this excursus, for I have many more things to say about Latin and Greek. Dr. Rauch commends your Grammar very much, pronouncing it 'the best in the English language,' but he says that it is not *large enough.* No wonder he thinks so, having been accustomed to use the octavos of Thiersch, Matthiæ, and Ramshorn. His idea is that teachers, and the higher classes in colleges, want a more full development of the philosophical principles of the languages, than

ean possibly be eompressed into a duodeeimo of three or four hundred pages. For my part, I shall be glad when *graduates* eome out thoroughly versed in the rules you have laid down."

In a subsequent letter he writes:

"My eritieisms on your Grammar you bore with much more meekness than I was afraid you would. I sent them, because I thought you would like to know what errors there were, in order to correet them. If I ever publish a book, Grammar, Lexieon, or even a popular sehool-book, and you eannot deteet more errors in it than I have done in yours, the eritieism will render me proud. . . . In studying your Grammar I have oeeasionally eaught a glimpse of the laws of language that it would have been very interesting to pursue to a greater extent. For instanee: we have no genitive in English—there is one in Latin. You explain, but very briefly, in a remark in the two hundred and eleventh seetion what peeuliar relations it denotes. Might not these be somewhat extended? It is diffieult to make students distinguish readily between the subjeetive and objeetive genitive; yet the distinetion is very elear. I give them oral examples, but they do not fix them in the mind as well as those expressed in the Grammar. You know how beautiful the Greek genitive is, and how many different relations grow out of a very few general prineiples. Thus, words denoting any mental state or aet with respeet to an objeetive, direeted toward it, but not aeting on it, are followed by the genitive. How many rules this furnishes. So of the genitive used partitively. So of the dative, whieh may follow all words implying the idea of *approach*, *union*, *connection*. I refer to this to illustrate what I mean. Now, might not a page be profitably devoted, in sueh a grammar as yours, to the development of these general prineiples in regard to each of the six eases? If the *rules* are ever so philosophieally expressed, students will eommit them, like parrots and be none the wiser, but when once the *origin* of the rule is known, both are fixed in the memory.

"And now, my brother, don't you think I reason quite deeply?

If I make blunders in logic or grammar, you must recolleet that they were not my favorite pursuits in eollege, and that when I graduated, I understood teleseope making mueh better than Tacitus or Sophocles. Even now I sometimes "run off in a tangent" from my professional duties, and take the students out to star-gaze, and study Astronomy."

It is pleasing to notice this ardor of the student and the teacher conjoined with a simple and earnest piety. Mr. Stoddard did not feel that he had discharged his duties to his classes by his fidelity to their daily recitations. Under date of December 25th, 1838, he writes to a brother: "Surrounded as I am by a large number who are more or less (about twenty-five almost entirely) under my influence and care, I feel quite like a father toward them. It is but a small portion of my duty to instruct in Latin and Greek; I mingle with the students at our daily meals; they often call at my room for direction or advice—at which times, I draw them into conversation; I instruct thirty in a Bible class on the Sabbath."

This reminds one of his own student life under Tutor Calhoun, whom he seems to have made his model in his official intercourse with the students. In another letter from Marshall College he writes:

"There are some hopeful indications among us of a revival. Many of the students with whom I have conversed upon the subjeet, express a warm interest in religious things, and are making speeial efforts to arouse the impenitent. On the other hand the wieked are doing all in their power to prevent a revival, and in appearanee are more set on their wickedness than ever. The result is known only to Him in whose power and under whose dircetion we all are. As the period of the year draws near in which I hopefully

found a Saviour, I can not but feel peculiar interest for those precious immortal souls. No doubt on the day of prayer for colleges we shall be remembered by you at the throne of grace."

A little picture of his daily routine at Mercersburg may fitly close the narrative of his connection with Marshall College.

"I rise at five every morning. My recitations and the preparation for them occupy about six hours a day; and in addition I have Hebrew and German—both which languages require a good deal of labor at the outset. Then my time is constantly interrupted by occasional duties, so that I can hardly depend on a single hour. Yet I am well and *happy*. I hope I am useful, and this ought to be the main object of life. I need nothing but more grace to render me one of the happiest of men. For this I pray, and I would ask you to unite your prayers with mine."

Thus long before he entered the missionary service or was ordained to preach the Gospel, Mr. Stoddard made his daily life—as only the Christian's life can be—at once a sacrifice and a joy.

"The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God."

In the fall of 1839, Mr. Stoddard entered the Theological Seminary at Andover, Massachusetts. Before leaving Mercersburg he was again invited to devote himself to the physical sciences, but as before he dismissed the subject on the ground that it would interfere with his chosen vocation.

"Professor Loomis wishes me to assist him in his mathematical and philosophical department at Western Reserve. He has so fine an apparatus, and is so accomplished as a practitioner, that I should really like to spend a year there. But time is too precious. It is sufficient to state in reply to all such offers that I am studying for the ministry."

At Andover we find him pursuing Hebrew Grammar and New Testament Greek, with the same zest with which he had pursued Astronomy at Yale, and Latin at Mercersburg. "Our Hebrew," he writes, "is at present troublesome; however, I am resolved to master it, for I think that it is otherwise labor lost. Students spend six months or a year often, in getting the elements of the language, and as soon as they leave the seminary, throw up the study, and sell their lexicons, grammars, and Bibles, for a song. This is foolish—so says our Professor Stuart—and so I mean *not* to do."

As a means of support, he added to his seminary duties the labor of teaching two hours daily in the Latin Academy; but his heart was steadfastly set upon the great work of preparation for the ministry, and with his constant application to religious themes he grew more heavenly minded.

"When we look forward to our profession, consider the shortness of the time that intervenes, the greatness of the work, and the importance of being thoroughly furnished for it, there is but little danger that we do too much."

Like every student at Andover in those days, Mr. Stoddard became greatly enamored of Professor Stuart, both as a preceptor and as a preacher. His letters contain frequent references to the originality of thought, the enthusiasm of manner, the vivacity of speech, and the fervor of

devotion with which the revered "Rabbi Moses" stirred the minds and hearts of his youthful pupils. So engrossed was he in the studies of the Junior year that he resisted the urgent appeals of his brother, Professor Stoddard, to join him in his labors at Middlebury College.

"I am not here to gratify my taste nor to prepare for any ordinary work. The sacred ministry is before me; trials and responsibilities I must soon assume, and I *do* feel the need of a sound, thorough, theological education."

When afterward he consented for a few weeks to act the part of a tutor at Middlebury, he still talked and dreamed Hebrew and Greek; and as soon as possible was again at his post in the Seminary.

A touch of filial affection from a letter to his mother, will serve, however, to show that his devotion to the dead languages did not withdraw him from the living world of home.

"It was very pleasant to me last week to welcome brother A. to Andover, and no less pleasant to receive a few lines from you. Whenever I think of you, I think of you as a most affectionate mother, for your innumerable and long continued kindnesses have abundantly shown you to be such. Still I love occasionally to hear *again*, from your own lips or from your letters, that I have a place in your heart. Be assured, my dear mother, that I am just *beginning* to learn how to love you, and though it *may be* that the affection of the child can never equal that of the parent, I shall endeavor not to be entirely ungrateful. But this is *sentiment*, and as such, I hope that it may be reserved for your own eye. Expressions of affection gain nothing by being put in the town-crier's mouth, any more than *albums* do by being laid on the parlor table."

Before his first year at Andover had closed, Mr. Stoddard

was appointed to the office of tutor in Yale College, and at the end of the Seminary year, he returned to his Alma Mater. In making this change he endeavored to act conscientiously, and to consult the claims of the Master upon his heart, his time, and his growing powers of usefulness.

"I desire," he writes, "to know my duty. The temporary honor of being a tutor in Yale College, will not, I hope, draw me away, so that I shall choose a course that will on the whole be for my disadvantage. Telescope-making once gained me some little credit. But the glory is all over now; the pop-gun is fired, and I have to regret that so many of my precious hours were almost lost. At this time I have no idea of firing another pop-gun, but to take a serious and manly course. What this course is, I have not yet determined. . . . . What would you say if you should be appointed tutor in my circumstances? What seems the greater good on the whole? Which course will our Heavenly Father approve? In reference to this last question, perhaps you will say that it is impossible to decide with any certainty. Still, in such cases, we are to balance probabilities, and act in view of the greatest apparent good."

The consideration that he could at once provide for his own support, and pursue his theological studies, while exerting a direct influence for good upon the minds of young men, decided him to accept this appointment, and in the fall term of 1840 he entered upon the duties of his office. With him teaching was no novelty; but the immediate oversight of a "division" of forty students, and the hearing of daily recitations from a class of three times that number, gave him constant occupation. Yet he did not suffer his mind to become secularized by the routine of college discipline. The work of the ministry was now his determined choice, and he resolutely bent his energies toward that as the goal of his student life. "As to my profession, I am

advancing in it steadily though slowly. I do not attend Dr. Taylor's lectures, and shall not until next term. What I need is the habit of patient, severe thought, and this power is to be obtained not in the lecture-room, but in the retirement of the study."

He thus records his views of the ministry:

October 29th, 1840. "I have just returned from the ordination of my friend T——, and the occasion, as you may suppose, has been one of no ordinary interest. A candidate for the sacred ministry myself, and hoping in a few years to assume the same responsibilities, and to engage in the active service of the Church, the public consecration of a young minister could hardly fail to awaken my sympathy. Besides, T—— is my classmate, my friend, my peculiarly endeared Christian brother. It was he who was the means of my hopeful conversion to God, and we have often taken sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. I felt, too, for him, because of his youth and inexperience. Only two months since he became of age, and as yet he has known little of trials and cares.

"I came away feeling more than ever what it was to be a minister of the gospel. The pious minister stands between heaven and earth; he tells of a Saviour crucified, and points those who are making the world their portion to a *better* portion, to a crown of glory, to a heaven of rest. It is his to strengthen the weak, to confirm the doubting, to comfort the afflicted, to preach of life and immortality to the dying Christian. He has the satisfaction of saving souls, and when the Chief Shepherd shall appear, he, with his own flock around him, shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away. Who would not wish to be a Christian minister? to live his life; to die his death; to receive his reward?"

A series of extracts from Mr. Stoddard's letters to intimate friends will best exhibit his habits of mind, and his religious affections and life, during his second residence at

New Haven. It was evident to those who knew him best, that he grew more and more spiritual, and that he felt a deep religious responsibility for his class.

February 24th, 1841. "I commenced, soon after my arrival here, a Bible class, which has prospered far beyond my hopes. My division room is crowded every Sabbath (say by fifty students), who manifest a serious and inquiring spirit. I trust it is not with them mere curiosity, or a desire to speculate about the truth: but that many of them, at least, have a true love for the study of the Bible. Two of these Bible class scholars have recently indulged a hope, though I have not evidence that it is a *direct* result of their instruction on the Sabbath."

The next letter records his solemn re-dedication of himself to God; it will be read with deep emotion.

February 25th, 1841. "This is to me a day of sadness and of pleasure. It is just five years since the revival commenced in this college, which numbered me among its hopeful converts. The remembrance of those days is sweet. Then, if ever, I experienced the joys of the Christian. I was young, I was ardent, I was in a *new world.* I loved prayer; I loved my Bible; I loved the society of Christians. My studies, my recreations, the world without, and the world within, all told me of God and I loved to listen to them. Every thing in the future was bright and promising. It seemed a blessed thing to live and act, not for self, not for time, but for God and eternity. It seemed easy to be a Christian, and I wondered that every body would not become one, and thus be happy. The Bible told me of the danger of backsliding, and the lives of many a Christian around repeated the same warning. But no: temptation had no power—the world, no charms; and it was not till some months after, that my own sad experience taught me how *hard it is to be a Christian.*

To be a Christian. How few professors know what this means.

How few who are really walking by faith, and considering this life as a short pilgrimage to a better land. Many, like me, start fair, determined that *they* will be exceptions; that *they* will never deny, forsake, or betray their Lord. But before they know it, temptation comes, and they yield and fall, thus dishonoring the Church, and bringing reproach on Christ.

"March 1st. I have been prevented from writing for several days by more pressing calls on my time. You will rejoice to learn that there are very encouraging indications of a revival throughout this college. Christians are unusually serious, and a number of impenitent are inquiring. Last evening one of my students called to talk with me. I suspected his errand, and presently introduced the subject of religion. He proved to be under deep anxiety, and said he was willing to do any thing, and be any thing, that God would have him. He wanted guidance—he wanted a Christian's prayers. I tried to explain to him his duty, and told him my own experience when under conviction. We then knelt together before the mercy-seat and prayed. I could not but feel at the time that his was the prayer of the contrite soul. His confessions seemed to be penitential, and his consecration to be unreserved—for time and for eternity. To-day he came smiling into my room, and his countenance at once told the story. He was peaceful and happy, and so far as man can judge, is born into the kingdom. I hope and pray that this may be a harbinger of better things among us."

A fortnight later we find his whole soul engaged in a revival. Under date of April 1, he writes:

"There have been in college *fifty-five* hopeful conversions. Were this a *common* congregation, were these *common minds*, we never could praise God enough for his goodness. But they are all *young men*, men of cultivated minds, many of them possessing superior talents, destined, I trust, to wield a mighty influence for God, and to be eminent for winning souls to Christ. *How ought we to rejoice!* Such a work in a high degree *honors God*. The unedu-

cated, the weak-minded, are often carried away by feeling—mistake false conversion for true—forsake their profession—dishonor the Saviour. But here such has not been the case. I can not but hope that it will not be. A man accustomed to think, will know what he is doing; when he is governed by impulse, and when by a deliberate resolve; and if judiciously advised, will not, I imagine, be *very* liable to deceive himself. I never, it seems to me, knew a revival where there was so little excitement. Calm, *unseen*, but not *unfelt*, the Spirit has gone from room to room, and from heart to heart. No college exercises have been suspended. To the superficial observer everything has gone on much as usual. But one here, another there, has been convicted and converted almost at once, to Christ. And here is another feature of the revival: that there have been scarcely any cases of long protracted seriousness. Few have been moved that have not been moved *powerfully;* few that have not, when convicted, been driven *at once* to the foot of the cross. Does not this show a vigorous pulse in the church? Is it not indicative of fervent prayer?

"One of the Senior class had set his heart on the law, and for some time had been reading Blackstone and Story. He was struck under conviction, and then came the struggle. 'What! give up the law? I can not do it.' 'But you must, or be lost.' 'I can not, no, I *can not do it.*' Thus he struggled with his God, but he did not struggle long. He gave up all for Christ, and one of his first acts was to sell his law books, and buy a *Hebrew Bible.* To use his own expressive language, he found the *strait gate* too strait to allow him to enter with Blackstone under one arm and Story under the other, and so he threw them both away.

"A few days ago a student came to my room, (who was last term suspended for misconduct, partly through my influence), and said he, 'Since my disgrace, I have never sat down to study any lessons in your department, without my whole heart being full of bitterness and cursing toward you. I humbly ask forgiveness of *you*, as I have asked it of my God.' That man is now an active Christian,

and the lips which but a little while ago spoke the dialect of hell, now proclaim a Saviour's love.

"Another, one of the dregs of the class, became a Christian. Soon he too visited my room. I talked with him of his hopes, his sacrifices, his temptations, his Christian life. We kneeled together at the mercy-seat. After we rose up, he turned to me and said, 'Last term, during the season of such outrage, I dashed in your windows; I pray you to forgive me.' Of course he *was* forgiven, and I joy over him as a new-born soul."

This revival continued without abatement till the very close of the term. Mr. Stoddard's interest for the students appears in all his letters of this period. Writing in the vacation to a brother tutor, he thus refers to the death of a student:

"Let this death remind us, my brother, of our responsibility, lead us to be more prayerful and more faithful to those committed to our charge. We have responsibility, a fearful responsibility in regard to the immortal well-being of the students, and we can not throw it off. Let us live, and feel, and act in view of it. Let us remember each other in our prayers, and try to come back to New Haven with hearts glowing with love to our Master."

Mr. Stoddard's most intimate friends could perceive in him at this time very marked advances in spirituality of conversation, and in zeal for the cause of Christ. It was evident that he had received "an unction from the Holy One," and that his Christian character, while it lost none of its transparent enthusiasm, gained much in breadth and strength. His thoughts frequently reverted to the work of Foreign Missions; and while he did not regard himself as bound to that service by his earlier decisions, he recognized its claims upon his most serious regard. In a letter dated May 10, 1841, he says:

"I have been looking more than usual, of late, to the heathen world, and I must say that I have some desire to spend my life in laboring for their salvation. It seems to me as good a time to settle the question of my duty now as ever. Perhaps it was not worth while to agitate it much before this, and perhaps I ought not to defer it till I get some invitation to settle down in this country."

Again, in answer to some suggestions upon this subject, he writes:

"Much thanks to you, my dear brother, for your suggestions about a missionary life. Soon after reading them, I became satisfied that I was not in a fit state to settle the question, and that it was not essential I should do so for a number of months to come. My *knowledge* of missions is very limited. I can tell, indeed, that the Board have established one station here, and another there, but in scarcely a single instance can I trace the progress of a mission from its origin, or tell the comparative facilities afforded by different missions for doing good, and I feel that before I decide a question of such great importance, I ought to take a survey of the field, minute as well as comprehensive, and then I shall be more likely to judge aright. At my leisure, especially during my vacations, I hope to read the complete history of our missions, and at all times to make the heathen more a subject of thought and prayer. This course will, in a year's time, give me the necessary information, and that will be early enough for me to decide."

As he drew near the close of his theological course, Mr. Stoddard became more and more impressed with the responsibility of preaching the Gospel.

Aug. 9, 1841.—"Time is gliding away like a dream. I am soon to begin my great work, and yet I feel utterly unfitted in mind or heart to meet such responsibility. It is no small thing, my dear brother, to preach the Gospel—at least to preach it with faithfulness

and power. At times I feel almost discouraged about my own prospects. Then again, I take heart, when I consider what others have done before me, especially when I regard the promises on which a Christian minister has to rely. These are abundant and precious. It is not his own work he is called to do: he is not to place reliance on his own unaided efforts. But he does the work, and has the sustaining strength of Him who is "faithful and true." I hope I may say with truth that my main object is not to attract notice, but to *do good*, and I sometimes feel that it is a matter of no importance whether my bones peacefully repose in my own New England, or whiten on the deserts of Africa, provided I live, *while* I live, to save the souls of men.

"Ever since the revival in the Spring, my feelings and my views have been different from what they were for years previous; and I trust and pray that I may look back through life and through eternity, to that period, as a marked era in my Christian course. I had before fallen into a wretched state of stupidity and sin, and it seemed as if God had sent me to this institution to witness, and to share in, such an outpouring of His Spirit. As I look back on the five years which I have professed religion, it seems to be all a barren waste; a life destitute alike of happiness to myself, and usefulness to others. Perhaps you will think I speak too strongly. If I do, it is because I *feel* too strongly, for I *speak* as I *feel*. The last five months have gone peacefully by, and much of this time when I have lain down at night, and risen in the morning, I have been enabled to say with truth, 'It is a blessed thing to be a Christian.' To my Father's goodness I owe it all.

"And why is it not both our privilege and our duty to enjoy religion, and to draw continual consolation from those rich sources which are open to us? Why may we not all rival Baxter and Doddridge, if not in talent at least in devotion to our Master's work? Is there any need, when a revival has passed away, that Christians should become cold and worldly-minded, lose the sweetness of their communion with God, and their desires for the welfare of the immortal soul? *Certainly not;* and when I say this I condemn

myself, so far am I living from the true standard of Christian obligations."

Again he writes under date of April 28th, 1842.

"I am expecting to apply next Tuesday for a license to preach, and I am none too well fitted to pass my examination. I intended to be examined in January, and studied with reference to that, but finding no Association then about to meet, I deferred it till the present time. I look forward, my dear brother, to preaching the Gospel with the greatest interest. Ever since our conversation in Mercersburg, when I was somewhat tempted to go to Marietta, I think my love for the work has been increasing. *To be a Gospel minister*—O, I feel that it will be a blessed privilege. There is nothing like it in this world. If I know my own heart, I would not exchange the prospect for any earthly good. I want more of this feeling. I want to be swallowed up in the desire to do good and win souls to the cross of Christ. While I esteem thus highly the privilege of being a faithful minister of the New Testament, I have strong fears lest I shall not succeed. I find difficulties in writing sermons, and more difficulties in delivery. As for extempore speaking, I am able to do but little in it and I fear that it will continue to be so. But the most important qualification and that which I lack, in common with many candidates for the ministry, is *fervent devoted piety*. I am persuaded that without this, be a man ever so talented, his powers as an orator ever so great, all his efforts will avail but little in the cause of Christ. To preach religion successfully, one must *live* religion. He must be continually fired with those great truths which he is endeavoring to impress on the hearts of others, and his bosom ever glow with love to souls."

Mr. Stoddard was examined as to his fitness for the Gospel ministry by an Association of Congregational ministers in Western Massachusetts. As he had just completed his course at the New Haven Seminary, he was regarded by

some members of the body with the suspicion which twenty years ago was somewhat industriously fostered against that institution. Without servilely copying his revered instructor, Mr. Stoddard had embraced intelligently and thoroughly the essential features of Dr. Taylor's system of theology; and now that both the pupil and the master have passed from earthly studies and labors into the perfect knowledge and blessedness of heaven, it may be profitable for those who are called upon to examine candidates for the ministry, to remember that David Stoddard, with his intellectual culture, his mature piety, his ardent love of truth, his high-toned consecration to Christ, was well-nigh refused a certificate of approbation to preach the Gospel, because his metaphysical theory of depravity and regeneration differed, in points not affecting the integrity of the doctrines, from the theory of some of his examiners. He writes to a friend:

"Before we had been long together I saw very plainly that I had a stiff set to deal with, who abhorred New Haven and New Haven divinity. They examined me two and a half hours, particularly on Regeneration and Total Depravity. They then bade me retire, and after discussing nearly an hour over my case, called me in again. They had concluded to license me, but told me in substance that I was very heretical on some points, and that, as I was a young man, they hoped I would live to repent. I do not mean to ridicule them at all, for I must say they breathed a good spirit, and treated me very kindly; but I think they were prejudiced, and inclined to be suspicious at the outset. I was *barely passable* in their view—not from a deficiency in knowledge, so much as from heretical notions."

CHAPTER VII.

DECIDES TO BE A MISSIONARY.

When Mrs. Tappan, then nearly seventy years of age, was informed of the birth of her grandson, David Tappan Stoddard, she exclaimed, "Well, he will live to see the Millennium, which I had hoped to see, but shall die without beholding." The letter of her prediction was not fulfilled, but it was given to that grandson to prepare the way of the latter-day glory in the distant East.

Mr. Stoddard entered upon the work of preaching the Gospel with a high sense of its privilege and responsibility. "This business of preaching," he writes, "is a most blessed work, if one can only throw his whole soul into it. Sometimes I feel very happy in the pulpit; at other times, very wretched. I can not bear the thought of preaching such glorious truths as our blessed religion contains, with a cold heart; and yet I have more than once done it. I do sincerely long (I *trust* sincerely) always to be in a glow of holy love, especially while performing the services of the sanctuary. Pray for me, that I may be entirely consecrated to this glorious work."

And again, he says, "every time I go into the pulpit, I feel increasingly the need, the *pressing need* of holiness of heart. I can not preach the Gospel, and live at the poor dying rate which has hitherto been mine. I do feel that I ought to be consecrated, soul and body, to my blessed Re-

deemer, and that thus only I can be useful in the vineyard of my Lord."

Hardly had he entered upon the work of preaching, when the providence of God again brought distinctly before him the question of a missionary life, which had so often engaged his thoughts since the first moment of consecration to the Saviour. In the course of years he had lost something of that freshness of zeal which impelled him toward the foreign field; and when he really began to preach, he appears to have had the Home missionary work more immediately in view. But a series of providential incidents brought the work of foreign missions before his mind in a way which led him to a deliberate and final decision.

In the month of September, 1842, just after he began to preach the Gospel, Mr. Stoddard spent a Sabbath at Middlebury, Vermont, where Professor Solomon Stoddard then resided. The Rev. Justin Perkins, D.D., who had recently returned to the United States, with *Mar Yohannan*, to urge upon the churches the claims of the Nestorian mission, spent the same Sabbath at Middlebury, and heard Mr. Stoddard in the pulpit of the late Dr. Merrill. Dr. Perkins at once felt that this earnest young preacher was the man he was in quest of for Oroomiah. A letter written by Mr. Stoddard, the same evening, (September 4th, 1842) thus artlessly records the beginning of his missionary history."

"This evening Solomon and I have made a very pleasant call on Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, who are here on a flying visit. Mr. Perkins is quite anxious that I should go with him to Persia. I promised him that I would consider the matter, though I hardly think I shall go any where as a missionary."

The next day, referring to the same interview he wrote as follows:

"Mr. Perkins pressed me to take the subject into prayerful consideration, and I rather promised to do so. It seems to me, however, that I can be more useful at the West than in the missionary field. The only question about which I feel in great doubt is, whether my health will enable me to labor efficiently in *either* of these portions of the harvest. I can preach twice a day with considerable ease, but after all I have not much physical vigor, and I fear that two sermons a week, with lecturing, and the innumerable duties of a pastor, will soon wear me out. At any rate, brother Solomon and I agree that I can never attempt to fill a *large place*. If I can get a good log house on a prairie, and a good wife, and food and raiment, I trust I shall be therewith content."

Not long after this interview with Dr. Perkins, Mr. Stoddard attended the meeting of the American Board at Norwich, Connecticut. On his way thither, he met Dr. Perkins on board the steamer from New York, and had some further conversation with him about the Nestorians. At Norwich, to his surprise and gratification, he was assigned by the committee of arrangements to the same house with Dr. Perkins, and shared with him the same room and bed. Dr. Perkins lost no opportunity of urging upon him the Nestorian mission, as a call in Providence, demanding his special and prayerful consideration.

In the discourse which this honored senior member of that mission preached at the funeral service for Mr. Stoddard, at Oroomiah, he thus describes the first impression which Mr. Stoddard made upon his own mind:

"In the autumn I went to Middlebury, Vermont, to pass

a quiet Sabbath, after protracted and exhausting labors. After I entered the meeting-house, on Sabbath morning, there came in a young man, and ascended the desk, whose appearance was quite youthful, yet very mature, and whose whole air seemed to me more angelic than human. I was no prophet. But hardly could the mind of Samuel of old have been fastened more confidently on David, the son of Jesse, as the future king of Israel, than did my heart fix on *David T. Stoddard*, from the moment my eye first rested on him, as the young man, whom, of all I had ever seen, I could wish to have as our companion in the toils, and trials, and joys of missionary life, and whose prayers and labors here the Lord would delight to honor in the salvation of souls. In all the subsequent years of our intimate missionary connection, the vividness of that first impression has never faded from my mind."

Not long after his third interview with Dr. Perkins, at Norwich, Mr. Stoddard decided to devote himself to the missionary work. The effect of this decision upon his own mind was remarkable. It gave a new tone and energy to his daily life. The decision once formed with so much deliberation and prayer, was to him unalterable and irrevocable. No sooner was it reached than it imparted a cheerful and joyous activity to his mind, in the direction of its new field. He never knew repining or regret. He never had one feeling of wavering or reluctance. He went forward to the chosen work of life, not as a task or a sacrifice, but as a privilege and blessing.

"I can not bear," he writes, "to see young men, beginning to preach the Gospel, going round and round, hunting up parishes, and complaining how difficult it is to find an opening. The fact is, *the*

whole world is open; and if we will only enter in where God would have us, we can all have a glorious share in reaping the harvest. . . . . I can go to Persia with cheerfulness. To leave home, friends, country, and all in this world to which my affections cling—to go far hence to the Gentiles, to live for them, to die for them—I glory in the privilege. It is taking up a *cross*, no doubt, but it is followed by a *crown*. It is self-denial, but it is a sacrifice that lasts but a moment. Soon all will be over, and the labors of earth will be followed by the rest of heaven."

In communicating his decision to his class-mate and intimate friend, Rev. E. Strong, of New Haven, he wrote as follows:

December 10, 1842.—"In view of leaving home and friends, and all that I hold dear in this land of my birth, I must say that I feel very happy. I am not merely calm and reconciled to it—I feel almost *joyful;* and I think this is one indication that I am in the path of duty. Since my decision, I have not had one doubt of its correctness, nor wish to change it. So far as I know my own heart, I can go and lay down my life cheerfully for the cause of my Saviour; and I pray that I may catch more and more of his blessed Spirit. It would be pleasant if we could spend our lives together. I fully reciprocate your feelings of attachment. Ever shall I honor and love you. You are my tried, my warm-hearted friend. But we have each a different sphere of labor, and we must not consult too much our own inclinations. Soon our labors will all be over, and we shall meet, never more to separate. Heaven is our home. Blessed thought! Let it animate us, dear brother, while doing our Master's work, and enable us to bear up under every trial."

His application to the American Board to be appointed to the Nestorian mission was dated December 15, 1842. It closed with these words:

"My feelings would lead me to go with *cheerfulness*. It

is true, I had not a strong impulse toward the missionary work until this call was distinctly made to me. But on the other hand, my willingness to go is not the result of urgency from any one. My feelings have been gradually interested, until it seems to me that I can leave my friends and my country, and joyfully live among the Nestorians. And if counted worthy by the Committee, and permitted by Providence to become a missionary to this far-off people, I trust I can say with Paul, 'for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

"I have endeavored to estimate the trials and responsibilities which fall on the missionary, and I should feel entirely unable to bear up under them, were it not for him who whispers, 'my grace is sufficient for thee.' These are words full of encouragement and hope.

"With these views and feelings, I respectfully submit my request to the Prudential committee."

On the following Sabbath he reviewed his decision, and he thus describes the result in a letter to a brother, dated at Andover, December 19th, 1842.

"The Sabbath which has just gone has been a very interesting one to me. In the solitude of my chamber, I have had an opportunity of reviewing my decision, and examining the motives which have led me to it. The more I look forward to a life among the Nestorians, far away from home and friends, surrounded by perishing, degraded men, the more do I feel the greatness of the work, and my utter unfitness for it. I am afraid I have been altogether too confident of my qualifications for a missionary. I am a poor creature of a day—of little experience—of little devotion to the cause of Christ. But still I am far from *regretting* my decision. No; though my life is to be the reverse of what it has been; though I shall exchange all the comforts of life for the scanty fare of

the missionary; though for friends I am to meet strangers; I can not *regret* my decision. I rather *rejoice* in it; and pray God that he may give me the mantle of Henry Martyn, and the Spirit of his grace in my heart."

A month later he wrote, "A repeated and prayerful review of the subject for four weeks has done much to give *permanency* to my feelings and fit me for the trial of separating from my friends. . . . The more I review my decision, the more does it stand scrutiny; and I do believe it will stand the test of the great day. My fear now is that my motives will not be such as they should be. I want to feel, as did Paul, that the *love of Christ* constraineth me. Love of novelty, romance, desire for the approbation of others, and even a hope of heaven, are low motives in the comparison. O let us never rest, till in *all* our plans we can heartily say, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.'"

As the time drew near for his departure to his distant field, he dwelt upon his work in all his correspondence. Writing to the family circle, he says:

"Pardon me, good friends, if I talk too much about myself and my own plans. Soon I shall be far away, and you will know but little about the *minutiæ* of my life. Now it is not strange that immersed as I am in preparations for my work, I can think and talk of little else. I trust you will pray for me that I may not be diverted by *anything* from the one great object to which my life is consecrated—the cause of my Redeemer. Let me only go forth—resolved to know nothing but Jesus Christ and him crucified—and I can be *useful*, and I can be *happy*, come what will. To go out as a missionary *now* seems a glorious privilege, and I earnestly hope that my feelings are not the result of youthful impulse, instead of a fixed, unwavering devotion to God.

"Father and mother are beginning to be quite reconciled to the idea of my going abroad. The news that I am to have a partner of my joys and sorrows relieves their feelings very much. Mother

could not bear to think of my sitting down alone at the base of the Koordish mountains, without the refined society to which I have been accustomed, with no wife to sympathize with me, no hand to minister to me when I should be sick."

The lady here referred to was Miss Harriet Briggs, daughter of Dr. Calvin Briggs of Marblehead, Massachusetts. "She was then a teacher in Bradford Academy, so hallowed by the memory of Harriet Newell and the first Mrs. Judson."* With beauty of person and sweetness of natural disposition, she united a high degree of intelligence and culture, and a rare devotedness to the service of Christ. Her missionary spirit is told in a single line of a letter from Mr. Stoddard shortly before leaving the country. "As I write the date of this letter, I am forcibly reminded that the time is rapidly coming when I shall bid you farewell, and set my face toward Jerusalem. But as Harriet says, so say I—'When I think of the trials that will come upon me, my heart does not shrink.'" These two kindred hearts were united in marriage, February 14th, 1843.

Mr. Stoddard's ordination took place in the Chapel Street Church, New Haven, on the 27th of January, 1843. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Joel Hawes, D.D., of Hartford, and the services throughout were of a highly impressive character. Immediately after this public and formal consecration to his work, Mr. Stoddard poured out his heart to a brother in these earnest words:

"And now adieu. Pray for me, dear brother, that I may be sustained amid all these trying scenes. Trying indeed they are, but I do not regret my decision—far from it. I rejoice to leave my native land. I shall count it a joy to spend and be spent among the Nes-

* Dr. Perkins's sermon on the death of Mr. Stoddard.

torians. The missionary's life seems to me a delightful one, even when I look steadily at all its trials. In far off Persia, how shall I love the Bible—how shall I prize the privilege of prayer—how near shall I feel to my heavenly home. Again I ask you to remember me, when you kneel before your Father and mine."

Later he writes:

"Next week we are to leave our native land. We realize it but very little, and probably shall not, till we are fairly out at sea. Harriet and myself are, however, cheerful, and our dear parents are quite reconciled to the approaching separation. I can not but feel that we are in the path of duty, and that we shall never regret our decision. May God grant us devoted hearts, so that our highest, strongest desires shall be for the promotion of his glory."

The departure of the missionary band for Oroomiah having been definitely fixed for the first day of March, they received their instructions from the Prudential Committee of the American Board on the evening of Sabbath, Feb. 27th, in the Seminary Chapel at Andover. The following letter from Mr. Stoddard was his farewell to home and kindred, written on the next day.

Boston, February 28th, 1843.

My Dear Brothers and Sisters,

This morning I received a very kind letter from several of you, which it will be pleasant for me to read and re-read when far out at sea. I never can be grateful enough to my Father in Heaven for giving me such kind friends. Indeed, if I had staid in this country I should not have known how kind they were. The circumstance of our being so soon to go as missionaries, has called forth expressions of interest from those whom I hardly supposed cared for me, and from my nearer friends, has led to many kind deeds that I can

never forget. The same is true of Harriet. We are going away loaded with presents, and, I doubt not, followed by the wishes and the prayers of many.

If I was fit to be a missionary, or promised to accomplish much good among the Nestorians, I should feel as though all this kindness was not misplaced. But there are *times* when I feel that I shall do but little for my Saviour, and I trust I *continually* have some little sense of my unworthiness. God grant that I may ever remember his goodness in calling such a one to so high—so holy a work.

Harriet and I are both in good spirits. You know our views, and you will not expect them to be changed by the approach of the first of March. That will no doubt be a trying day; yet when it is once over, and our ship has carried us away from our home, we shall again be happy. And why should we not be? Did ever any engage in a better cause? Were any ever more clearly led by a Father's hand? Have we not friends to pray for us, and the promises of the Bible to cheer our hearts, and a throne of grace to resort to, and a heaven of glory at the end of our pilgrimage? Why should we *not* be happy? If we are not so, it will be our own fault.

And now I commend you all to God and to the word of his grace which is able to build you up, and give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

In great haste, your affectionate brother,

DAVID.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE NESTORIANS.

The mission to which Mr. Stoddard consecrated his life, has had a special interest in the minds of Christians, from its historical associations, its isolated position, and its remarkable success. The attention of the American Board was drawn to the Nestorians by the report of the late Rev. Eli Smith, D.D., and Rev. H. G. O. Dwight, D.D., who in the years 1830–31, made a tour of exploration in Armenia, Georgia and Persia. Starting from Constantinople, they journeyed eastward through *Tokat*—the burial-place of Martyn—*Erzeroom*, at the head of the Euphrates, *Kars*, now made memorable by the heroic endurance of its garrison in the late war—and thence, by a circuitous route, through Georgia to Shoosha, and southward to *Tabreez;* returning through the country of the Kürds to *Erzeroom*, and thence to *Trebizond*, where they embarked for Constantinople by the Black Sea.

In that section of the report which covered the visit to Persia, Dr. Smith thus addressed the Corresponding Secretary of the American Board:

"To the *Nestorians of Oroomiah* we would specially direct your attention. . . . . We can not but refer you to their extreme liberality toward other sects, their ideas of open communion, and their entire rejection of auricular confession (that efficient police system of the other old

churches), as considerations which have produced in our minds a firm conviction, that a mission to the Nestorians would meet with far fewer obstacles than among any other of the old Churches. The week that we passed among them was among the most intensely interesting of our lives. For myself, I felt a stronger desire to settle among them at once as a missionary than among any people I have ever seen." The report also sets forth the comparative advantages of Oroomiah as a safe and healthy residence, and a center from which the light of the gospel would "shine out upon the corruptions of the Persian on the one side, and upon the barbarities of the Kürd on the other, until all shall come to be enlightened by its brightness."

The name *Nestorian* is ecclesiastical, and was first given in reproach to the Christians of Persia, who after the condemnation of Nestorius by a partisan council at Ephesus, in A. D. 431, still adhered to his doctrine of the nature of Christ. That doctrine had reference to the *one personality of the God-man.* Nestorius, while holding the true and proper divinity of Christ, and also his true and proper humanity, objected to the common view of one theanthropic personality; that is, that the divine and human natures were so united in Christ, as to constitute but one person, possessing and harmonizing both classes of attributes, the divine and the human. He held that the man Christ Jesus was, so to speak, inhabited as to his fleshly tenement by the second person of the Godhead; that therefore there was a most intimate union between them; that the man was exalted to participate in the divine dignity; but that the two *natures* were not conjoined in a unity of person. Hence he objected to the then current phrase "*Mother of God,*" as applied to the Virgin Mary,

because this seemed to imply that the divine nature was so united with the human that it could be said to be born of a woman.

In one of his eloquent discourses upon this subject, Nestorius asks, "could a creature bear the uncreated? Could the Word which was with the Father before the worlds, become a new-born infant? The human nature alone was born of the virgin: that which is of the flesh is flesh. The manhood was the instrument of the divine purposes, the outward and visible vesture of the Invisible. God was incarnate, indeed, but God died not; his death was but casting off the weeds of mortality, which he had assumed for a time. . . . God was not born—he dwelt in that which was born." *

Such was the reverence for Mary already encouraged both in the eastern and in the western church, that any attempt to detract from her honors was met with jealousy and indignation by a populace hardly weaned from the worship of idols, and by ecclesiastics who were ready to pander to their semi-pagan prejudices. It was to guard against Mariolatry—the exaltation of Mary into a goddess—and not to propound a new theory concerning the nature of Christ, that Nestorius opposed the term, "Mother of God." He was at this time bishop of Constantinople, and had brought to that see the austere manners and rules of the convent-school in which he had been trained at Antioch. This made him many enemies in the luxurious capital. Moreover, Cyril, then patriarch of Alexandria, a man of fiery and unscrupulous ambition, was eager to establish the supremacy of his see above that of

* See in Milman; Latin Christianity, vol. i. p. 142.

Constantinople. Taking occasion from the excitement raised against Nestorius by the partisans of the Virgin's title, he persuaded the emperor to convene a general council at Ephesus, and before the arrival of the Syrian and other oriental bishops, who sympathized with Nestorius, he succeeded in having him deposed and excommunicated as a heretic. At first Nestorius was permitted to retire to a cloister, but he was afterward banished to the desert of Thebais in Egypt, where he died in extreme poverty, A. D. 440. Many of his adherents took refuge in Persia, where they found protection; and in A. D. 499, the entire Persian Church, by a vote of its synod, declared for the doctrine of Nestorius.

Of the proceedings of the council at Ephesus toward Nestorius, Dr. Eli Smith remarks: "They form a page in the history of the church, which a sarcastic Gibbon may take pleasure in unfolding for the scorn of her enemies, but which the Christian will not be reluctant to leave veiled in the darkness of the age in which they occurred. That Nestorius was innocent, I am not disposed to contend; but if he was chargeable with guilt, I should search for it elsewhere than did the council. Its first accusation was, that he refused to the Virgin the title of *Mother of God.* Had he pleaded guilty to it, surely no Protestant would for that have charged him with heresy. But he did not, for he said, 'I have often declared, that if one more simple among you, or any others, is pleased with this word *θεοτόκος*, I have no objection to it, so be that he make not the Virgin God.' It accused him next, of holding not only to two natures, but to *two persons* in Christ. And even had he used such language, no one accustomed to discriminate, will deny, that it *might* have had in his mouth

no heretical meaning. But he perseveringly denied the charge to the end of his life. To Cyril, his enemy, he wrote, 'I approve that you preach a distinction of natures, in respect to the divinity and humanity, and a conjunction of them in one person.' And to another prelate he said, 'Of the two natures there is one authority, one virtue, one power, and one person according to one dignity.' Nestorius had, on the one point, however, in attempting to penetrate beyond the reach of finite powers into the mystery of the incarnation, darkened counsel by words without knowledge; and on the other, had boldly, and perhaps honestly, endeavored to correct a popular superstition. The opportunity for humbling the occupant of the see of Constantinople, which had begun to eclipse its sister patriarchates, was too good to be lost; and the envious Cyril of Alexandria delayed not to sound the alarm of heresy. By refusing to wait for the delegates of Antioch, (the friends of the accused), he converted the council of Ephesus into an *ex-parte* tribunal, and Nestorius was condemned unheard." *

The general verdict of history has reversed the decision of that impatient and arbitrary council, and has awarded to Nestorius the praise of a reformer instead of the reproach of a heretic. Milman thus energetically denounces his rival, Cyril, for his share in the condemnation of the patriarch of Constantinople. "Cyril of Alexandria, to those who esteem the stern and uncompromising assertion of certain Christian tenets the one paramount Christian virtue, may be the hero, even the saint; but while ambition, intrigue, arrogance, rapacity and violence are pro-

* *Researches*, Letter 20th.

scribed as unchristian means — barbarity, persecution, bloodshed, as unholy and unevangelic wickedness—posterity will condemn the orthodox Cyril as one of the worst of hereties against the spirit of the Gospel. Who would not meet the judgment of the Divine Redeemer loaded with the errors of Nestorius, rather than with the barbarities of Cyril." *

Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian, who was nearly contemporary with Nestorius, but not at all of his school, acquits him of all heresy, while he charges him with "ignorance," and "vain confidence." "After a careful perusal of his writings," he says, "I can not concede that he was either a follower of the hereties, with whom he was classed, or that he denied the divinity of Christ; but he seemed scared at the term *Mother of God*, as though it were some terrible phantom."†

The powerful school of Edessa (the modern Orfa) espoused the cause of Nestorius, and sent forth disciples of his doctrine throughout Mesopotamia. The Persian church, as already remarked, became identified with his doctrine. So numerous and powerful were its adherents that, at one time, twenty-five metropolitans acknowledged the Nestorian patriarch as their head. His see was established successively at the great commercial dépôts of central western Asia, Ctesiphon, Seleucia, Bagdad, and finally Mosul.

Gibbon gives a glowing picture of the rapid diffusion of Christianity over Asia, by Nestorian missionaries. "In the sixth century, Christianity was successfully preached to the Bactrians, the Huns, the Persians, the Indians, the Pers-armenians, the Medes and the Elamites; the barbaric

* Latin Christianity, i. 145.

† Socrates, B. 7, C. 32.

churches, from the Gulf of Persia to the Caspian Sea, were almost infinite. . . . . In a subsequent age, the zeal of the Nestorians overleaped the limits which had confined the ambition and curiosity both of the Grecks and Persians. . . . . In their progress by sea and land, the Nestorians entered China by the port of Canton, and the northern residence of Sigran. . . . . Under the reign of the Caliphs, the Nestorian Church was diffused from China to Jerusalem and Cyrene, and their numbers, with those of the Jacobites, were computed to surpass the Greek and Latin communions."*

In the course of ages, this early and powerful Christian sect—which originated in a protest against that tendency to the worship of the Virgin, which was afterward developed into the full Mariolatry of the Western Church, and has culminated in the sanction, by Pius IX., of the dogma of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary—itself declined in purity and strength, and yielding to the persuasives of the Jesuits became papalized, and assumed the name of *Chaldeans*, which belongs genealogically to the people as a whole. Still a remnant adhered to their ancient faith and order; and these now recognize as their ecclesiastical head a Patriarch bearing the linear name of *Mar Shimon*, whose seat is a retired village in the mountains of Kurdistan.

Of these independent Nestorians Dr. Perkins testifies, that "they may, with great propriety, be denominated *The Protestants of Asia.* They have the deepest abhorrence of all image-worship, auricular confession, the doctrine of purgatory, and many other corrupt dogmas and practices

* Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, chap. 47.

of the Papal, Greek and Armenian Churches; while they cherish the highest reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and, in theory at least, exalt them far above all human traditions." * Still their worship is encumbered with many useless ceremonies, and when first brought to the knowledge of American missionaries, the people as a whole, were far sunk in ignorance and formalism. They are disposed to repudiate the name Nestorians, as a name of reproach. And certainly as a people, they were Christianized long before the time of Nestorius. Indeed they claim that their ancestors were converted by Thomas, one of the Twelve, whose name they hold in special reverence; and they prefer the national title of Chaldeans to the sectarian name by which they are commonly known. A most interesting representative of this people visited the United States in 1842, in company with Rev. Justin Perkins on his return from a sojourn of nine years among them as a missionary. The accompanying portrait will recall the features of *Mar Yohannan*, Bishop of Oroomiah.

Rev. Horatio Southgate thus describes the early labors of the missionaries of the American Board among this interesting people:

"The missionaries are compelled to observe no restrictions in imparting religious instruction. In their freedom of access to the people, in the great confidence and love which is entertained for them, in the personal influence which they possess, both among the Christians and the Mohammedans, in the eagerness with which their instructions are received by the simple-minded Nestorians, they stand upon a more favorable footing than

* Page 20.

MAR YOHANNAN.

has been attained in any other instance among the Eastern Christians.

"The reverence which is felt for them is very remarkable. I have no doubt, however, that it arises, in part, from the novelty and singularity of their work in the eyes of the Nestorians, Conceive a people, like those of Oroomiah, bowed down by oppression through long ages, until the remembrance of a better state has faded from their minds, accustomed to look on all around with distrust, and upon themselves as below the hope of kindness, and then

imagine a company of men coming to them from the most distant parts of the earth, with a purely benevolent design for their welfare; proving the sincerity of their motives by sitting down among them, opening schools for their instruction, receiving them into their houses, healing their sick, and counseling them in language of kindness never heard before, and all this without any other earthly reward than the pleasure of seeing them improve under their instructions, and it is easy to believe that such a people will look upon such benefactors with mingled emotions of astonishment, gratitude and love."*

* Narrative of a Tour, etc., by Rev. Horatio Southgate. Vol. 2, p. 311, 1840.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DEPARTURE.

On the morning of Tuesday, March 1st, 1843, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard embarked at Boston, on board the bark *Emma Isadora*, for Smyrna. The same vessel carried out six other missionaries, destined to the same general field. There were Doctor and Mrs. Perkins, the pioneers of the Nestorian mission, who went back rejoicing, with new laborers, to gather in the harvest they had planted; Mr. and Mrs. Bliss—who took up their residence at Trebizond—Miss Catherine E. Myers, (now the wife of Dr. Wright, of the Nestorian mission,) and Miss Fidelia Fisk, who were to take charge of female schools at Oroomiah. Mar Yohannan was a passenger by the same vessel, on his return to his native land. A large concourse of Christian friends assembled on the deck of the vessel, to bid adieu to this beloved band, and after appropriate religious services, the last farewell was spoken, and the bark loosed from her moorings. Dr. Perkins represents Mr. Stoddard as turning his back upon country and kindred, and setting his face toward Persia, "with a cheerful, yea, joyful heart." His venerable parents were not able to witness his embarkation, but amid all the hurry and excitement of the hour, he found time to address to them a few parting words. This brief epistle, thrown off from a full heart in a moment of intense occupation and anxiety, is a model of filial affection

and of the missionary spirit of faith, hope, and joy. It condenses into a few lines a whole life of duty and of gratitude to the honored guardians of his youth, a whole life of consecration to the Master who called him far away from his early home, all the love and grace of the Gospel for the perishing, all its reward and triumph for the faithful servant.

BOSTON, March 1st, 1843.

"MY BELOVED FATHER AND MOTHER,

"In one short half-hour we shall be on board the ship which is to carry us far from our native shores. At *such* a time you can hardly expect me to say much. You will, however, be glad to know that my heart is as peaceful, and my hopes as bright as ever. We go in the service of our blessed Redeemer. We go to preach Christ to those perishing in sin. We go to scenes of trial; but we go with the Bible in our hand, filled with exceeding great and precious promises, with a throne of grace ever accessible, with a Saviour to cheer and bless us, with the new Jerusalem before us as our home. There may we meet, and recounting all the way in which God has led us, together bow before the throne, and sing for ever the praises of redeeming grace.

"My dear parents, I can never thank you enough for all your kindness. You will ever have my warmest love and my fervent prayers. God our Father bless you, the Saviour be your portion, the Holy Ghost your sanctifier. Farewell, dear parents,

Your affectionate son,

DAVID.

It was a rare advantage to the new missionaries that they could go out under the guidance of Dr. Perkins, and could profit by his experience, as he himself had profited by that of Dr. Eli Smith, on his first outward voyage. The passage to Smyrna was rough, but was accomplished

in thirty-seven days. A few extracts from Mr. Stoddard's letters and journal will introduce the reader to missionary life on shipboard.

"March 13th, 1843. *At Sea.*—When we had bid farewell to our dear friends who had assembled in Boston to witness our departure, a fine breeze carried us fast out to sea. Harriette and I stood on the deck, casting many an earnest gaze on those shores which were vanishing, perhaps for ever, from our sight. As you may well suppose, our emotions were of a mingled character. Who that has a heart to feel, could leave such parents as ours, such an endeared circle of brothers and sisters—no more, perhaps, to see their faces in this world—without a thrill of sadness? And yet who that loves his Saviour, that can put any trust in the promises of God, would not joyously go forth on such a mission of peace. To preach Jesus Christ to a lost world, to turn them from their idolatry and wretchedness to the path of peace, to soothe their sorrows with the consolations of the Gospel, and point the dying to a heaven of glory—this is the work in which we engage. It is a work that angels might envy us; it is a work which carries with it its own reward; it is a work which Jesus Christ came to begin, and in the accomplishment of which his soul is earnestly engaged. Tell me, then, my dear parents, are not such views as these enough to bear us up under our separation, especially when we remember that it lasts but a moment, and is to be followed by an eternal union? Who of us will regret, as we stand on Mount Zion above, that oceans rolled between us here, and that most effectually to advance Christ's kingdom, we consented no more to take sweet counsel together, and to walk to the house of God in company? Not one. All of us will rejoice over our labors, and call our afflictions light, and realize the sweetness of the rest that follows them.

* * * * * * *

"March 24th. Perhaps you would like to know how our time is occupied, hour by hour. We are very systematic. After rising in

the morning we spend the time before breakfast, if any time remains, in reading the Scriptures. We get up about half-past six, and it takes about twice as long to dress as on shore, especially for the ladies. If you are disposed to think we are late risers, you will recollect that we are frequently disturbed in our rest by the rolling of the vessel, and the running to and fro of the sailors. Moreover, there is no place to sit in, when one is up, for the mates are busy washing down the decks, and the house on deck is not very comfortable. When breakfast is over, and Harriette and I have read our Bible, we study Turkish till ten o'clock. We are now making very good progress in this language, and I think shall be able to converse in it tolerably before we reach Trebizond. The ladies are excellent scholars. Indeed Harriette, by her readiness in learning often puts me to the blush. At ten o'clock we all meet and spend an hour in reading Geology. It is very desirable that we should have a pretty good knowledge of this science, for we are going over one of the most striking geological countries in the world, and a country, too, very little explored. I am one of those who believe that science can be made subservient to the spread of the Gospel. And while neither this nor anything else should divert us from our great work, —the *one* great work of preaching Jesus Christ—I trust we shall do much indirectly to improve the Persians in civilization and comfort. The discovery of coal beds would be an immense blessing to that country, and no one but a geologist could hope to find them.

"After Geology comes our recitation in Turkish, Mr. Perkins being the teacher. This fills up the interval till dinner. At half-past one we again assemble to read. The latter part of the afternoon each one spends as he pleases, but it is usually occupied by our whole company in writing letters to absent friends. At six o'clock we meet still again, to spend a half-hour in singing. Several of our number have never learned to sing, and Mr. Perkins is very desirous they should learn. I do not wonder at it; for a missionary, of all others, should have this qualification. You will be glad to know that we are making very tolerable improvement, and that even *I* have hopes of being able at last *to sing*. Our singing is followed by

our devotions, at which we expound the Scriptures, sing a hymn, and pray. Then a part of the remainder of the evening we read D'Aubigné's History; the rest we spend in social converse. Our hour for retiring is from nine to ten."

* * * * * * *

"April 1. Another Sabbath is approaching, and I long to be at home and spend it with my beloved parents. But no, it can not be. And I will not repine. It would be *very* pleasant to sit once more in the house of God, in my dear native village, and listen to the words of truth. But if this privilege is to be purchased by a sacrifice of my missionary life, as of course it must be, I will cheerfully take as substitute the deck of a ship, or the spreading branches of a tree, or the mud walls of a Nestorian church. It is sweet to think that religion or happiness are not dependent on place or circumstance. God may be with us here as well as in America. Jesus Christ may kindle his love in our hearts as we are traversing sea and land. The Spirit may descend with his blessed influences, and breathe life and peace into our souls. The Sabbath day may have as precious blessings in Persia as in our fatherland. Nay more, I believe that the missionary may look for richer blessings than if he had stayed at home. What *means* the promise '*manifold more in this present life?*' Does it mean more food or raiment—a more spacious house—more perfect health? No, none of these; for the follower of Jesus is often, like his Master, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Means it not that *within* shall be quietness and assurance for ever? that *spiritual* blessings shall descend and rest on the missionary of the cross? I know not, but I love to think so. I love to think that, worthless as I am, I shall be a better Christian than I should have been in America; that, by the grace of God, I shall rise above the world, and live near my heavenly home. God grant that not with me only, but with my dear parents, and brothers and sisters, this may be the daily experience."

"April 4th, 1843. *Ægean Sea.*—Last night, after tea, we went out

to enjoy a splendid sunset. You can form no conception of the beauty of these Mediterranean skies. While passing by Gibraltar, and indeed through all the Mediterranean, we have feasted on the beauty of nature. 'Only *man* is vile.' We are surrounded by paganism, and worse than pagan Christianity. This morning we all rose soon after four, to enjoy a Grecian sunrise. The stars were all out, and among them three beautiful planets. All around us were islands and vessels, just as yesterday. We sat on the deck, and saw the stars gradually fade away, and the sun gloriously come up out of the sea, shaking his wet locks. The scene was a calm and happy one, and reminded me of those beautiful lines:

'As, at the break of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When *Jesus* is revealed.'

"Jesus is the sun of the Christian, and he who looks steadily at him will find the brilliancies of the world all grow dim. May he ever shine fully upon our souls, and we be cheered by his life-giving influences. Yesterday was the day for the monthly concert. No doubt our little company were remembered by a multitude of praying Christians at home. Oh, that these prayers may be answered, not merely in our temporal, but our eternal prosperity. If we can go forth with the prayers of Christian friends, then indeed may we go forth with boldness, for the Lord will go with us. In the evening we sang the missionary hymn, and read the account of Paul's preaching at Athens, which city is not now far off. When you were holding your concert, we were quietly asleep.

"You will be glad to know that Harriette is now very happy. To be sure she occasionally feels sad, and the tears fall down her cheeks. But is this strange? I would much rather see her exhibit *feeling*, though it sometimes renders her a little unhappy, than to have a wife destitute of sensibility. There is no danger that she will not love her work. She has quite as much desire to go as I

have myself, and I am sure I feel very cheerful about it. Not that our hearts are not knit to dear homes by a thousand ties—but the work is a *glorious* one, and it is a privilege to engage in it. Who would not consider it a privilege to go forth and preach a crucified Saviour? Who would not leave home—even so dear a home as ours—at the call of his Father in Heaven."

"April 5th. When I think of my native land, and of my leaving it for the far distant land of my adoption, I have no feelings of regret at my choice. I believe that the question was deliberately weighed; though we are very weak and liable to err in our judgments, I feel as if nothing could occur to alter the case. It may be that I shall be cut down before many years of service. It may be that I shall be driven, with the other missionaries, from Persia, as the Roman Catholic missionaries have been already. But these things can not be foreseen, and of course can not affect our *present* judgment. I go then to my field of labor happy, *very* happy. I go, feeling that God has called me. I go to a work which would require an angel's power—a work in which, if *only faithful to my Master*, I shall no doubt be useful and happy. Harriette has very much the same feelings with myself."

A few lines from a letter of Mrs. Harriette B. Stoddard to her parents, will show that her missionary spirit was kindred to that of her husband.

"Smyrna, April 14th, 1843. I am very well and very happy, and looking forward with joy to my future work. Give much love to all my friends. How I should rejoice to see you all. Amid all the new and delightful things I see, there is no place so pleasant as my own dear home. But I do not regret that I have left it forever. If I can only be the instrument of saving souls I will count no sacrifice I make, great. I know you will not forget to pray much for us. We feel more and more the need of prayer. Pray that our

faith be strong and we faint not by the way. Good by, my dear father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Your affectionate daughter and sister, HARRIETTE B. STODDARD."

The shortness of the voyage allowed Mr. Stoddard time to visit various missionary stations in Turkey, before entering upon the long overland journey to Oroomiah. He thus formed the acquaintance of brethren whose counsels were of much value, and gained an insight into the details of missionary labor. He alludes to these visits in the following terms:

"April 14th, 1843. Mr. and Mrs. Temple have a very comfortable house, and seem very happy. This is true of all the missionaries we have seen. Never have we had a more cordial welcome. Everything has been done to make us happy; and on leaving Smyrna, we feel that we leave behind us there many warm hearts, that will be enlisted in our success. May God reward them for their deeds of love.

"When you think of us, dear parents, think not of us with tearful eyes. While we love our homes and daily commend you all to our Almighty Friend, we feel very contented in our new employment. And I am persuaded that as faithful missionaries, we shall always be happy. Mary says I always look on the bright side. So I do, and why should I not? Especially when there is no illusion about it, but all is a blessed reality."

"May 1st, 1843. The scenery of the Bosphorus is *surpassingly lovely*. The tall cypress, the sycamore, the fields of waving grain, the blossoms innumerable that are now putting forth, the birds singing on a thousand trees and skimming in large flocks over the surface of the water—all remind one of an earthly paradise. But when I stand and drink in the inspiration of some of these scenes, and then turn away and remember the deep midnight that veils the

minds of this nation, I am sick at heart. Can they ever be reclaimed? Will the Sun of righteousness ever arise on them with healing in his wings? The Sabbath dawns upon these beautiful regions; but scarcely one hails its approach. The seasons come and go; but hardly one heart rises in gratitude to him who rules them all. One generation after another passes away; the graveyards are filled with the dead, but no one learns the lesson which is taught. You can not conceive, dear parents, how chilling is the atmosphere I am breathing. How hopeless, to all human view, appears the salvation of these multitudes. In this one city are about a *million* of souls, and among them only a few real Christians. Most of them are the followers of the Prophet—some of them Greek and Roman Catholics, with a name to live while they are dead; and many no doubt are not only without hope but without God in the world. Can these dry bones live? *Yes; they can.* It is God's work. It can go forward. It *will* go forward.

'Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,
Doth his successive journeys run,
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.'

"Blessed assurance. Let us live, and labor, and pray for such a glorious issue."

Under the same date Mrs. Stoddard writes:

"It is the evening for monthly concert, and David, with our missionary friends, has gone to attend it. I am left at home, having rather a bad cold, which I increased to-day by attending a female prayer meeting held at Mrs. Dwight's. It was quite an interesting season to me, and strongly reminded me of like precious privileges in America. How delightful is the thought that no matter what may be our circumstances, however adverse our fortunes, or gloomy our prospects, we may not be debarred the privilege of prayer.

And it is especially necessary to the missionary, for if one, surrounded by all the influences of the Gospel, the example and prayers of Christian friends, the fear of dishonoring his Master in the eyes of a keen-sighted world, needs to be often at a throne of grace that he may keep his heart right with God, how much more does he need to pray, who is surrounded by influences, whose every tendency is such as to lead him far from God, and make him forgetful of his eternal interests?

"It is an erroneous idea that a missionary in leaving America bids farewell to spiritual foes and needs no longer to contend with 'the flesh, the world, and the wicked one.' He carries with him the same sinful heart and depraved affections, and of necessity possesses no more grace than the Christian at home. And if he relaxes his exertions to progress in divine things, he will soon find to his own sorrow and dismay, that he needs continually to be pressing onward lest he be driven far back into the regions of coldness, and spiritual deadness. This has been the experience of almost every missionary in the first stages of his self-denying life. I feel that it is mine, and earnestly desire *much grace* may be granted me, that I may 'keep my heart with all diligence;' that I may continually feel my utter helplessness and entire dependence on Jesus, and be daily, hourly, found at the foot of the cross. Shall I not have your prayers, dear sister, that I may ever have a heart fixed on God, and thus be a faithful missionary? I am looking forward with great interest to my future home among the degraded and perishing of Persia. I trust it will not be wholly in vain that I have left home and friends to spend my life in efforts for the salvation of the Nestorians. Not the least among my labors will be that of making a happy home for *your dear brother*. Perhaps this is the widest sphere of a missionary's wife. If by kindness and assiduity she can enable her husband to be happy, if she can share his sorrows and lighten his cares, she will have performed no inconsiderable service for the cause of Christ. If this, however, is all my labor I shall have an easy work to do."

Dr. Perkins thus describes the favorable impression produced by Mr. Stoddard upon all who saw him at the missionary stations:

"Our visits at the missionary stations on the way were delightful. At all of them Mr. Stoddard left a profound impression of his rare excellence. The first missionary whom he met in Asia was our good father Temple, then at Smyrna. That modern apostle was, to Mr. Stoddard's mind, the model of a missionary; and he took great pains, during our brief stay there, to derive useful hints and suggestions from him, and eagerly emulated the spirit of that man of God.

"It was a period of trial in our missionary field. Much light and truth had been diffused, but few conversions had occurred. Difficulties thickened—dangers threatened—enemies multiplied and waxed bold, especially our Papal enemies. The faith of some wavered, and the fears of all were roused. In view of this state of things, one of the older missionaries at Constantinople thus wrote to me, after we passed on: 'I am sure that God will bless and prosper you. Your taking with you such a man as Mr. Stoddard is a pledge that the Lord will be with you.' "

The party reached Trebizond early in May, 1843; and leaving now the sea, which had been their pathway since they left the harbor of Boston, they began their caravan journey across the mountains of Armenia and the plains of Persia. Mr. Stoddard's graphic pen describes the preparations for the journey, and the incidents of the way, in letters written in his tent, after the fatigues and excitements of each day's march. A few extracts will show how thoroughly he entered into the enjoyment of natural scenery and of his novel life, how readily he adapted him-

self to new circumstances, and how buoyant his heart ever was with faith and hope in his work.

"TREBIZOND, May 13th, 1843.

"MY DEAR BROTHER—Ever since I landed in Smyrna, I have met so many kind friends, and had so many novel objects to divert my mind, that I have not realized how far I was from my native land. But now illusions are fast vanishing. Here we are, at the extremity of the Black Sea, among a rude and unchristian people, about to set out on a journey over lofty mountains. The bustle of preparation is nearly over. Our muleteers are engaged—our provisions bought—our packing done—and we only wait for the Sabbath to be past, to mount our horses and set out on our way. This little interval of repose gives us time to look around us and to stretch our thoughts far away to our home. Yes; our *home*. For though I would live and die in the land of my adoption, I can not do otherwise than call America my home. There "my friends, my kindred dwell." It is endeared to me by a thousand tender associations. It is my *birth-place*. There was I educated. There I met sympathy and kind hearts. There refinement and intelligence and the blessings of freedom clustered around me. Here all is dark, degraded, seemingly lost. Nothing binds me to such a land but the thought that God may enable me to pour light on this darkness—to open the eyes of the blind—to loose the tongues of the dumb—to set up the standard of the cross, and preach the everlasting gospel—to tell the story of a Saviour's love—to proclaim liberty to the captives of sin, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Yes, to preach Jesus Christ is my hope, and in this hope will I rejoice. And shall I not? Can any work better become a sinner saved by grace—a child of immortality—a candidate for heaven? To live—to toil—to suffer—to die—to go home to glory, surrounded by many saved by our efforts—what can be so interesting? What so delightful a work as this? My dear brother, let us live near to our Saviour, and whether in America or Asia, strive to spread the knowledge of his precious salvation to all around us. Then shall we accomplish the great

object for which God made us, and feel the satisfaction of living not in vain.

"You will be interested to know our movements since we have been in Turkey. As our passage was so short, and we learned that the Spring was very backward on these mountains, we found it necessary, as well as pleasant, to linger at the missionary stations on the way. At first I thought this would be a loss of time, but I am now convinced that quite the contrary is true. The number of missionaries we see—the various information we gain—the counsels—the suggestions—the prayers of our brethren, as they first welcome us, and then extend the parting hand—are all an excellent preparation for our final work. I wish you could have been with us at Smyrna and at Constantinople, and seen how much kindness and brotherly love we met from the brethren. They are devoted Christians, and while they have, some of them, made sacrifices for years in the missionary work, they look forward with pleasure to years more of like sacrifice.

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"We came up here in a splendid Austrian steamer, commanded by a very polite, warm-hearted Englishman. It is interesting to us to find steam-boats and kindred improvements making their way to the ends of the earth. On Monday, Providence permitting, we are to start on our journey. The highest mountains which we cross are in full sight—about fifty miles before us. They are still capped with snow, and no doubt we shall shiver now and then, before we reach the valleys beyond. Would you know how we look as we set out? Well, then, you shall see. Our party consists of seven, besides Mr. Perkins's little girl (Mr. Bliss will stop for the present in Trebizond). Each of us has a horse and an American saddle. After us comes a horse loaded with our tents, then several more with Turkish chests, full of provisions. Then strung over the backs of animals are our cooking utensils and our luggage. Little Judith [Mr. Perkins's little girl] rides in a basket, which I have covered with a large calash to protect her from the sun. In the rear are two men—one a Jew—the other an Armenian; they are to aid us on our journey. As we

wind up the narrow lanes of the city, see the Turkish women—all vailed except a single eye—peeping forth full of curiosity at the strangers. If you will follow us to the end of our first day's journey, you will see us pitching our tents by the side of a little stream, in a beautiful valley. Our attendants will bring out eggs, and crackers, and butter, and dried tongues, and, way-worn and hungry, we shall sit down to our grassy table. On the morrow, *Inshawlaw* (if God please), you shall see us beginning to ascend lofty mountains, and look down on some of the most enchanting scenery that the eye ever gazes on. Indeed the whole of this country is a Paradise."

"Tuesday, May 16th. We rose early this morning, took our breakfast, pulled down our tents, and proceeded on our way. You have no idea what labor is to be performed every morning and evening. To pack and unpack our provisions, and see that every thing is in its place, to set up and demolish a house, to cover our beds with oilcloth as a protection against rain, to saddle our horses and get the ladies well mounted, to see that our loads are all in place; these little things are suited to try one's patience. And with every attention, many things are apt to go wrong. We have been riding to-day through the same romantic country, continually ascending the mountains. Sometimes the road has been a regular pair of stairs, hewn out of the rock, and quite as steep as any common stairs in our houses at home. Harriette has enjoyed the ride much, and been every hour gaining confidence. Her horse has been led a very small portion of the time. After six hours' climbing, we are snugly encamped at Chailen, which interpreted, means a pasture ground. It is a beautiful piece of table land, covered with grass, and commanding an extensive view. We have procured fresh eggs and milk and yagourd, and are feasting on the fat of the land. As the night draws on, we begin to feel the piercing cold, for though yet much below the snowy summit, we are thousands of feet above the Black Sea, which stretches out in the distance. All things prosper with us, and our hearts are moved with the goodness of our Heavenly Guardian."

Dr. Perkins, in describing the same journey, mentions a habit of Mr. Stoddard—familiar to all his intimate friends—which illustrates the influence of his mother's early teaching upon his Christian life. "Our long and wearisome journey from Trebizond to Oroomiah, was often beguiled by listening to sweet hymns, repeated by our departed brother. Never did a Christian at all times more fully carry out the Scriptural injunction, 'speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.' Such hymns, with a great many precious portions of Scripture treasured up in his mind, were almost infinitely sweeter to him as themes of meditation and conversation, than the richest flowers of general literature, with which he was also so familiar. His repetition of them was never attended with the least parade of formality. It seemed to be as easy for them to flow from his lips and his heart as it was for him to breathe."

The joy of the missionary company on reaching their destination can hardly be described. Their entry in Oroomiah was like that of a triumphal cavalcade welcomed by the people whom they have delivered. It is thus described by Mr. Stoddard in a letter to his parents.

"Oroomiah, June 15th, 1843.

"My Beloved Parents,—

"You will rejoice and unite with me in praising our God that we are safely home. Yesterday, amid a large company of Nestorians, surrounded with manifestations of joy at our arrival, we entered the city and set our eager eyes on our future abode; and now, while our hearts are overflowing, we hasten to write our dear parents of our welfare. We have kept a journal most of the way, and by the next opportunity I will send you what I have time to copy. *Now*

I can only give the occurrences of the last three or four days. Our Sabbath we spent on the plain of Khoy, much oppressed by the heat of a scorching sun. Before, we had been on elevated land and suffered quite as much perhaps from cold during the night as from heat during the day. In fact we had suffered but little from either; for our tent was hung always with rugs and shawls, and while riding we were favored every day with a cooling breeze. But we went down a hill *ten miles* long to the plain of Khoy, and there found ourselves at once under a summer's sun. The trees were clothed with the richest foliage—wheat fields, and melon fields, and vineyards, and orchards, stretched away for many a long mile to the distant mountains. In the centre of the plain we came to the city, which has recently suffered from an earthquake. Every house is more or less injured; the city wall is cracked and tottering; and many buildings are entirely thrown down. Most of the inhabitants were out of the city at the time, and their lives in consequence saved. Still some hundreds, perhaps thousands, perished. Nobody seems to know with any definiteness, as the inhabitants are still more or less scattered. By the city we pitched our tents for the Sabbath; and but for the heat, had a delightful time. It was a season of quiet after a week of anxiety and toil. We were surrounded by Nature in all its loveliness, and were looking to Oroomiah as just at hand. We had no public exercises, but I talked a little with a Nestorian who had come out to meet us, in my broken Turkish, and read a chapter in German with our assistant, who speaks no English. These my first attempts to convey religious truth in a strange tongue are very awkward, and I fear result in little good. Yet I pray God I may learn to be useful, so that my coming shall not be in vain.

Monday we rose just after midnight, to avoid the heat of the noonday sun. Our ride lay through a long straight avenue of four miles, planted with trees much of the way, and looking very beautifully by the light of a full moon. Leaving this avenue we crossed a fine bridge of brick arches, and gradually wound up a series of hills for half a dozen miles. Then we stopped to take a lunch; and spreading on the ground our thin native bread, with this and boiled

tongue, and cheese and eggs, we made a very comfortable meal. Crossing a low ridge of mountains, we came in sight of the lake of Oroomiah. You may imagine with what feelings of joy we welcomed it, as it lay peacefully stretched out at our feet. At eight, our ride was over and we pitched our tents near the north western corner of the lake on the plain of Salmas. Under us was soft green grass, and over our heads trees (unlike any kind we see at home), the blossoms of which perfumed the air. We received from a neighboring village, fresh milk, yagourd and bread, and stretching ourselves on our cloaks, with our saddles for a pillow, were soon in the land of forgetfulness. It was a pleasant day, and our hearts beat high in the prospect of the next day reaching Gavalan and meeting our Oroomiah friends. The Bishop left us some days before, anxious to reach his home, and prepare for us a fat lamb from his father's flock. The next morning we started again very early and were at Gavalan by breakfast time. As we approached the village, five or six on horseback galloped out to meet us, with cries of 'Hoshe geldiz, hoshe geldiz," (you have come welcome). They proved to be friends from the mission, whose names were familiar to us all—Priest Abraham, Joseph, Mar Yohannan's brother, John and Moses. On entering the village, men, women, and children poured out to join and welcome our party. We were escorted as if in a triumphal procession through the town to the house of Mar Yohannan's father. The old couple were overjoyed; said that they were made some years younger by their son's return, and that they praised God for his goodness. Soon Mar Joseph, an old bishop with a silver beard, and half a dozen priests from Oroomiah, came in with their Salam aleykim, Salam aleykim—peace—peace be to you. Our tents were erected in the old priest's garden, and during the day we were thronged with visitors. My heart was *full*. I was not prepared for such a welcome—such a hearty grasp of the hand—such an overflowing of cordial feeling. I suppose that some of it is to be attributed to their natural good feeling—some to their personal attachments—and perhaps some to the privileges which they hope to derive from a connection with us. But after all I must believe that

God has opened their hearts to receive the Gospel in the love of it, and that they welcome us as the ambassadors of Christ. I bless my Father for the prospect of usefulness that opens upon us. I rejoice that I am *here*—just where I am—here to live, and I trust, here to die. Soon may we have revivals of religion among the people, and see them not only right in theory, but cordial believers in Jesus.

To return: in the afternoon Dr. Wright, Mr. Breath, and Mr. Stocking, came from the city, and toward evening ten or a dozen priests. The bishop, Mar Yohannan, sent abundance of refreshments from his father's house, and partaking of them and commending our souls to God, we retired to rest. The next and *last* morning, we started at three o'clock, quite a numerous company. Friends continually joined us on the way, and we went along rejoicing. As it is a long, hot ride, say thirty miles from here to the city, we stopped by a beautiful river about twelve miles from Oroomiah. There still more natives joined us, and Mr. Merrick, Mr. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Holladay. Under our tent we partook of refreshments, and in the afternoon set out for the last time. Our company now consisted of forty or fifty horsemen, and it was a moving sight, I assure you, to look on such a company. We were riding over a magnificent plain, covered with the richest verdure. The day was beautiful, though warm; the natives' hearts were glad, and so were ours. We knew that friends were following us with their sympathies and prayers. We knew that we went to a city whose name is dear to many a Christian heart. All behind was bright and cheering; all before us full of hope. But we trust not in man. I hope I may say in truth that our trust is in our Almighty Guide. We reached Oroomiah, about four P. M. Harriette was overcome. The idea of reaching *home*, after so much tossing by sea and by land, was too much. Now she laughed—now wept. Yet her weeping was soon turned into joy, for she is very, *very* glad she came. Our company all gathered in Mr. Jones's house and united in a prayer, and a psalm of praise. Then after tea we dispersed—Mr. and Mrs. Perkins as the guests of Mr. Merrick, Harriette and I of Mr. Stocking. The missionaries are very pleasant, and I think, prayerful men. The

missionary premises are charming. I am pleased to see most of the missionaries in excellent health—especially the younger ones. Dr. Wright thinks, with *good health to begin with*, which few of the ladies have had, and *care*, we need not fear much. Still we mean to go to Mount Seir, to-morrow, where we shall probably remain during the warm season."

CHAPTER X.

THE FIELD OF LABOR.

The name Oroomiah is given alike to a district, a plain, a lake and a city. The *district* of Oroomiah lies at the base of the Koordish mountains, in the western part of Azerbijân, the northwestern province of Persia, which stretches from those mountains to the Caspian Sea. Parallel with the mountains, and about twenty miles eastward from their base, lies the *lake* of Oroomiah, which measures eighty miles from north to south, and is about thirty miles in breadth. At either extremity spurs of the principal chain of mountains jut down to the very margin of the lake, thus forming an amphitheatre, within which lies the *plain* of Oroomiah. This plain is about forty miles in length, and varies in width from ten to twenty miles; it is partially divided into three sections, by spurs from the mountains which form its western boundary. Its whole area, with the adjacent declivities, is estimated at six hundred square miles. It teems with an almost tropical vegetation. A former member of the Nestorian mission* describes it as "dotted over with some three hundred villages, each surrounded with luxuriant wheat-fields, vineyards, fruit-gardens, and melon-patches; while the plain in every part is intersected with numberless water-courses, diverted

* Mrs. A. E. Crane, to whose letters and Dr. Perkins's volume, the writer is mainly indebted for the description of Oroomiah.

from the principal rivers, whose banks, fringed with willows, remind one of the beautiful promise of Jehovah to the children of his people, 'they shall spring up as willows by the water-courses.'"

The geological conformation of the rocks of this region, and the numerous sulphurous springs along the shore of the lake, evince a volcanic agency; and the earthquakes occasionally felt at Oroomiah, though far less severe than the shocks sometimes experienced at Khoy and Tabreez, a hundred miles to the east and north, demonstrate that the subterranean fire has not spent its force. An analysis of the waters of the lake proves it to be highly charged with sulphureted hydrogen.

This region, so secluded in its position, so unique in its natural features, and so abounding in fertility, is the home of the remnant of the Nestorian church, now scattered among the villages of the plain, and in the nooks and valleys of the Kurdish mountains. The first mission to this people, after a residence of more than a year at Tabreez, was planted in the city of Oroomiah; but the intense summer heat of the plains at length compelled the missionaries to establish a health retreat upon the declivity of a neighboring mountain. The place selected for this purpose was *Seir*, a mountain about five miles distant from the city, which rises, by a gradual ascent, to a height of nearly three thousand feet above the plain, and is seven thousand feet above the sea. This station was first occupied in March, 1841, a little while before Dr. Perkins set out upon his return to the United States. The following description of Seir, and the plain, and the lake of Oroomiah, was sent by Mr. Stoddard to Professor D. Olmsted, of Yale College. It is valuable for the minuteness and accuracy of its statements.

"The village of Seir is in the province of Oroomiah, in northern Persia, in latitude 37° 28′ 18″ north, and in approximate longitude 45° east from Greenwich. We are about forty miles from the boundary of Turkey, and one hundred and fifty from that of Russia. The village is on the grassy slope of the mountain, which rises 2,834 feet above the neighboring city of Oroomiah, and 7,334 above the ocean. The side of the mountain on which we live faces the northeast, and is consequently somewhat bleak in winter. The snow also lies upon it in the spring long after it has disappeared from the southwestern side.

"From the village of Seir we look down on the very beautiful and extensive plain of Oroomiah, forty miles in length, and from twelve to twenty miles in breadth, which possesses a deep alluvial soil, and bears on its fertile bosom several hundred villages. The city of Oroomiah, the ancient Thebarma, situated near the center of the plain, as well as many of the villages, is surrounded by innumerable gardens and orchards, and rows of poplars, willows, and sycamores, which make large portions of the plain resemble a continued forest. The mountains of Koordistan encircle the plain on three sides, while to the east lies the lake of Oroomiah, studded with islands, and reflecting the pure azure of an Italian sky.

"This plain is watered by three rivers of moderate size, which come down from the Koordish mountains, and are distributed by a network of small canals and water-courses over its whole surface. Without artificial irrigation, but few crops can be brought to maturity, although here and there wheat fields are cultivated on the slopes of the neighboring mountains, which are wholly dependent on the rains of the spring and early summer, and sometimes yield a tolerable harvest.

"The principal productions of the plain of Oroomiah, the annual mean temperature of which is, of course, considerably above that of Seir, are wheat, barley, corn, millet, flax, tobacco, rice, cotton, castor oil, apples, pears, plums, grapes (which are cultivated in immense vineyards), cherries, apricots, nectarines, peaches, melons, pomegranates, almonds, and the jujube. The fig, with care, may be also cultivated, but is often destroyed by the cold of winter.

"The lake of Oroomiah, the ancient Spautes, is about ninety miles long by thirty broad. Its elevation above the ocean is 4,100 feet. Its water has been analyzed by President Hitchcock; its specific gravity is 11.55. The lake exerts, of course, a marked influence on the climate of this region, and produces a regular land and sea breeze in the summer months. During the day a light wind blows from the lake, and during the night a fresher wind from the lofty mountains of Koordistan, which rise, some forty miles west of the lake, to a height of ten or twelve, or perhaps thirteen thousand feet above the ocean, and generally retain on their summits, even in summer, deep masses of snow. The amount of watery vapor is thus probably much greater in Oroomiah than in many parts of Persia, which present almost the barrenness of the Arabian deserts.

"It should be mentioned in this connection, that all the mountains of northern Persia are destitute of trees, and many of them rise to a great height, in naked, rocky summits. Indeed, in the valleys and on the plains it is rare to find any trees except those planted by the hand of man, and a stranger, as he looks down on the luxuriant plain of Oroomiah, can hardly be made to believe that the millions of trees before him are entirely an artificial growth."

The *city* of Oroomiah contains about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, and is built chiefly of unburnt brick, and surrounded by a mud wall and ditch.

The lake, which forms so prominent a feature in the scenery of the district, is so densely salt that the human body will float upon it as easily as upon the surface of the Dead Sea. Its shores are lined with a coarse salt deposited by evaporation, and at its southern extremity, especially, are extensive salt marshes, which are the favorite resort of the flamingo. "The northern part of the lake, near Gavalan, is shallow, and it is said that sometimes, at low water, a reef or bank is seen but a few feet beneath the surface, extending nearly across, which may serve to explain a tradi-

tion of the Nestorians, to the effect that St. Thomas (who brought the Gospel to their fathers), when he left Oroomiah, to go eastward to India, crossed the lake by walking upon the water." In honor of this patron apostle, on a certain day of the year the Nestorians, in large companies from different villages, go down to the lake and bathe in its waters, expecting to receive some saving virtue through the faith of St. Thomas. Several rocky islands, the refuge of wild goats, diversify the bosom of the lake. "A few skiffs are sometimes seen upon it, but so timid are the boatmen that they dare not venture out unless the weather is fair. An enterprising Persian nobleman, Malek Kazen Meerza, has constructed a rude steamboat to ply upon its waters, but so ignorant are the Persians of navigation or engineering, that the project has well nigh proved a failure. No fish are found in the waters of Oroomiah." Rev. Horatio Southgate thus describes it:

"At sunset we went down to the lake and bathed. The temperature of the water was at blood heat, and its taste more saline even than that of the ocean. We found it more buoyant, also, owing to its greater specific gravity. The shore was crusted with salt, and we found our bodies in the same state soon after emerging from the water. It is very shallow, nowhere, it is said, exceeding five feet in depth. I waded out one eighth of a mile from the shore, and found the depth, at that distance, about three feet. The water was so dense as to lift us almost entirely above the surface in floating, and we were unable, without some effort, to recover an upright position after swimming."*

The following description, from the pen of Mrs. Crane, will bring the entire scene vividly before the reader:

* Tour, vol. i. p. 323.

"From the terraced roof of our dwellings at Seir we have spread before us a grand and beautiful panorama, more perfect than any thing I ever beheld elsewhere. The city of Oroomiah, with its mud walls, its towers and gates—its flat-roofed dwellings and palaces, over which the sycamore proudly rises, and its venerable dome, which once marked the site of a Nestorian church, but now a mosque—appears resting in quiet beauty more than seven hundred feet below: while countless little villages, marked principally by the willows skirting their water-courses, and their orchards of apricots, peaches, plums, cherries, nectarines or pears, cluster around, or nestle securely at the base of barren mountains, whose bold, rocky outline forms a fitting frame for such a picture. I have spoken of these mountains as barren, but it is only in appearance, and as contrasted with the forest-crowned hills of our native land. In the spring, and even until June, the mountains are covered with a most beautiful carpet of grass and flowers, where flocks of sheep and goats, tended by their shepherds, and lambs cared for by little children, are led to the green pastures. And 'the cattle upon a thousand hills' are also seen roaming these heights, which are given up to pasturage, since they can only be watered by the melting snows, and these would not suffice to bring grain to perfection. I ascended Seir mountain in June, 1856, with a party conducted by Mr. Stoddard, and at every step we found the greatest profusion of flowers. Tulips and hyacinths of several varieties were growing in their wild beauty, with many other common flowers, and the mountain, even to the top, was covered with the richest herbage. Occasionally we picked the crocus, opening its petals just on the borders of some snow-bank; but when we reached the top of the mountain no words could describe our astonishment. The distant peaks of the Saăt mountains, reminded me of what I had read of the Alps—cold and forbidding, with their snowy covering draped about the rocks, while, on the other hand, lay the plain of Oroomiah, smiling like Eden. Such a perfect contrast could not be found, even among the Alps, on so fine a scale. Mount Seir is a perfectly healthful location, about half the distance up the mountain. The mission premises are

surrounded by a wall to protect us at night from marauding Koords—below us are the meadows of the villagers, which are used for threshing floors in autumn.

"About the city of Oroomiah are several mounds which appear to be ashes, and are supposed to be relics of the ancient fire-worship, which was commenced upon this plain, as many suppose. One of them, Sheikh hill, I have frequently examined. It is not covered with turf, as other hills, but scattering weeds and poppies adorn it in their season. It is in the form of a cone, with the side toward the city very abrupt. From its top we command a fine view of the city, with the river scenery for some fifteen miles bordered with fertile vineyards, and fields of rice, cotton, tobacco, wheat, and barley, with occasionally the castor-oil plant, and thick groves of trees, which are planted to provide timbers for building. *Barandooz* forms the middle section of the plain, which is divided only by a low range of hills. Its natural characteristics are much the same as those which are grouped about Oroomiah. The soil is a deep alluvium, washed down from the mountains, and almost inexhaustible in its richness and fertility. The principal village, Dizzatakka, has a fort crowning a hill, which adds very much to the beauty of the landscape as seen from Seir—a landscape which stretches towards the sunrising, and is bordered by the lake, across whose placid bosom I have often watched the first tints of the morning brightening into day."

CHAPTER XI.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MISSIONARY LIFE.

The field so eloquently pictured by others caught new tints from the glowing pen of Stoddard. His admiration of its natural scenery, his delight in his missionary associates, his interest in the people with whom he had taken up his abode, and his enthusiasm in the realization of a missionary life even before he could preach in a strange tongue, impart to his earlier letters from Oroomiah a fascination which the most skillful tourist could not impart to mere descriptive pencilings. Through all his correspondence there breathes the same unfaltering devotion to his chosen service which had marked his course of preparation and his outward voyage.

The first year of a missionary's life is apt to be the time of severest trial. He has just torn himself away from all the tender ties of home, and after the excitement of his journey and the novelty of his new circumstances have subsided, the most painful memories and contrasts with respect to outward associations must force themselves upon him. He can not, like the mere traveler, divert his mind from such reflections by observing foreign scenery and society, solacing himself meantime with the prospect of a speedy return to his native land. He has come to settle for life among a people with whom he has no affinities but

the common ties of humanity, and no sympathies but those which the Gospel prompts toward them as needy and perishing. And yet, he can not now do any thing directly for their relief. With a more constant and painful sense of their lost and ruined condition than that which prompted him to seek their salvation, he can not so much as speak to them with stammering tongue of the love of Christ. Yet this very discipline has its advantages, not only in the virtues of faith and patience which it develops, but in the gradual adaptation of the missionary to his field. So Stoddard viewed it; and in this first year of missionary trial the most careful scrutiny of his correspondence does not reveal a single expression of regret or discontent.

These letters are the best record of his daily life.

"Mount Seir, July 18th, 1843. We find warm friends in every member of the mission. Harriette and I are both delighted with the Christian spirit manifested by them. The great desire seems to be that the work of God might be revived here, as in some other missions, where, not long ago, the prospect was far more dark. Nothing but this seems to be wanting. Here are forty schools—abundance of opportunities to preach—every facility for access to the people. The missionaries are universally respected, even among the Mohammedans, and every thing seems to prosper. Every thing but *this*—that men are not converted. I think the missionaries feel humbled by the thought, and are learning to prostrate themselves lower in the dust before God. This is a good sign. When man feels that he is nothing, God shows himself to be all in all. We are both tongue-tied. Preach to the people I can not, for want of words. I am pursuing Turkish and Syriac together. I find there is no getting along without both. Persian is spoken by the higher classes only; but Turkish is the common medium. For business I must be a Turk, and for religious effort I must be a Nestorian. So both languages should be acquired. In Turkish I can generally get

along tolerably now, as I picked up a good deal on the way. Syriac I read some, but do not attempt to speak just now, lest I should make a Babel of my own mind. God grant I may be prospered in my studies and fitted for much usefulness. Life is short and souls around are perishing. From the accompanying sheets to parents you will learn more about us. We are happy and I feel assured always shall be. If God be our guide and portion, it can not be otherwise."

While yet a stammerer in the native dialects he turned to good account his knowledge of astronomy, and the telescope of his own construction which he had transported from Boston to Oroomiah. The following incident, with the reflections which it suggests, is of a peculiar interest.

"Mount Seir, August 14th, 1843. I am more impressed—*much* more—with the *general* influence exerted by the missionaries than before I came. In all this part of Persia they are softening prejudice, inspiring respect for European manners and civilization, and thus doing much for the planting of the Gospel among these Mussulmans. Were you to be here a month you would feel this deeply, as I do. For example: the other day one of their great moolahs, the menajim bashee, the chief astrologer, or, if you please, the 'astronomer royal,' came to see my telescope. He is a remarkably intelligent man, though he holds to the Ptolemaic system of the world. He is, however, well acquainted with our views. He went away, as many others have done, who have seen the electrical apparatus and other European inventions, saying, with a stroke of the beard, 'God is great,' or, 'Truly you are the wise ones of the earth.' I showed this man the belts and moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, and one or more of his satellites, the gibbous appearance of Mars, and some of the wonders of the Milky Way. Now this is not saving a soul, and I deeply feel it; but you will at once see that influence thus gained over the most talented and influential men is to tell on the destiny of Persia. And if moolahs will permit us to

take them by the hand and lead them in paths of science, tell me, is it unreasonable to think the time not distant when we can lead them to the Lamb of God? O! I long to have my tongue *untied* to speak to this people in their own language the wonderful works of God."

A more detailed account of the same interview is given in the following letter to Professor Denison Olmsted of Yale College.

"Oroomiah, August 14th, 1843.

"My Dear Sir—I have recently been reminded of you in a most interesting way. When I was in America, I was in doubt whether it was best to bring my telescope, as it is difficult and expensive to transport such instruments over the lofty mountains of Turkey. But Mr. Perkins advised me by all means to keep it with me, as every thing of the kind would contribute, in that half heathen land, to advance the cause of science, and even of religion. I followed his advice; and several weeks since, on unpacking it, was rejoiced to find it in perfect order. It very soon attracted much attention, and was thought by the natives to be a large and beautiful *top*.* When the menajim bashee, the chief astrologer, heard about the instrument, he came without delay to pay me a visit. He is a very intelligent man, perhaps the most so, excepting the prince, of any one I have seen in Persia. His father before him was also eminent in this country for his skill in the same profession. Though perfectly acquainted with our system of astronomy, his religion and his early prejudices incline him to that of Ptolemy. Perhaps as received here, it has undergone slight modifications, but in its essential features it is the same as of old. The menajim seems also to have studied the books of India, which, if I mistake not, imply the rotundity of the earth. This, the astrologer is willing to admit, as he knows perfectly well that a change of place, east or west, will produce a change in the meridian, and that the pole is elevated as one travels to the north. I think he would be willing to admit our system in full,

* Cannon.

were it not for his religion, and his dislike to 'new notions,' for he can not raise a sound objection against it. He has tables handed down for many years, which enable him to calculate eclipses and other celestial phenomena with considerable accuracy. Every year he is in the habit of making out his Persian almanac, copies of which he presents to distinguished men. I mentioned, in our conversation, the great solar eclipse of December. He at once produced his books, and said that I was correct in the time, but that the eclipse would be invisible at Oroomiah. According to our tables, I replied, it can be seen throughout Asia. He smiled pleasantly, and answered, 'If God please; we shall see.' As he was anxious to know what we made the exact time of the beginning and ending of the eclipse, and the number of digits obscured, I promised, at my leisure, to calculate it for him; I have partly done so, and if I have made no error, the sun will at this place rise in eclipse and continue thus some time; six or seven hundred miles south of us the eclipse will be *total.*

"I am not aware that the menajim bashee has any instruments, except a small crazy spy-glass, and a brass circle for measuring angles, graduated to half, or possibly to quarter, degrees. His knowledge, however, of the constellations, and motions of the heavenly bodies, is full and minute. We are spending the summer at Seir, and as our elevation is six or seven hundred feet above the plain, a fine opportunity is afforded for observation. The sky is always beautifully clear, and our ordinary nights would be called in America remarkably fine. It was here the astrologer came to see me, and no sooner was it dark than he wished to use the telescope. I first pointed it at Saturn, which was near its culmination; at the first glance, the menajim bashee declared that he saw neither satellites nor rings. At this I was, of course, not at all disappointed, and asked him to have a little patience and he would have his curiosity gratified. After a little, he obtained a good focus, and saw the ring. This almost made him leap for joy. He looked again and again, and delighted me by his enthusiasm. Presently he exclaimed that he had a distinct view of the division in the ring, and one of the

satellites. That night three or four were visible, but it was not strange that a novice should be unable to detect them. I had, however, a keen-eyed companion; for though disposed to make every objection, and admit nothing on testimony, he was satisfied that he saw the division in the ring and the shadow of it upon the planet. He tells me that there is a record, many years old, in their possession, which states that Saturn was once seen in the *shape of an almond;* but that they know nothing of any rings or any satellites belonging to it.

"We now turned to Jupiter; and he was lost in astonishment. There were its four moons, and several broad belts crossing the disc of the planet—all too plain to admit of a doubt. Looking up to me, the astrologer earnestly said: 'Tell me *any thing* you please about these moons, and I will accept it.' You will readily believe I was exceedingly gratified. We next looked at Mars; the gibbous state of which he readily admitted. It was too near the horizon to be seen to advantage; yet some of the dark spots on its surface were discernible.

"In different views of the Milky Way he was less interested, because, he said, their books declared it to be composed of stars. He seemed gratified by the cluster of Perseus, and one or two similar objects.

"The menajim wanted much to have a sight of Herschel; he was half incredulous about the existence of any such planet, especially as I did not know its place in the heavens. I had not by me, as I now have, the American Almanac. I promised to look it up for him, and show it to him on a subsequent visit; but I fear the telescope is hardly powerful enough to gratify him.

"At a late hour we retired to rest, promising ourselves the pleasure of seeing Jupiter and Venus the next morning. As soon as the menajim cast his eyes on Jupiter, he could hardly contain himself. One of the satellites was on the other side of the planet, and all had changed their positions. 'Jupiter then has moons,' said he, 'and they revolve around him—you are certainly in the right.'

"Venus, like Mars, was near the horizon, and besides was only

seen over the plain. From this, exhalations are constantly rising, and though they do not hinder observations to any great height, almost obscure that part of the horizon. Mercury I did not try to find. Indeed, as it was much nearer the sun than Venus, I would not have found it if I could.

"After sunrise the menajim retired, apparently much gratified, and promising to come again. He is a real enthusiast, and, I doubt not, he will take as much of my time as I can spare. However, as he is a man of much influence, time spent with him is by no means lost. Our great engrossing business ought to be the salvation of these dying men; but if, indirectly, we can stimulate the Mussulmans to thought and inquiry, or give them new views in science, one great advance toward their conversion will be made. They already look up to Europeans as men of talents and noble acquisitions—God grant that this may prepare the way for the hearty reception of the Gospel.

"Astrology is so interwoven with the religion of the *Koran*, and with the Mussulman traditions, which they hardly esteem as of less authority, that whatever seems to weaken or destroy the former, sweeps away with it the latter. In this view we must hail among this people the progress of the sciences, especially of that one which may not inaptly be called a pillar of their faith. I have no time, dear sir, to write more. Yours very truly,

"David T. Stoddard."

Mr. Stoddard applied himself with diligence to the study of the modern Syriac, preferring to spend his strength at once upon the language in which he hoped to preach the Gospel. At the same time he picked up by the way a general knowledge of Turkish, and at a later period addressed himself to the study of the ancient Syriac, in order to assist Dr. Perkins in revising his translation of the Scriptures into the modern. His fine classical scholarship enabled him to acquire the oriental tongues with great facility. His disci-

pline at Marshall College now proved of eminent practical service. An outline of his daily life will show how zealous and faithful he was, even in the preparatory period of his missionary course.

"I rise early in the morning and am occupied all day long, and yet there is no time for reading, and still less for writing letters. Next to cultivating communion with God, I feel the acquisition of this language to be most important. Until a tolerable knowledge of it is acquired my tongue is tied, and though my heart should glow with an angel's love I could not point these perishing men to heaven. And I am sorry to find that my progress must be so slow. I keep Nestorians by me at all hours of the day, and talk and read constantly; but from week to week my power of communicating with them seems to be stationary.

"Perhaps you would like to know something of our manner of living, now that we have come down from Seir and are engaged in more active labor. We rise, or *mean to rise*, at six o'clock in the morning, though the days are now so short that we sometimes oversleep ourselves. We breakfast with great punctuality at seven; after which we have prayers in English, some four or five natives being present. Then I usually get half or three quarters of an hour for study, while Harriette is busy about the house. At half past eight it is my duty to open the seminary and superintend it for an hour. The native principal conducts worship, reading a chapter and expounding it to the scholars. His remarks, so far as I can understand them, are very judicious, though we have little reason to think he feels the power of the Gospel on his heart. After leaving the seminary, a class of some six or eight English scholars assemble at my house, where I teach them for an hour. Mar Yohannan frequently comes in and puts himself among them. His sprightliness and superior intelligence add much to the interest of the exercise. While this is going on, a khan, who has importuned me to teach him English, sits at the table and writes after 'a copy.' He is of high birth, being a nephew of the Governor, but a little foolish. On this

account I take little interest in his learning our language. Sometimes also, Hassan Ali Khan comes, and I spend an hour or so with him. I take it for granted you know who he is. He has learned English pretty well, and has also learned very much that will give him influence among the nobles. I am more and more convinced that time spent on such young men is by no means thrown away. These Persians believe that the earth is flat and stationary, and even make it a part of their religion. But the little khan not only allows the earth to be round, but draws maps of different countries, and has made himself quite familiar with them. And now when he grows up, with these liberal views, you may easily conceive that he will do much to sweep these errors away, and prepare his people for the Gospel. Science, in many other cases, has been the forerunner of religion, and I think it may be so with the Mohammedans of Persia.

"After my English class, Harriette reads and talks with John for an hour, while I am engaged in the same way with a boy named Yonan. His grandfather is a malek at Geog Tapa. Some time since he applied to have Yonan received into some family of the mission, and taught English. He was assigned to my care, and has been with me about three weeks. We are both very much pleased with him. He is perhaps twelve years old, and, as the Syrians say, a very 'wise' boy. So far as I know he is quite serious-minded, and you would infer from his conversation that he was a true Christian. However, so much are this people accustomed to deal in pious expressions, while there is not a particle of grace in their hearts, that I can not place great confidence in his Christian character. At the same time, perhaps he is truly a child of God. Certain it is that he reads and expounds Scripture with an ability and correctness that I have never seen surpassed, and perhaps not equaled, at his age, in our own land. He seems to love to read his Bible to me, and to tell me the meaning as he understands it. As yet he knows very little English, and my only communication with him is in Syriac. If he be a Christian, God grant that he may grow fast in grace; and if he knows not the love of Christ, that he may be truly converted to

himself. Yesterday I learned with pleasure that he was one of a very few that attended evening prayers in the Nestorian church. You know that the priests read their liturgy morning and evening every day in all their churches. Yonan, without any knowledge of mine, has been there every evening. The church is only a short distance off in the city.

"But to return. From twelve to one, I take exercise, sometimes in my workshop, sometimes in the wood-house, sometimes on horseback. Then comes dinner. Afterwards again I spend an hour or two with Yonan, and, when not interrupted by other duties, call together my English class. At four o'clock, Harriette and I both ride for an hour. You know that it is next to impossible to walk here for exercise, and we are driven, by a sort of necessity, to exercising on horseback. I do not know that I have walked a quarter of a mile from our gate, except in one instance, since I came down from Seir. We are careful, however, to exercise much,* and I trust that our health will thus be preserved.

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"After tea we have prayers in Syriac, whenever Priest Abraham is in the city. He is much occupied as a native preacher, and is in the villages a third or more of his time. I feel as if he were a good man, and a great blessing to this dying people. Our evenings are spent in various ways. Two, and sometimes three evenings in the week, we all meet and pray for God's blessing on our labors. We are interrupted more or less by company, but whenever Nestorians come in, it is a part of our work to receive them, and try to lead them to the religion of Christ. This evening Mar Yohannan and Mar Elias visited us, and we had quite an interesting talk on astronomy. Mr. Jones is about commencing instruction in this branch, in the seminary, and wishes Mar Yohannan's countenance and aid. But their old books, and the universal belief of the people go against our system. It is important, then, that the leading men be set right.

* Since I have been here, I have probably rode more than a thousand miles on horseback.

Mar Yohannan's difficulties were all drawn from the Bible. While he was very free to admit that we knew far more of science than himself or his people, he thought many passages in the Bible asserted that the earth was fixed, and that the sun moved around it. These passages we examined one by one, and when he left I think he was pretty fully convinced that the Bible did not disagree with our assertions. This is a great point gained. Two years ago, I suppose, not a single Nestorian would have even admitted that the earth was round.

"But I must not omit to mention our Sabbaths. At nine o'clock in the morning I go into the seminary, where I have been appointed joint superintendent of the Sabbath School with Mr. Jones. Of course I can do little there yet, except with those who understand English. But I long to have my tongue unloosed that I may speak freely of the cross of Christ. At twelve o'clock we have preaching in English, and though our congregation is small, and no bell calls us together, we have interesting meetings and excellent sermons. We think the effect on our own hearts is well worth the time we spend on our sermons. After preaching, the brethren generally go to the villages. I remain here, and sit by Shamasha Eshoo, while he preaches in the seminary. In the evening, after all have returned, we meet together and pour out our souls in prayer and praise."

While upon the topic of the domestic life of missionaries, it may be well to contradict and counteract the false impression given by Rev. Percy Badger and Madame Pfeifer, that American missionaries in the East live in an expensive and aristocratic style. The writer has enjoyed the hospitality of many missionary homes in the Levant, and can testify that they are regulated with that judicious economy which marks a true Christian refinement. A knowledge of the physical and social conditions under which our brethren live in foreign lands, would put an end to such

animadversions as bigoted emissaries and itinerant tattlers have sometimes vented against their manner of life. Mr. Stoddard writes: "If a person lives here in circumstances of mere comfort, his silver spoons, his watch, his glass windows, and similar articles, are considered as proof positive of wealth and luxury." Now would any Christian in America say, that to avoid such an impression the missionary should eat with his fingers, and sleep upon a rug on a mud floor, with no protection against changes of temperature? Must not the missionary set an example of a well-ordered domestic life, and a true Christian civilization? Mr. Stoddard writes,

"I confess, when I was in America I supposed it would be wrong for missionaries to have much help. But a little reflection has convinced me that it is wrong for them *not* to have. If I must spend my time in taking care of horses, and running to and fro to get provisions—if H. must be all the time in her kitchen, or mending garments, or washing them, how could we perform missionary work? But as it is, when breakfast is over, I can begin my study or hear recitations in the seminary, or visit villages, or, when I am able, preach the Gospel. H., too, can go into the girls' school (and she does it every day), and teach them to sing, and herself learn the language there, or take several hours of lessons in our house. This is what we were sent here for, and I presume if our patrons understood the whole matter, as some of them do, there would be a reverse of feeling. Now, if it is difficult to keep house in America, it is much more so here; and the care ought to be taken off as much as possible from the missionary. But I have no doubt if some of the good farmers who contribute to the Board knew that H. and the other ladies here had cooks in their kitchens, they would withhold their support. For the same reason there might be complaint should it be known that we used *carpets*. Some people would say, 'wood floors are good enough for us; and must

a *missionary* have something better?' Such an one does not consider that we *have* no wooden floors, and that it is necessary to spread something over the earth floor and the native matting."

Again:

"I find it economical, in every point of view, to have good help, and enough of it. I should be diverted from my proper work, and rendered but half a missionary, if I had to run this way and that, to buy wheat, and wood, and provisions—to take care of horses, and tend the baby. If we are to acquire the language and do any thing for God here, Harriette and I must have the control of our time. Is not this the true principle? Is it not idle for me to spend a *day* in doing that which a native can do better than I for *ten cents* (a day's wages)? As to work, no one that has seen me in Persia imagines that I am ashamed to do it; and as to saving every dollar that we can, H. and I consider it a solemn duty."

A series of home associations crowded into a single week, awoke the following train of reflections in a letter to his parents:

"Before you have gone thus far in this disconnected letter, you will wonder that I have not spoken of the events of the last week. It was a time of deep interest to us both, and I doubt not we were remembered at the fireside and the family altar. On Tuesday came the anniversary of your marriage. The next day we remembered our eldest brother, and the day after our youngest. Thursday, the thirtieth, was set apart for Thanksgiving. As this is about the time for that festival in Massachusetts, we hoped it would fall on the same day at home. The thought of spending a Thanksgiving here, in a foreign land, far from our dear friends, excited some sad feelings. But the remembrance of our work, and the encouragement we have in it more than reconciled us to the separation. I think we both bless God, who brought us to this home, and wish for nothing higher than to live here and labor for the salvation of

souls. O, may we prize the honor and the privilege more and more, so long as we live.

"I was appointed to preach the sermon, and as perhaps you would like to see what a Thanksgiving sermon on missionary ground is, I will send you the manuscript. As you read, you will bear in mind that there are some desponding ones among us, who feel that they labor in vain, and spend their strength for naught. This will account for my enlarging on some points which might seem self-evident. On the whole our Thanksgiving was a pleasant one, and I trust our hearts run over with gratitude at the memory of all God's blessings. As, however, you will see more fully the current of my feelings, I will not enter into them now.

"Friday was Harriette's birth-day. She is now twenty-two years old. The next day I was twenty-five. Oh, how time passes away! Vanity of vanities, all is vanity! How much of my life has been wasted. How little has been done for my Saviour. How little effort to save immortal souls. A few years more, and I shall lie in the dust. My work will be done forever. Then no more can I stand between the living and the dead, and point sinners to the Lamb of God. Oh, then, while I have opportunity, let me never cease to teach and preach Jesus Christ. Pray for me, dear parents, that I may be found a faithful servant, whom his Lord shall welcome to his everlasting rest."

In the midst of his studies and labors he always made communion with God the first thing to be cultivated. Hence the uniform cheerfulness of his spirit.

"I trust that neither the novelty of our situation, nor the pressure of our studies, nor any thing else, will wean our hearts from God. Without God, what can we do in this land of darkness? The idea is terrible; and I trust we shall ever be living epistles of Christ, reflecting his blessed image on our brethren and the world."

"I think this week our prayer-meetings have been more solemn

than usual, and that there is decidedly more feeling among the brethren. Still, we are far enough from being in the dust. We do not groan, being burdened, and thirst for the rain of heaven. If we did, I think we should have a blessing. I think so, because there are some indications of good; because much light has been poured upon the people, and their consciences have in some measure been awakened: but above all, because the promises of our God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus. Dear parents, pray for us without ceasing, that God will appear for our help. There is nothing we need half so much as the presence of the Holy Ghost."

"Mount Seir, September 12th, 1843.

"My Dear Mother,

"I thank you very much for your long letter. I know not how many times I have read it over, but enough to show the high value I set on it. I *always* valued letters from my mother, but never so much as in this dark land. Occasionally I get out your likeness and father's, and gaze on those dear faces that I shall probably see no more. And then I feel sad, and almost wish that I was back again by your side. But you seem to smile upon me as if you approved my course, and were very willing to have me live far away as a missionary of the cross. Your letter, too, breathes the same cheerful spirit, and I can not but think you are willing to bless God that I am here. Mother, it makes my heart glad to think you smile upon my course. If I can have the approval of my friends, and the approval of my heavenly Father, I shall never regret any sacrifices I have made. They are very small in themselves, and especially when viewed in the light of eternity. What matters it, dear mother, whether we live among heathen or Christians, with friends or foes, if we do but glorify our Saviour?"

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"Mother, you must not dwell on the past, at least in reference to me. For if you allow yourself to do so, many will be the unhappy remembrances. How often was I a wayward boy! How much anxiety did I cause you in my later years. I recollect distinctly

when you gave me the parting kiss, and I left home for the walls of a college. There were tears in your eyes, and I can well appreciate now, what pain it must have given you to see me going into such a world of temptations. But these things are over now, and I would not like to have you dwell upon them much. There is too much to sadden the remembrance. Rather would I have you look, dear mother, on the present and future, and mingle your meditations with earnest prayers that God may dwell in me richly, in all wisdom, filling me with peace and joy, and preparing me to be abundantly useful in the vineyard of my Lord."

So rapid was the progress of Mr. Stoddard in the knowledge of Syriac, that in October, 1843, five months after his arrival at Oroomiah, he was able to take a prominent part in the instruction of Nestorian youth. Of his labors at this time, Mr. Perkins makes the following statement:

"As soon as his knowledge of modern Syriac was sufficient for the purpose, the male seminary was reorganized and committed to his care. We all felt that no living man could be found more competent to assume the very responsible task of rearing a generation of well educated and pious Nestorian preachers, whether we regarded the very high order of his own intellect, his finished culture, his moral character, or his holy walk and conversation. And the result has shown that we did not misjudge in the matter.

"He soon became able also to preach in the Syriac language, and whether preaching in Syriac or in English, how often have we been moved and thrilled by his affecting and powerful performances!"

Mr. Stoddard thus announces this appointment in a letter to Rev. Edwin E. Bliss at Trebizond:

"Our seminary and schools are just commencing, and our plans are hardly formed. The mission have appointed me joint superintendent of the seminary with Mr. Jones; and I rejoice in the prospect before me. To take those young men and endeavor to inspire them with a love for knowledge; to teach them science, and, above all, to fill their minds with the truths of the Gospel; to hold up to them Jesus and him crucified—this will be work enough for me. God grant that I may have grace to work with fidelity.

"This employment will of course not interfere with my preaching regularly on the Sabbath should I ever have the language well enough to do so."

In letters to friends in the United States he describes his work and its prospects with more detail.

"December 21st, 1843. This morning, Harriette and I rose quite early that we might finish breakfast in time to see an eclipse of the sun. We took particular interest in it because I had spent considerable time on the calculation, and the menajim bashee (the chief astronomer), had repeatedly said it would be invisible. Mr. Jones also is now lecturing to the seminary on this science, and has more or less inveterate prejudice to contend with. We, who have been taught from our cradles that the earth turns round and travels through empty space, can hardly realize how difficult it is for these rude people to admit it. It contradicts the *Bible*, which speaks of the everlasting foundations of the earth; it contradicts the old Syrian *melpanas*, who declare the world is a plain, and rests on something, which rests on something else, which in its turn rests on something or nothing, just as you please. This is a caricature of their belief, but not a whit less rational. You will not wonder then that all of us felt much interest in the result. It was the first prediction of the kind made by the mission, and natives as well as our own company were eagerly on the watch. At the right time the sun rose eclipsed, as we expected, and assuming just the phases that I had before drawn on paper. I have no doubt this little circum-

stance, which would seem very trifling in America, will do much to open the way for science in our schools."

"Our seminary we consider very important in its bearing on this people. There are now in it about fifty boys and young men, who are not only qualifying themselves to read fluently and understandingly the Bible in their language, but are learning the rudiments of the different sciences. I have this evening attended a lecture of Mr. Jones on astronomy, in which the boys seemed much interested. Every morning they attend family worship in our houses.* Afterward Deacon Eshoo lectures them a half hour or so, at the opening of the school, on some part of the Bible. This he does in an energetic and appropriate manner. I wish I had evidence that he feels the power of the truth in his heart.

"As to the general prospects of our mission I think they are *decidedly favorable.* I shall send you a sermon I preached on Thanksgiving day, in which the subject is fully discussed. Though there has yet been no revival of religion, yet a great deal of preparatory work has been done, and some, we feel, truly converted. I must say again that Mar Yohannan, Priest Abraham, and a few like them, are a great blessing to their people. But labor enough has been spent in sowing the seed, and it is time to look for a harvest. Our friends in America are looking hither anxiously for a revival. Our missionary brethren from other stations ask us why there is no revival. And we ourselves feel that there *must be* a revival. External prosperity, freedom from persecution, schools multiplied, knowledge increased, the Bible circulated, the Gospel preached, are all causes for devout thanksgiving. But our great object ought to be *to save souls;* to stand by them as dying men, in danger of going down to everlasting wo; to hold up a Saviour; to intreat them to come to him for pardon and eternal life. *This* is our work,

* This morning *thirty* were present at our devotions. They are conducted in Syriac, Priest Abraham officiating when in the city. When he is not here I purpose reading a prayer myself till the wished for day shall come that my tongue is unloosed.

and a blessed one too. But if at this late day, when years of labor have been bestowed on the people, there are few, very few, conversions, it ought to keep us continually at the mercy seat, pleading for the Holy Ghost. I do not think this should *discourage* us, but it ought to *humble* us. Perhaps God is going to try our faith, to prove whether we earnestly long for a blessing or not; whether we will toil on and pray on so long as we live, or whether we shall sink down into hopeless despondency. I think there is a deep and growing feeling among the brethren that *we must have a revival.* It is an omen of good, and may be followed by a rich blessing. Pray for us, pray for us *earnestly*, pray for us *continually*, that God may descend and rest on this mission with his life-giving power. Some of our brethren feel that perhaps our mode of living, or our course of policy, may keep back the blessing. For my own part, when these perplexing questions come up for our decision, I long to have you or some impartial and tried friend whisper your advice in my ear. We are so liable to be biased in our judgment, and to pursue worldly policy, which will give us temporal power and temporal influence over the people, that I think we need all the light we can get from heaven as well as from the wisdom of this world. But more of this at another time. I will only say that I earnestly hope we shall be guided aright in all our ways; have such a childlike, simple-hearted reliance on our heavenly Father that he will smile on us and give us a rich blessing.

"By this opportunity I send three or four sheets to parents, but as they will go by ship from Smyrna, may be received much later than this. I have given them much information about our every day proceedings in our own family. You will all learn from that that we are *well* and *happy*, and trying in a small way to be useful. But in order to be *extensively* useful we must have more grace and know more of the language. O! it is a cheerless task to labor among the heathen with no love for the work, with no constraining motive drawn from the cross of Christ. May it never be so with us. Again, dear brother, I ask your prayers that, soul and body, for time and eternity, we may be consecrated to the cause of our Redeemer."

CHAPTER XII.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW.

THE year 1844 opened with high promise in the seminary at Oroomiah. Mr. Stoddard's first letter of that year conveyed to Christian friends in America the joyful tidings of the conversion of a Nestorian in his own household.

"January 6th, 1844. This first week of a new year is a memorable one in our missionary life; I hope it may prove an earnest of rich spiritual blessings to ourselves and to you. We trust salvation has entered our family and taken one who was deeply hardened in sin. John is rejoicing in the grace of God. But a short week ago and he was the enemy of Christ; now we trust he is his friend and an heir of everlasting life. For some time there has been deep feeling among the brethren, and our prayers have been directed to heaven for a rain of righteousness. Year after year the labors of the mission had gone on, accompanied with the favor of the government and the favor of the people, and many marks of outward prosperity; but few, *very few*, had been truly converted. Indeed there *is not a single Nestorian* who has before this passed through a season of thorough conviction of sin. For some we cherish the hope that they are Christians. Mar Yohannan and Priest Abraham especially bring forth good fruit; and have faith and love and zeal. But the change in them has been so gradual, so almost imperceptible, that it does not produce a deep impression on the people. As a mass they are orthodox enough, but their notions about the new birth are extremely dim and shadowy. Not that this subject has been neglected by the brethren in their preaching. On the contrary, it has held

the prominent place it ought ever to hold in the preaching of the Gospel. But something more was necessary; and that was a living demonstration of the truth of their words. For this purpose God has selected John, who has had more instruction and resisted more light than any of his people. Of his early history, I mean when the mission first received him, I do not know very much; though I believe Mr. Perkins alludes to him sometimes in his book. But for two or three years he has been a great trial to the brethren. He has been a liar and a thief, and several times they have been on the point of dismissing him and giving him up for lost. But God's ways are not as our ways. We nowthink he promises to be a rich blessing to his people. On Sunday afternoon, as Mr. Jones was preaching in the seminary, John was affected by the truth. None of us, however, were aware of it, and I did not converse with him on the subject till Monday evening. In the morning of that day, as he was going out from prayers, I called him and asked him if he knew that there was a time, at the beginning of the year, of fasting and prayer for the conversion of the world. I think he had never heard of it. I endeavored to explain it to him, but as several others were present, made no remarks to him on his personal duty. As I recall our brief conversation, I recollect his countenance was very thoughtful, although it did not occur to me at the time. That precious day was spent by us in private and public prayer. It was sweet to know that we were remembered by so many friends in our native land. In the afternoon, the brethren came down from Seir, and we held our usual meeting for about an hour. It was particularly solemn, and the remarks bore on this one point—the connection of earnest prayer with rich blessings. From the concert we went into the seminary, where Mr. Perkins and Mr. Holladay talked to the scholars about the occasion, the many prayers that were offered up for them, and the necessity, if they would be saved, of their praying for themselves. There was good attention, but no evidence of deep seriousness.

"We are accustomed to have an evening meeting on the first Monday of the month, besides the meeting in the afternoon; and

of course had one on this occasion. Before going in, I talked with John, and to my joy found he was serious. He said the subject of religion had not been out of his mind a minute all day. I mentioned his case in the meeting, and it seemed to rouse the brethren to renewed fervor in prayer. On Tuesday morning John's feelings had evidently increased, and he began to realize that he was a lost, helpless sinner. Perhaps it is not worth while to mention my different conversations with him. Suffice it to say, in the evening I brought the question distinctly before him, whether he was heartily willing to renounce his sins and take Jesus Christ for his Saviour and his all. This I told him he was every moment answering in the negative, so long as he delayed fleeing to the Redeemer. I left him, commending his case to him who is so ready to hear the prayers of his people.

"In the morning he told me he hoped his sins were forgiven for Christ's sake. This was almost too good news to believe, and though I could not but hope, I hoped with much trembling. I urged him again and again to consecrate himself, soul and body, to his Saviour, taking care that he was sincere and broken-hearted for sin."

After a detailed account of the evidences of John's conversion, and of other hopeful cases in the mission, Mr. Stoddard proceeds:

"I know, my dear parents, as you read these pages, you will enter into my feelings of anxiety and joy. And when I tell you that I wish to sing praises to the name of my heavenly Father for bringing me to this dark land to labor in his cause, will you not heartily respond, *Amen?* Yes, there is a sweetness anywhere in self-denying labors for Christ. But on *missionary* ground it is doubly sweet to point dying men to heaven. Let those stay in America that *must;* but let those who *can*, preach salvation and eternal life in the region and shadow of death. Think not, we must be useless because we are transplanted to a foreign soil. No—here

is work enough to do; many souls to be saved; a rich harvest to be gathered in. Let us only have more, tenfold more, of the Spirit of our Master, and you need not fear that we shall waste our lives in beating the air.

"By the events of this week we feel humbled and encouraged: *humbled* that God has come so near to us, when so unworthy; *encouraged*, because we can not but regard it as a harbinger of good. May this be a year of the right hand of the Most High. And may our dear parents share largely in these blessings which we ask for ourselves.

"Mrs. Winslow says, 'I wanted to write on the moon *a revival at sea*, that my friends in America might read it, and pray for us, and rejoice with us.' So, too, *I* should like to write this news on the bright moon which shines above me, that to-night you might join in our petitions and songs of praise. But it must not be. Many a weary mile is between us, and many a week must elapse before you read these words."

His own spirit of prayer and of hope at this time is strikingly manifested in his almost daily notes to Rev. Dr. Perkins, who was then at the station on Mount Seir.

"February 6th, 1844. I feel guilty—very guilty—I deserve to be humbled in the dust before God that I have been so faithless, so prayerless, so inactive in this blessed cause. I am sure, from the experience of those times when my feelings have been strongest, that with a heart glowing with love to my Saviour I might have broken through the difficulties which an imperfect knowledge of a strange tongue has thrown around me, and spoken far oftener and with tenfold effect to these perishing sinners. The Lord forgive me for this sin. At the same time, if I know my own heart, I am *much more interested* to have a revival, and pray for it more and more earnestly than I did a month ago. And if God is willing at all to bless my unworthy instrumentality to the salvation of souls, I feel that he will bless it more now than he would then.

"I do not feel as you do, that the state of the natives is any certain index of the state of the mission. Unquestionably God will bless us if we are faithful, and bless us in the conversion of souls, and bless us like *a prince* that gives with no sparing hand. But does not God sometimes prove his children to see if they be really in earnest in seeking a blessing? God avenges his own elect, if they cry aright unto him, though he *bear long with them.* I want to labor and pray with reference to a revival, an *immediate* revival, a *powerful* revival; and if it does not come, to pray on and labor on with that object in view, with that burden on my mind, if God sees fit thus to try me, for *many months.* Is this feeling *wrong*, provided it does not interfere with active and persevering exertions at the present time? Do not let us be discouraged, come what will. Let us sow the seed and be assured that he who goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, *shall doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his seed with him."

"Dear brother, I know I need not exhort you to pray much and fervently. If we continue steadily at the throne of grace, God will pour out a rich blessing on us. It may not be to-day nor to-morrow, but it will be in his own good time; it *will* come. He is faithful who has promised. I say not this because I would not pray and long most earnestly for a *great* revival *now;* but because I fear discouragement will insensibly steal over us if we center *all* our hopes on immediate and striking results."

"We had some conversation on the subject of *brotherly love.* I remarked that I had not seen here the coalescing of heart with heart—the kind, tender, outgoing of soul toward each other—which is extremely desirable and almost necessary to the work of the Lord. I think if we could only meet and confess our wanderings, and humble ourselves before each other and before God, it would have an excellent effect on us. Such a thing *as a form* would of course be worse than useless; and perhaps it would be impracticable. But I do feel that, if we wish to see God's work prosper gloriously, there must be more tender, brotherly love.

"Most, if not all, of the mission are observing this day, and I hope it will be very much blessed. Hhoshaba, John just informs me, is feeling some, and says he has repented. While we pray with solemn earnestness that God would revive his work, ought not our prayers to be equally earnest that God should show these young men their true condition, and not suffer them to build on the sand?

"As to my own feelings, dear brother, I do not see any reason for discouragement. On the other hand, every indication that the brethren feel their backslidings and long to return to their Saviour, is to me a token for good. And could the whole mission be prostrated together, mourning and confessing their past unfaithfulness, then, even if there *was* some difference of opinion about the *amount* of present feeling among the natives, I believe the way would be well prepared for a great work of grace among us. Is not this so? Let us, dear brother, earnestly pray for each other and for the mission, that there may be deep abasement for sin and perfect union and brotherly love."

"I think there is *decided* encouragement. As to the amount of *means* to be employed, the brethren seem to differ; but all are agreed that it is all-important to *pray*. Pray without ceasing. O, let us do it. I rejoice that the brethren will be together to-morrow to consult, and, I hope, to pray for this blessed cause. May God so soften and humble us, so lead us to prayer and to right effort, that these droppings of grace may be followed by a plentiful shower."

A review of the first year of missionary life suggests these valuable reflections:

"March 1st. This is the first anniversary of our sailing from America. Of course it has revived a train of the most tender recollections. We are again in Boston, in the house of our dear brother and sister, surrounded by those who, with tender assiduity, are ministering to our comfort, and whose half-suppressed emotions show that they part from us with a severe struggle. We kneel down, brothers

and sisters, to join in the family prayer. Our hearts are full, well nigh to bursting, but God mingles joy with our sorrow, and we are comforted. At length ten o'clock arrives, and with the multitude we crowd upon the ship. Tears are stealing down many a cheek, but they are hastily brushed away, and our friends, with cheerful countenances and heavy hearts, come to bid us a last farewell. The crowd begins to disperse, and we have the prospect of speedily putting out to sea. But hour after hour passes, and we still linger, as if we could not leave our native land. At last the preparations are all completed, the pilot comes on board, the ropes are cast loose, and we give our sails to the swelling breeze. We see our friends cluster together on the shores. Their well known forms grow more and more dim, till nothing can be seen in the distance but their white handkerchiefs waving in the air. These, too, are soon lost sight of, and taking one last look of the receding shore, we retire with heavy hearts into the cabin. And yet, are we *comfortless?* No, never. *Comfortless!* when we go forth on an errand of mercy to the perishing; when we go to them with the story of a Saviour's love? Comfortless! no, never. From that day to the present, I have not, for a single moment, regretted that I chose to be a missionary. I only regret that I am so profitless a servant, so wedded to this dying, wicked world.

"Trials we undoubtedly have; and I would not undervalue them a moment. Is it no trial to turn one's back on the privileges of a Christian land, and to make a home among a strange and bigoted people in a far-off continent? Is it no trial to find the great mass of those for whom we have come to labor, entirely insensible to our kindness, and utterly regardless of our message? Let those who pronounce a missionary's life one of ease and freedom from trials, come and see for themselves. But the trials are nothing compared with the *mercies.* 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name.' We have not only had this year worldly comforts, but a far richer, choicer proof of God's love. I cast my eye around on my family of natives, and five out of the six I see awake to the subject of their soul's salvation. For two of them we cherish the

pleasing hope that they are born again; and for the others we pray as to a covenant God. These conversions are the more interesting as being a sort of *first fruits* of this people. If others have been previously born again, the change has been so gradual as to produce no very striking impression on the people. But it is different now. We hope they have some living witnesses to the power of the Holy Spirit. These conversions are interesting in another point of view. Some of our brethren had been toiling so long without any apparent success, that they had become partly discouraged, and began to fear that God had no designs of mercy for this people. But God, in his infinite grace, has come so near to the Nestorians during the past winter, that it has done very much to chase away lingering doubts of his willingness to bless. Indeed, by visiting in much love our family, he has kindled in our hearts an interest which I trust will never die. For one, I feel far more longing to labor and to pray for the salvation of the people than when I first arrived among them."

To Dr. Perkins, under the same date, he writes:

"I trust not one of our little company that left America a year ago will be without a heart of overflowing love to-day. Truly, goodness and mercy have followed us: and God grant we may consecrate ourselves renewedly and forever to his service. I shudder to think of living another year as I have lived the last, and believe I can truly say that if this is to be the effect of mercies, I had rather be afflicted. But the effect *need not* be to lead us from God, but rather to kindle ever afresh the flame of holy love. In the year to come let us pray that whatever God sends—whether mercies or chastisements—we may be weaned from the earth, and fitted for our eternal home. And should we see another anniversary like this, let it find us waxing stronger and stronger, and far on our way to the celestial city."

"March 5.—What future years will bring forth, we know not. By this messenger we hear painful intelligence from Mosul, from India, and from the Mediterranean. Only think how distressing it

must be to the missionaries in Batticotta to dismiss so many, around whom their highest hopes had been wont to cling! Only think of the veteran Temple being called from his post, and compelled to return to that land from which he would gladly have been forever an exile. And just look at the distressing condition of the Nestorians in the mountains, and the heart-rending trials of those who bear to them the blessed Gospel. Driven back by fierce Koords, annoyed in every possible way by their Puseyite *brethren*, visited with sickness and death, they are certainly objects of the tenderest sympathy. And yet I believe they stand fast in the Lord. Why should these things move them? Does not God reign? And will not every event, small and great, be overruled for the accomplishment of his designs of mercy? Things may look *dark*, but is there no bow of promise on the cloud—no sun of righteousness that ever shines? Yes, blessed be God: he is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He is our guide and our portion even unto death.

"Last evening (March 4th) we had our concert of prayer, and this view of the unchangeableness of God's purposes of mercy was the subject of our contemplation. We, poor feeble soldiers in this distant city, are enlisted in a vast army and a glorious cause under the great Captain of our salvation. The field of conflict is the world, and we have the promise of a certain victory. The ranks may here and there be broken, and some wounded or afraid may retire from the struggle. But the cause *must* prosper. Every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess. *Thus saith the Lord.* There may be overturnings; there may be wars, and rumors of wars; but all is steadily advancing. We must take courage. We must unfurl our banners to the breeze, and in the strength of our Almighty Guide press onward undaunted by all our foes. If we do not live to see the end in this world, we shall in another. Looking down from the everlasting hills, our hearts shall fill to overflowing, and when the top stone is laid we shall join with the great multitude of the redeemed in shouting, Grace, grace unto it.

"Let not parents, nor brothers, nor sisters weep that one or two of their number are engaged in a work so glorious. Let them rather

speed us by their prayers, and weep that they can not join us in the field of battle. Oh! how contemptible will all our sacrifices seem when we stand before the throne of our Saviour, and hymn our songs of everlasting praise."

"And now, in view of these things what shall we say? 'Oh, that we might return to our native land? Oh, that we had not devoted ourselves to this poor, degraded people?' *No*, parents, brothers, sisters, let us not say so. It would show hard, unfeeling hearts, if we did not glow with love, and gratitude, and praise. We have been led by a Father's hand, we have been fed from the storehouse of his bounty. We have been shielded from danger and disease. We have seen some poor Nestorians awakened to a sense of their everlasting destiny, and perhaps two under our own roof born again. Let us then be of one mind, and unite with one voice in a tribute of thanksgiving. And if ever we should be inclined—you in America, or we in Asia—to murmur at the dealings of God's providence with us, let us turn to this, our first year of our missionary life, and bless God that has so kindly and graciously separated us from you."

The habitual humility of Mr. S. led him to keep his own agency in this work quite out of sight.

"I have been speaking the language so much lately, that on *religious subjects* I can already make myself tolerably well understood. But of course I stammer much, and it will be years before I am a ready speaker. Last Sabbath was interesting to me from two facts. It was the first Sabbath of a new year in my missionary life; and it was the first Sabbath I had attempted any thing *like preaching* in Syriac. Some forty or fifty women, and a number of children, had assembled in Mrs. Stocking's house, and as Mr. S. was sick, she prevailed on me to take his place. Of course it was a feeble effort; but it *was* an *effort*, and encourages me to try again. By God's blessing, I shall be able to preach by next summer. I can not yet pray at all in the language, but it is quite time I was learning. I

have not yet written to the Rooms, because I shun coming before the public eye. And it seems wrong that I, who have done nothing in the missionary work, should, by my letters, perhaps exclude information from veterans in the service. If it were not for the hope of doing good in this way, I think I would never have a letter published. While I write, Miss Fisk and my wife are reading a letter from Dr. King, in which he says it is better to keep our account with Christ than with the world, and to pray 'Hallowed be *thy* name,' rather than hallowed be *my* name."

His joy and success in his own work increased his interest for the spiritual welfare of his personal friends and the churches of Christ in his native land. His counsels to a brother in the ministry (Rev. E. Strong of New Haven), are full of affection and encouragement.

"March 7th, 1844. I can sympathize with you in *your work*. Though you are a minister in America and I a missionary in Persia, our work is substantially one: the bringing of lost souls to a knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We may have our peculiar difficulties, our peculiar trials. But we labor in the same army, under the same Captain. We rely on the same aid of the Holy Spirit; are sustained by the same promises, and expect alike to reign in glory. In such a work, wherever we are, on Christian or heathen ground, if our encouragement is not abundant, and our harvest of souls great, I feel that it will be our own fault. Jesus is faithful; his promises are yea and amen; his Spirit is our never-failing strength. O! my dear brother, let us live to God, with a firm, steady determination to devote all that we have and are to the blessed cause of saving souls. I beg of you not to copy after other ministers, but to copy after Paul, or, best of all, after Jesus our Saviour. If you find your cares and responsibilities great, go to him and lean for strength on his Almighty arm. Be a burning and shining light. Watch for souls by day and night; and may God grant that your course to glory be marked by the salvation of a multitude of souls. Would that I had

enforced these words more by my life, when I was yet present with you; and would that now I felt them a hundred times more. I can hardly realize that a year has gone by since I left my native shores. But so it is; a year of great exposure by sea and land, and in a hostile clime; a year of great unworthiness; and a year of rich mercy. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

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"You will be glad to know that I am very happy in my missionary work. There has not been a day that I have sighed for my father land. To be sure I have had much to attract my attention and to appeal to my natural feeling of curiosity, as I have traveled through strange countries and formed acquaintances with strange men. Perhaps something is also attributable to my cheerful disposition, which makes me more or less satisfied with my situation, whatever it may be. I would be far from saying that if trials come, and I should ever, as Paul was, be tossed about on the angry billows, that I could say with him, 'none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself.' And yet I can not but hope that I have some real love for my work, and a desire to be used as a humble instrument in the promotion of God's glory. Pray for me, dear brother, that I may rapidly acquire the languages of this people, and be wise to win souls."

"May 25th. Last time I wrote you we were hoping to see a powerful revival of religion. Our hopes have not been realized; but I shall never persuade myself it was not entirely owing to our want of faith, and love, and devotion. O! for more of the spirit of Christ; for a more elevated standard of Christian character. I do most firmly believe, my dear brother, that if we missionaries were doing our duty, our *whole* duty, and if we were sustained *fully* by the sympathies and prayers (I will not say *contributions*, though they will follow of course,) of the church at home, that the cause of our Redeemer would make FAR *more* rapid advances in the world. There is a fault somewhere, and is it not the lack I have mentioned? You

ministers must consider yourselves *solemnly pledged* to bring up the people to this work; and see that you keep a dying world before you in *your own prayers*."

"May 22d, 1844. A year has now almost gone by since we reached this our home. A year, O, how unprofitably spent, but a year of distinguishing mercy. I feel now in every respect but *one* that I am a *missionary*, and that is in want of holiness of heart. It is hard to keep warm in this frozen atmosphere. It is as if you put an infant in the snow—so helpless, so unable to keep itself alive. Thus it is with us. Indeed we are far more helpless, far more dependent than *infants*, and well will it be for us if we are continually led for light and life to the never-failing source. We need, *always* need, *perishingly* need, the prayers and the sympathies of our friends at home. We must be *holy* if we would be successful; and in order to holiness we need much our own prayers and the intercessions of the saints.

"We rejoice to hear, dear parents, that you are having so pleasant and quiet an old age. May your declining years be spent in communion with God and in preparation for that blessed world where the inhabitants shall never be weary, nor sick, nor aged. Would that we thought more of our heavenly abode. What strangers most of us will be, if we ever get there. How few, with Baxter, take a daily walk through the New Jerusalem or breathe its bracing air, or take the water from the crystal fountains of life. Strange that we should be pilgrims and strangers, and yet be unwilling to think we are *going home*. Strange that we should rake together dust, and turn our eyes from the golden crown."

His first successful attempt at preaching in modern Syriac is described with joyful enthusiasm in the following letter to a brother:

"May 25th, 1844. It would give us a thrill of pleasure to take a walk this summer morning with you and our sister F——. I think

you were never in such a paradise as this. In the midst of a mud-walled city, I am yet in the midst of nature's loveliest scenes. Our yard is large, and filled with tall trees that bend in the breeze over our heads. The music of a thousand birds fills the air, and flowers load it with their perfume. Owing to our elevation above most of the native houses, we can look off, in different directions, upon the plains and to the neighboring mountains. Everywhere is the richest verdure and the finest variety. The mountains are without a single tree, but are covered with green grass, and projected in pleasant curves on the sky. With my telescope I can follow the Koordish shepherds, as they lead up their sheep and goats for pasture. In one direction we catch glimpses of the distant lake, now hid by the intervening trees, and now for a moment gleaming in the sunshine.

"But if you would see the plain of Oroomiah as it is, you must take a horseback excursion beyond the walls. This we do every day, and find it almost essential to our health. Having no carriages, and it being difficult to walk—at times from the water, at times from the dust—the Persians live almost on horseback. In this the mission have of late years copied their example; though had the example been followed earlier, it might have given our home a better reputation than it has for health. The fields around the city are like one vast garden, and with their long rows of trees and ripening fruit, intermingled with fine vineyards and wheat fields, make a very attractive appearance. I am often struck forcibly in this country by a new meaning to old passages of Scripture. And none has seemed so appropriate or so truly descriptive of this natural scenery as the last part of the 65th Psalm: 'Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness. They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.'

"I hope before we lie in the dust, we shall need as glowing lan-

guage to describe the spiritual beauty of this eastern country as we now do to describe its gardens and meadows. But for the present the contrast is very painful. 'What though each prospect pleases, and only man is vile?' It is possible, as you hear about these charming scenes, you may almost wish your home was by the side of mine. But one must love nature *very much indeed*, if he expects it to compensate him for living in a moral waste—nay, in the region and shadow of death. And yet it *is* a privilege to live here; and would be, if this fruitful field became a desert. Oh! that we realized more our glorious commission, to bear the sweet name of Jesus to those perishing in sin.

"I find my situation among the Nestorians more and more interesting, and, I would fain hope, my labors more useful. It has been trying to me the past year, when I have looked around on my brethren, and seen them all laboring for Christ, that I have been able to do little or nothing to aid them. Stranger as I was, I felt a constraint in my intercourse with the natives, all whose customs are so different from our own. Then again it is only within two or three months that I have talked Syriac intelligibly to others, or with any satisfaction to myself. But recently I have been getting into a different sphere, and am brought much more into contact with the native mind. Last Sabbath was a memorable one to me in my missionary life, for it was the first Sabbath I publicly attempted to preach Christ. Early in the morning, John, 'my own son in the faith,' set out with me for some villages ten or twelve miles distant. It was a beautiful day; nature was full of loveliness, and the heat of the sun was moderated by occasional showers of rain. As we rode along we beguiled the way by 'speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs.' On passing Geog Tapa, old Mar Elias came out to meet us, and invited us 'to eat bread' at his house and preach to the people. But when he learned our destination—to come villages that only rarely heard the Gospel—he bade us God speed, and we passed on.

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"On reaching the village, we were conducted by our guide to the

school room, as there was no church and no priest there. In the course of half an hour a number of men and women assembled, and a row of ragged little boys and girls with eyes as bright and eager as can anywhere be found. We see many beautiful children here, excepting their rags and dirt, and many fine looking men; this is of little consequence, only as indicating what they might become by the grace of God. We preached for about an hour to our little company, who listened with deep attention. John closed with prayer, and we bade our friends good morning. I should say that we were interrupted, and yet pleased, as the brethren often are, by some of the old men confirming our words.

"Our reception at the other villages was not materially different, but very pleasant. They insisted, wherever we stopped, on our eating bread, and took the best care of our horses. I thought I could notice a marked difference between the people of these retired villages and of the larger ones, in their reception of us and our message. This may arise partly from their seclusion, partly from the novelty of preaching, partly from the attention shown them by the visit, but principally, I think, from the fact that they have no wicked priests to lead them downward to hell.

"Late in the evening we returned; and a pleasanter day I have rarely spent. Pray for me, dear brother, that it may be a precursor of many, many more. I now speak the language in a very stammering way, but am longing for the time to come when words shall flow with freedom."

But amid all these labors and successes he cherished a deep sense of personal unworthiness and of dependence upon God. How touching is this expression of his feelings to his mother:

"I have been reading again, dear mother, your very affecting letter of March 20th. It grieves me to find you writing as if I was so weaned from the world, and living so much in heaven. I am sensible it is not so. It is very hard, situated as we are in a land of

the shadow of death, with almost every thing to draw us from God, to lead a holy life. And I sincerely believe few missionaries, if any, have so much reason to mourn their barrenness as I. You complain of a cold heart, and assign *uniform prosperity* as the probable reason. Now how, dear mother, can you suppose that *I*—so young in years and knowing far less of affliction than you—can be in advance of yourself, an old and experienced Christian? Such an idea is very painful and I can not dwell upon it; I will only say that I shall ever love to sit at your feet and learn my obligations to my Saviour. And I trust while I remain so cold and worldly, you will never again speak of my conversation as in heaven. Rather stimulate me, dear mother, to labor for what I have never yet attained, an unvarying attachment to my blessed Lord.

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"In whichever church you are, dear parents, I trust you will adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour, and by your example and direct efforts bring many to a knowledge of the truth. Unpleasant as it is, in some points of view, to mention it, you can hardly expect to continue many years on this side of Jordan. Forgive, then, the freedom of a son who begs you to trim your lamps, to bind your girdles, and to be waiting for the Son of Man. Have you read Mr. Goodell's interesting account of his father? I should ask no higher honor than to be descended from such a parent. And if permitted to outlive you, my honored father and mother, I trust I shall remember you as full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and advancing steadily and with a giant's strength toward the Mount Zion above."

But the period now under review was not altogether one of sunshine and success. The mission deeply felt the death of Dr. Grant who was laboring among the mountain Nestorians, and the calamities which, in 1844, fell upon many stations. Mr. Stoddard thus notices these events:

"June 15th, 1844. Our messenger arriving yesterday, brought us the deeply painful intelligence of Dr. Grant's death. I have

never seen him, but in common with many others I have formed high ideas of his talents, enterprising, noble spirit, and humble, warm-hearted piety. As a general loss to the cause of missions, many will weep at his early death. But to that poor bereaved mission it is a stroke that no words can describe. God has again and again broken their hearts, and none but God can bind them up. What his designs are in reference to that mission, we know not. But in the sacking of Tiary, the occupation of the missionary premises by a wild Koordish chief, the obstacles thrown in Mr. and Mrs. Bliss's way to Mosul, the death of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, of Mr. Hinsdale and Mrs. Laurie, and lastly, that of Dr. Grant, God is certainly speaking to us in no common voice. Whatever be his plans, he will certainly accomplish them; and, blessed be his name, they will all result in everlasting glory to Christ Jesus and his church."

At this very time the mission to the Nestorians was called to pass through severe trials. These arose partly from an attempt to modify the policy of the mission itself with a view to an advanced stage of labors among the people, and partly from the efforts of Jesuit emissaries to pervert the Nestorians to the faith of Rome, and to array the government against the American missionaries. In the beginning of their labors the missionaries deemed it expedient to employ some of the highest ecclesiastics as secular assistants in their work. The bishops were the most competent persons to assist the missionaries in the study of the language and in the preparation of books for the people. Their influence also was desirable in order that the mission might have free access to the Nestorian church, and be established upon a permanent footing. For a time the plan worked well. But after a few years, it became apparent that the bishops presumed upon their nominal connection with the mission for selfish purposes, and

that the jealousy of the common people, rather than their sympathy, was excited by the measure. An attempt to change this policy, for a time arrayed the Patriarch's family and many of the bishops in open hostility to the missionaries, and led to the temporary suspension of the mission schools.

Advantage was taken of this state of things by the agents both of Roman and of Anglican ecclesiasticism, who had for years been seeking to alienate the Nestorians from their American teachers. The intrigues of the Jesuits had been so bold and dangerous as to lead to their expulsion from the country, mainly, it is supposed, through the influence of the Russian ambassador at the Persian court. In this measure the American missionaries had no agency; but the emissaries of the Romish faith sought to accomplish their expulsion also, and for a time the mission was threatened with extermination. From the numerous letters of Mr. Stoddard upon these subjects, it is sufficient at this late day to publish one which covers both topics, and which exhibits his faith under trials.

"February 27th, 1845. When I joined this mission, and for some time after, every thing was very prosperous. The people were gradually becoming enlightened, and some were truly converted to God. But after the sacking of the mountains by the Koords, and the destruction of Dr. Grant's fairest hopes, evil began to come upon *us*. The patriarchal family, excepting the Patriarch himself, who fled to Mosul, found their way to Oroomiah. They proved themselves to be extremely haughty and overbearing, and fully justified the account we had previously received, that by their insults to the Koordish chiefs they had provoked the slaughter of their people. Stripped as they were of all their possessions, and driven from their homes, we thought it no more than Christian charity to treat them

for awhile as our guests. In the propriety of this, I believe our friends in America fully coincided. But after they began to develop their character, and some months had passed away, we told them respectfully, but firmly, that we could not give them a permanent support. This irritated them exceedingly; and the more, as we had the bishops in our employ as native helpers. They declared that if we gave salaries to bishops and priests, and refused to give to them also, they would destroy our mission, root and branch. At the same time they offered no equivalent for the money except the exertion of a *general influence* in our favor. As we are not sent here to *buy* influence, and as they had taken ground of avowed hostility, we had no alternative but to suffer their wrath and put our trust in God. Their first attack was upon our schools, which, fifty in number, were scattered over the plain. These have for six months past been all broken up, and nearly a thousand partially instructed children been left to relapse into their former ignorance and degradation. The next attack was upon our native helpers in our own yard. Some of these by persuasion and threats they succeeded in drawing away from us; but the majority remained as before. The third attack was upon our printing press. Several of the printers, with their parents, brothers and sisters, were excommunicated, and the curses of the Old and New Testaments heaped on their heads. As it was ascertained, however, that the protection which was extended to our *persons*, extended also to our quiet operations in our own yard, and that one who should interfere with these would be likely to bring trouble on himself, this form of opposition was soon withdrawn. The bishops in our employ seemed from the first intimidated by their ecclesiastical superiors, and in consequence were in a measure disaffected toward us. Their connection was not, however, dissolved, as perhaps it should have been, and for some months they have been giving their *influence* to our enemies while they have nominally been *our helpers*.

"So much for the causes which have operated here on the plain to disturb our preaching and our labors for Jesus Christ. But these are not all. I have mentioned that the Patriarch found his way to

Mosul. There he was entertained and flattered by Mr. Badger till he was very much prejudiced against us and our operations, and ready fully to sustain his brothers here in their opposition by his patriarchal seal. During all this time the Catholics have not been idle. You are probably aware that France stands pledged to sustain her Jesuit missionaries all over the world, even, if necessary, by arguments drawn from the cannon's mouth. A short time after the Jesuits were expelled from this province at the instance of the Russian ambassador at the court of Teheran, the French sent an embassy hither to demand satisfaction from the Persian King. Finding him inflexible and determined not to admit them again into his empire, they bent all their energies to have us expelled also. We were misrepresented, abused, and our motives vilified at the capital, while we, five hundred miles distant, were unable to answer such calumnies except by a personal representation. Accordingly, two of our number set off to ride this distance on horseback in the depth of winter; a winter which scarcely ever had a parallel for severity in this mild climate. There our brethren, after much detention, were enabled to vindicate completely their cause; and perhaps our standing is as good with the government as could be desired. But it is *very undesirable* when a government is so reckless, so suspicious, and so accessible to bribes as this, to be brought to its notice at all. And we should much prefer to remain entirely *unknown* to the authorities, to receiving the highest proofs of royal favor. In this country, it generally happens that a man is *known* only to be marked out for slaughter.

"Thus have I given you a brief outline of our troubles; and I have been the more minute, because I suppose you will see none of my other letters. I trust you will not suppose that our journeys to Teheran, and our entanglement with the powers that be, have been *sought*. On the contrary, they have been most anxiously deprecated. But they seemed unavoidable. As to our present position: every thing is quiet, and on a limited scale we are pursuing our work. The Patriarch's brothers do not openly oppose us, though they feel that they have triumphed in breaking up our schools and stopping

our preaching. The bishops we have lost our confidence in, and we are expecting, before many weeks, orders from the Prudential Committee to dismiss them from our service. This may raise a storm for the time, and array against us a more formidable opposition, but I do not fear the ultimate result. The simple fact is, that here is going on, as all over the world, a desperate conflict between the religion of forms and ceremonies and the religion of the soul, and however long the struggle may be, I do not doubt that in the end simple Christianity will come off *victorious.*

"During most of these stormy times I have had a few boys under my instruction, and they are now increased in number to about twelve. They are very active and intelligent, and I can truly say that I feel as much pleasure in my work as if I was pastor of the Old South, or even bishop of New York. The labor is humble, it is true, and just now on a small scale. But one thing I know, that if we are faithful anywhere, God will abundantly bless our labors. Write it in letters of gold, *that David Brainard was the instrument of converting more souls among a few Indians than all that have been gathered by many missionaries for thirty years in the empire of China.* If I can teach only ten boys, let me teach ten. If I can have forty, let me be the more thankful. I am trying to instruct my pupils in chemistry and natural science, and I hope to carry them through a full course of study for several years. We are furnished with some apparatus, and I am gradually making more. Recently I astonished the natives by producing a solar microscope, magnifying fifty-four thousand times; and more recently still, a camera obscura. But these are small things compared with the influences of the Spirit and the conversion of souls. Pray for us, dear brother and sister, that we may be richly blessed."

In view of these trials, Mr. Stoddard writes:

"When I came out here I had little idea of the trials of a missionary life. I thought they would be in a great measure physical, setting aside separation from friends and native land. But our outward

condition is very comfortable: it is such occurrences as these that weigh like a load on our spirits. But it is sweet to leave all with God. He knows far better than we do what is best. He will bring light out of darkness, good out of evil—make the wrath of man to praise him, and make his own blessed kingdom triumph through the earth."

Again he writes to a brother in Scotland:

"I am an exile like yourself. Around me is the shadow of death. I am daily called to mourn over the blindness, the stubbornness, the prejudices of those whom we are trying to save. *You little know*, my dear brother, what a missionary life is, if you think it is not one of peculiar trial. I think I have suffered more in my feelings, since I came here, than in all my life before! Do I, then, repine? Far, very far from it. For I am persuaded that if I have not high spiritual enjoyments which will put in the shade all my trials, it is my own fault. What means the promise, 'there is no man that hath forsaken father and mother, etc., that shall not receive a *hundred-fold* in this present time?' Does it not mean that I can be happier in Persia than I could in America? Not because my house is better, or my table more richly spread, but because I may have the light of God's countenance, and bright hopes of immortal glory. Pray for me, dear brother, that I may be faithful and eminently successful in winning souls to Christ."

Mrs. Stoddard fully shared her husband's prayerful courage under these trials. The following letters, written upon one sheet, and addressed to their parents, show how fully the grace of God comforted and sustained them.

"How pleasant it would be this afternoon to come and sit by your side, and tell you all our comforts and trials. God has led us in a gracious way, and though now 'clouds and darkness are round about him,' and scarcely a ray of hope appears in our horizon, yet we can still sing of goodness and mercy. David has written brother Charles the particulars of our troubles, and I presume it will be need-

less for me to repeat them. I will only say our prospects are *sad*, and we know not what God has in store for us, or this poor people. How great is the consolation that our covenant-keeping God will order all things right, and even though we may not be permitted to break the bread of life to the poor Nestorians, still his cause will not eventually suffer. The *prospect* of our leaving fills our hearts with sadness; how painful the *reality* would be, none can tell.

"But there is hope that God will so order events that we may be permitted to labor here till our earthly work is done, and in a way far more effectual than before. To him we look, and cast all our care on him who careth for us. Next Monday we observe as a day of fasting and prayer. It would cheer our hearts if our dear friends could join with us in keeping the day, but we have the comfort of knowing not a day passes but we are remembered by loved ones at a throne of grace.

"David has perhaps written you that he was appointed principal of the seminary. It was to be a boarding-school, and I was to have the boarding part as my department. The school was to contain twenty-five boys, and we have laid in stores for them. But at present it would be worse than in vain to collect them together, even should they be willing to come, and our seminary for a time must be in the future. We have, however, Priest Abraham, John, and four boys in our family. Priest A. is busy translating a tract, and David has the others organized into a regular school. Besides the four boys, whom we board and clothe, there are five or six other boys, who attend David's school daily, from the city. David is also busy in preparing copy for the press in connection with Mr. Holladay, so you see his time is fully occupied. To-day I have been cutting out shirts for the boys.

"It would be so pleasant if we could go on as we intended, but all will be right. I have, for three afternoons in a week, a portion of Miss Fisk's school. I attend to their sewing, and find it pleasant and useful. I continue to teach them to sing, and find them as much interested in it as they were last winter. My little babe takes some of my attention, though she sits on the floor now and amuses

herself a good deal of the time. She is a great comfort to us in this land of strangers, and has closely entwined herself around our affections. She has a great many cunning and interesting ways, and is a great favorite with all the members of our family. She is very fat, and the picture of health and happiness. I wish you could see her, you would love her for her own sake as well as for her parents'. I am sorry that I can write no more, but I have been interrupted until it is too late to finish this letter. David, however, will supply my deficiency. With much love to William and his wife, I remain your affectionate daughter, HARRIETTE B. STODDARD."

To this Mr. Stoddard adds:

"When you gave me up to the missionary work I suppose you never dreamed of my being free from *trials*. The apostles went from city to city, and amid great persecutions planted the standard of the cross. And missionaries in modern times have met with sorrow enough to convince us their life is not to be one of worldly ease. To be sure this mission has hitherto been remarkably free from reverses. All around us have been troubles—in Turkey on the one side, and India on the other—but God has graciously spared us. Now, a time of trial comes, and we must not any of us be dismayed nor disheartened. As in the life of an individual it is a bad sign when all goes smoothly, year after year, so it is with missions. It may be that the great Head of the church has seen in this field too much security, and too confident hopes indulged, and in his infinite wisdom rebuked such improper feelings. I do not mean at all that this is the case, but only that it *may* be so. On the supposition that we are permitted to remain here, what we are passing through will doubtless be for our own good, and I trust thus bring down blessings on this poor people. And even if we are driven out, God has no doubt his own wise designs to accomplish by it, and blessed be his name.

"At all events let us address ourselves to earnest prayer that the light might not be taken away from this remnant of an ancient church, and they left a prey to their cruel masters, and a more certain prey to their great adversary."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

The violent opposition of the Patriarch and his family, and the intrigues of the Jesuits, compelled the missionaries of the American Board to disband all the schools which they had established outside of the mission premises, and to remodel the seminary at Oroomiah, with which Mr. Stoddard was principally connected. The sequel proved that the changes thus introduced into the organization of the seminary were of the highest importance to its future usefulness. The cheerfulness and patience with which Mr. Stoddard labored in his circumscribed field are a fine example of entire submission to the will of Christ.

He writes to a brother:

"February 26th, 1845. You will be glad to learn that, after being tossed about so long, our ship is finding a little repose; God has put it in the heart of the Russian ambassador, and of the Shah, to treat us kindly, and to secure us, for the present, in the quiet prosecution of our labors. How long this will last, of course we can not tell. Reekless as this government is, and noted as the Russians are for bigotry in matters of religion, and determined as France shows herself in sustaining Jesuit missionaries all over the world, by arguments derived from the cannon's mouth, there is little prospect, humanly speaking, that we shall be long unmolested, unless we can have again efficient English protection. But we will not yield to gloomy forebodings, for it is better to trust in the Lord than to put

confidence in princes: and we do know that with him, we—our wives, our children, our cause, *all*—are everlastingly safe. While we will use all lawful measures to secure favor and protection from the great ones of earth, I do pray that with more childlike simplicity and firm faith we may trust the King of kings. How slow are we to learn the lesson, and trust every thing in the hands of infinite wisdom and love.

"Brother, we are having a *hard time*. Who would have anticipated, when I came out, that this mission was destined to meet such heavy reverses? But we must not be faint-hearted or repine. For one, I can truly say, that, either owing to my hopeful temperament or to divine grace, I am not at all inclined to be so. I am teaching ten or a dozen boys in my family with just as much interest as if I was a preacher in Park Street Church; and I do not envy the situation of any living man; I am just where God would have me be, and here I mean to stay just so long as he wants me; then I shall be ready to go somewhere else."

Also to Rev. E. Strong:

"February 28th, 1845. We are pursuing our operations in a quiet, limited way, and watching anxiously the leadings of Providence. We do not think it wise just now to have village schools, or to preach a great deal, except to those belonging to our yards. But I have a dozen boys with me, who are, I hope, the beginning of a first rate seminary. I am gradually increasing their number as opportunity offers; I take none but promising boys, and such as will be likely to stay, even in case of a storm. I am teaching them their own language—the ancient Syriac—writing, geography, arithmetic, chemistry, and some of them the English. I do not envy you, or any body else, other spheres of labor. There is abundant opportunity here for the exercise of what little mechanical skill I possess, and I try to turn it to good account. I have constructed a powerful solar microscope, a camera obscura, etc.; and find that such things, coming in as *incidentals*, aid me very much in my work,

To prevent the boys from going home next week, to one of their great feasts, I have promised to made them a balloon, and thus keep them by *attraction* rather than *compulsion*. Pray, dear brother, that God will bless me in my management of this little school."

In many ways the mechanical skill of Mr. Stoddard was of great service to the mission. At first he found it difficult to secure punctuality in the exercises of the seminary, and the religious services of the Sabbath, for want of a common standard of time. To remedy this, he constructed sun-dials at various points, so that all the pupils, and the different families on the mission premises, could have the same notation of the passing hours. "In this sunny land," he writes, "these have served an admirable purpose, and, I am of opinion, have saved us many hours of waiting for one another, and, I may add, a great deal of wear and tear of feeling, which even an angel would be liable to if his companion was not punctual. But the sun does not always shine, even here; and a sun-dial is, of course, a useless thing in the evening." So he sent to America for a large plain clock for the seminary; this he learned to clean and regulate; and, as there was no competent watchmaker nearer than Constantinople, he wrote to a watchmaker in Northampton a series of questions for specific instruction in the care of watches, and thus became the regulator of time for the entire mission. "Making telescopes and solar microscopes," said he, "is not cleaning watches; but he who has learned to do one may easily learn to do the other." Mr. Stoddard was also as expert in repairing a wagon as in cleaning a watch, and was able to superintend and direct the unskilled Persian mechanics employed in erecting or repairing the buildings for the use of the mission.

Though not himself skillful as a singer, he took great delight in the praises of God, and gave prominence to singing in his school.

"It would do your soul good to hear us all join in singing a Nestorian hymn before the family altar. I am sure you would forget all the discords, and praise God for his goodness to us and to them: to *them*, for the privilege of being trained up for heaven; and to *us*, for the privilege of training them. I should like to go more into detail, but can not now. I trust I have said enough to lead you and your dear wife earnestly to the throne of grace in our behalf. Pray that we may quietly pursue our work; pray that the clouds which yet hang over us may be all scattered; pray that these boys may be truly converted to God, and made chosen vessels to bear salvation to their perishing people; pray that we may be nerved with faith, and strength, and zeal, and be warmed with never-dying love. I am glad you are doing so much for the West; the more the better. If God prospers you in business, let him have the first-fruits. Most Christians know little about liberality, and less about self-denial; and, unhappily, missionaries (I speak for myself) fall too much under the same condemnation."

The spiritual welfare of his pupils was always with him a subject of anxious thought. "I must not omit to speak of the spiritual instruction of our boys. This is *by far* the most important part of the subject, and one where, I sometimes feel, I most fail. We hold prayers, in Syriac, twice a day, and I talk a good deal to them about their souls; but I fear my own heart is not burning enough with holy love to wing my words to their consciences. May God forgive me for my unfaithfulness, and make me a better steward of the manifold grace of God."—To another correspondent he writes, (April 23):

"Harrictte has dwelt so much on the dark side of the picture, in reference to our labors, that I fear you will get a mistaken idea of her feelings. The truth is, that here, as in every other land not blest with the pure Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, there is superstition, stupidity, and moral death. If the reverse was the fact, and the Sun of Righteousness shining brightly here, we should feel it no less our privilege than our duty to go elsewhere, to China, or the isles of the sea, and bear the glad news of Jesus and him crucified. But as it is, I can assure you that my dear wife and myself are *more than contented here*, nay, we are *happy* in thus being permitted to coöperate with God in a work so eminently divine. Yes, we bless his name for being here; and though we may never grasp you again by the hand, nor hear your voices of love; though we may toil on year after year, amid trial and discouragement; and though we lay our bones in a stranger land, with few to shed the tear of sympathy or strew our graves with flowers, I trust we shall never regret that we devoted our lives to this poor dying people. We can bear all the trials, and I trust shall cheerfully do so, if God will only make us useful and successful in winning souls to Christ."

"April 23d, 1845. I have just opened the exercises of the day in the seminary, by reading the Bible and prayer, and am now seated with all my bees around me to write you a letter. And if there is no great logical order or clearness of ideas, you will please to remember under what circumstances it was brought into being. It is the universal custom in these countries for scholars to read aloud, and it is very difficult to break them of it. They will promise to try, but as soon as your back is turned and you are engaged about something else, there will be all the noise of a bumble-bees' nest. So much by way of explanation of my present position. This is one of the most beautiful of our spring days. The sky has the clearness and depth of coloring that you find in Italian landscapes. The trees are rearing their green tops and bending gracefully in the breeze, and birds innumerable are hopping from bough to bough, singing the praises of their Creator. I am sure you can have but an imperfect idea of the

beauties of nature which in the spring God spreads around us here. The birds alone are a perpetual source of pleasure. Every morning their captain (whether chosen by ballot or possessed of the longest beard I can not say) pitches his pipe on one of our tall trees. Then the whole set in and form a most enchanting choir. The old storks, perched in their nest over the house, drum the time with their long bills, and all is a season of joyous mirth. By and by up springs the sun from over the lake, shaking off the water from his locks, and making a happy landscape still more bright. It is indeed true that 'every prospect pleases, and only man is vile.' With Christianity and the blessings which it brings, this might readily be one of the first countries in the world. But as it now is, we daily witness scenes which sadden our hearts, and dim the brightness of the prospect. May the time soon come when this 'land of the sun' shall receive joyfully the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness."

"August 12, 1845. My last letter to you, forwarded by the overland mail, was dated April 22d. You may think that a considerable interval has elapsed without my giving you the usual quota; but this is rather owing to the present quiet of our situation than to my want of attention to you. Indeed, the past year I have written more than I could have wished. At least the subject of my letters to you has often been of an unpleasant nature, and one that, had my ideas of duty permitted, I would gladly have passed over in silence. I am very much indebted to you for your valuable counsels, and your kind sympathy. We have truly been in the furnace, and I pray God that we may come out purified from some of our dross. Some of my letters from my friends in America have been apparently written under the impression that I was not perfectly happy in my missionary work. *This is not the case.* I am happy here, notwithstanding all our trials; and I can truly say, what I have said before, that I envy the place of no man, be he where and who he may. If God will only make me useful to this poor people, it is enough. The work is not small, and if God prosper us I have no doubt the result will be a glorious one. But I will not enlarge on my views of the

missionary work, or of our particular prospects at this station, for you have abundant light on these points already."

The trials experienced from the Patriarch and the bishops led Mr. Stoddard to take deeper views of the necessity of an ecclesiastical reformation in order to the full triumph of the Gospel.

"As to our relations with the people *externally*, they are as favorable as could be wished. The patriarchal family seem to be weary of fruitless opposition, and are willing to be considered our nominal friends. The bishops never were so ready as now in their offers of assistance, though, after what has passed, we are more slow than we once were in giving them our confidence. But for my own part, I am becoming more and more convinced that the work of God is to be carried on here, and elsewhere, amongst the *people* rather than the *ecclesiastics*. Patriarchs and bishops always have been, from the time of Caiaphas downwards, one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of the Gospel, and are likely to be so in time to come. Instead of relying on *them*, we must rather expect and desire to see the work progressing among the mass of the people; and if the great ones rise up against us, we must not, on that account, be driven back in dismay. Some may think the work will go on more *smoothly with* them than without them; and so it may. But is *smoothness* a test of the progress of genuine piety? May it not be that if we are in perils oft and sail on stormy seas, we shall see more conversions and have more cheering evidence of the presence of God than this mission has ever witnessed? I do believe we may."

To Rev. E. E. Bliss, at Trebizond.

"It seems that your work is frowned down by persecution. I trust you will not despair of seeing yet great things at Trebizond. Look for great things; pray for great things, and put your whole trust in the Lord. He can bring good out of evil, and light out of

darkness, and make the wrath of man to praise him. I am more and more satisfied that the world is never to be converted while churches at home, and, to too great an extent, their missionaries abroad, are half asleep and crying peace, peace. A mighty struggle is coming on, and though we may not live to see the issue, it is still interesting to hear the note of preparation and observe the armies mustering for the charge. Popery and Puseyism, formalism and the devil, on one side, and God and his servants on the other. The struggle may be *long*, but is it not pleasant to remember that in the end truth and righteousness will triumph?—that Jesus and his salvation shall meet the wants of a dying world, and American and Nestorian, Jew and Greek, sit down around his cross? If we keep these animating and blessed truths before us, dear brother, we shall not flinch from persecution, nor fear all that wicked men or wicked spirits can do against us. Only let us feel that it is ours to labor and ours to pray, and that the great cause may be safely rested in the hands of God, and we shall be cheerful and happy in the darkest night."

A little sketch of a visit to Tabreez introduces us to Persian traveling.

"September 26, 1845. Perhaps you have heard, from various sources, that I have suffered more or less this summer from a sort of tic douloreux, and some weakness of the eyes. These have been quite trifling indeed, compared with what my older brethren in the mission have gone through, and with what I expected when I left America. But Mr. Perkins and some of my other friends kindly expressed the opinion, and urged it with frequent repetition, that if I were to settle down quietly for the winter, without any recreation, I might be unable to meet properly the responsibility which falls on me. I accordingly proposed to my dear wife to accompany me on horseback to this city, and Mr. and Mrs. Stocking, the latter of whom has for eight or nine years been confined to the plain of Oroomiah, and who felt the need of some change of air and scene, agreed to join the party. We took with us our tents, and in order safely and pleasantly

to convey the children, we put their baskets on the back of a stout horse, with a rider seated between them for a guide. These baskets are several feet in breadth and height, strongly braced with wood, covered with coarse native carpeting, and stuffed comfortably on the inside with wool. There is a little seat in each, so contrived that the little ones shall not slip out of their position, while at the same time they have opportunity to stretch their limbs freely. Over the top is an awning, in rude imitation of a chaise-cover, which rises and falls, and gives us an opportunity to protect them almost entirely, if necessary, from the air. Mr. Stocking's little boy is only three weeks younger than Harriette, and it would do you good to see these Lilliputian travelers, as, nicely balancing each other, they ride happily along. The donkeys, the caravans, the villagers, the tents, the placid lake, the change of scene and air, all combine to interest and amuse them, and, contrary to our expectations, they have given their good mothers scarcely any trouble, while undoubtedly they have been acquiring health and strength themselves."

The events of the year 1845 are well summed up in a letter to Professor Solomon Stoddard:

"It is true we have passed through a dark and stormy, but *let me never say*, a cheerless, hopeless night. We could indeed say with David: 'Deep called unto deep, at the noise of thy water-spouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.' But, blessed be God, there has been no time when we could not say and feel: 'Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the day-time, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life.' The promise, 'I will not leave you comfortless,' has been in our case, at all times, verified; and now that we stand safely on the other shore and look back on all that we have passed through, we are more than ever ready to exclaim: 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praises to my God while I have my being.'

"It might interest you to know some of my views and feelings in

reference to the past months of trial; and though I must write with great rapidity, and amid constant interruptions, it will give me pleasure to sketch for you the bright, and, as I believe, the *true* side of the picture.

"1. As to these trials in reference to *myself*. They have, undoubtedly, caused me much mental suffering, and tried me in a way that, situated as you are in America, you can very imperfectly understand. But these events have been fraught with *wise counsels* to us; and I trust I do not say it with boasting, when I say that I feel better qualified *mentally* to meet the vicissitude and trial of a missionary life than if I had passed ten years here quietly pursuing my work under my own vine and fig-tree. Place a man almost alone in a foreign land, away from his early associations and all the guides of his youth; make his circumstances not only, in every respect, new to him, but load him down with responsibility, and subject him to fiery trial; and, if he does not sink down under the discipline, it can not fail to be of eminent service to him. I speak now of the effect on any man, and not particularly of the Christian. We see this thing exemplified continually among the foreigners of these countries. A poor boy will come out from England, perhaps hardly able to read and write, and certainly giving no high promise of future respectability and usefulness. But he is immediately pressed with new responsibilities; called on to act in circumstances entirely strange to him; frequently beset with difficulties and dangers which almost overwhelm him and lead him to give up for lost. But he struggles through it all, and triumphs over his embarrassments, and by doing so acquires a practical shrewdness and a strength of character which would never have been his had he remained quietly in England; and what is true of the *adventurer*, is equally true of the *missionary*. If a young missionary *can live through* trial, it will do him no harm, but great good, to experience it; and if he *can not* live through it, the sooner he ascertains it the better.

"But this is far from being all. Trials are a blessing to the *soul*. The direction of James, to 'count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations,' did not apply merely to the Christians of that day.

Trials do work the peaceable fruits of righteousness; they do sever our hold from the world, and fasten our affections on heaven. And, as Mr. Perkins told us yesterday in his Thanksgiving sermon, if such has not been the effect on us, it has been all *our own fault.* I may add on this point, that the stopping of our operations has been *personally* a less trial to me than to most of my brethren, as I was less qualified than they for active labor, and needed more time for the acquisition of the language. Our difficulties with the people have, of course, not interrupted my own studies, and I am as far advanced (or perhaps more so) in an acquaintance with the language, as if we had been sailing on a smooth sea.

"2. As to these trials in reference to our *work* and our prospects of *usefulness* here. These trials, you are aware, have been of different kinds. We have been tried by the secret opposition of the Puseyites, and by the open attacks of the Papists. As to the Puseyites: they had so fully determined to carry on their operations *in spite of us*, and perhaps even cherishing the hope of our ruin, and had so long been maneuvering in order to secure the confidence and encouragement of the ecclesiastics, that it was both a relief and a blessing to have the matter come to a crisis. Badger, in Mosul, disaffected Mar Shimon, the Patriarch. Mar Shimon by his letters roused up his brothers in this province; and they in their turn lighted the torch which for a time burned over our whole field. But the crisis passed away. The Nestorians learned how grossly they had been imposed upon by the Puseyites, in their promises of money and temporal protection; and now look upon them, from the Patriarch downward, with mingled suspicion and contempt. And in case of a second attack upon our mission from this quarter, it would probably meet with very little success, if it did not prove an entire and speedy failure. Thus has God brought good out of evil, and light out of darkness. Thus the things which have happened unto us have conspicuously fallen out to the furtherance of the Gospel.

"Again, as to the Papists: we are not rid of them, nor of their wicked attempts to hinder the Gospel of Christ; and perhaps we never shall be. They are all over the world, and well shadowed

forth by the hydra of old. But we must record, with thanksgiving to God, that here, at least, they are crippled in their operations, and can only pursue the work of proselytism with secrecy and in disregard of the authority of the king. This people cleave with such tenacity to the Bible, and are beginning to be so enlightened in regard to its requirements, that I have little fear they will ever be led away by the Man of Sin. The Jesuits feel the difficulty themselves, and unless they can break up our system of Bible schools, perhaps they will give up in despair.

"But I was speaking of their attempt to procure our expulsion from the country. Previous to this, by letters, by personal influence at Tabreez and at Teheran, they had succeeded in making our name odious, not only to the Mussulman authorities, but also to the foreign residents in this country. We, quietly pursuing our work, were not at all aware that such a prejudice had grown up, until we were alarmed by the threatened danger of our expulsion. The investigation which followed was, under God, the means of clearing up our character, and establishing it as it had never been before. I believe it is true that our mission and our object were never so much respected in Persia by the foreigners as well as the Mussulmans. The thing was not of our seeking, and on the contrary was earnestly deprecated, and yet it has been overruled by God for good.

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"It is very pleasant to remember the kindness of the Russian ambassador. Though the representative of one of the most despotic and bigoted governments on earth—a government which anathematises and persecutes all who are not members of the established church—he himself was a nobleman by nature and a Protestant by education. Had it not been for such a man at such a time, we can hardly tell what disasters would have befallen us. I know our trust is, and ought to be, in God. But we must also recognize and be grateful for the means which he makes use of; and though we deeply regret, *in the abstract*, the necessity of being brought to the notice of the government, we feel rejoiced that, through the blessing of God, such friends were raised up for our aid.

"A word as to the printing of the Scriptures. The translation was all ready a year ago, and we were extremely anxious to have it put to press immediately. Indeed several forms had already been printed, when the press was stopped during our troubles. To this necessity we yielded with sorrowful hearts, but now see that it was all for the best. That translation was from the *Greek* and not from the ancient Syriac, and was resolutely opposed by the people as an innovation they would never submit to. Probably had it been published at that time it would have been a continual source of regret to us. But now the translation is made from the very excellent ancient Syriac version, with the full approbation of the Committee, and is much more perfect as a specimen of modern composition than it was a year ago. It is also printed with two new and beautiful founts of type, which have been made there by our talented printer, Mr. Breath, expressly for this purpose. Here is another evidence of God's goodness to us.

"Again—the people, probably more than ever before, appreciate the value of our labors. Continued as they had been, year after year, without any material hindrance, the people had come to feel that *they* were the ones who conferred the favor, and not we; and that we ought to be very grateful for *the privilege* of laboring among them. At least this feeling prevailed to some extent. Nor is it strange, considering that the Puseyites and the Papists were struggling for a foothold, and showing them, by every species of flattery, how much they were thought of by the whole Christian world. But the suspension of our labors showed the people, what they seemed not to have dreamed of before, that our operations *might* be stopped, and the blessings they had been receiving *might* be taken away. And now that we have fairly commenced again, our schools were never so much prized, nor our books so generally read, nor our plain and pointed preaching more willingly listened to. Both ecclesiastics and people seem to feel very desirous to have us go on with our work, and fear to do any thing by which it might again be suspended.

"I would also hope that our trials have had a good effect on the

churches at home. While we would deeply and bitterly lament our own unfaithfulness, and are ready to admit that these trials may, *in part* at least, be the result of our want of devoted zeal, is it not also proper to ask whether those who send us out and sustain us, have no responsibility in the matter? Have they prayed and felt for us as they ought? Have they used *all* the means that were in their power for the conversion of this people, as freely as they have contributed their money and sent forth their men? If they have not (and who will say that they have?) then these trials should be regarded as the voice of God speaking *to them*, and stimulate them to pray more for us. We are a feeble band, and we need, *we very much need*, the outpouring of the Holy Spirit; and it is our earnest hope that our trials, instead of discouraging and repulsing the churches, will draw out their warmer and more heartfelt sympathy."

Again he writes:

"We ought to remember, and our friends also, that those for whom we labor will *of course* be wicked and unreasonable; and if they manifest opposition or rise against the preaching of Christ and him crucified, we must not be alarmed nor discouraged; if God be with us, their noise can avail nothing, and will at last end in their own terrible discomfiture. It has always been true in the history of the church, and will be, at least in this generation, that while the Lord reigns, *the devil tries to.* Let us not then faint, nor relinquish our work in despair. The work must go on and will go on, and I have strong confidence that if we and the churches do our *whole duty*, it will go on *here*, and God triumph gloriously in the salvation of this people."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TIME OF HARVEST.

The Rev. George Percy Badger, who visited Persia in 1840–42, as the agent of the "Christian Knowledge" and "Gospel Propagation" Societies of England, has recorded this judgment and prediction concerning the labors of the American missionaries to the Nestorians, whom he styles "Independents," "schismatics," and "separatists from the Church of England."

"I am fully persuaded that the present partial success of the Independents will be ephemeral, or lead eventually to the spread of a pernicious rationalism wherever their tenets meet with acceptance. They may succeed in spreading abroad a vast amount of secular knowledge through the medium of their schools, and may bring up many eastern youths to argue and to dispute, but the good, if any, will rest here." *

Very different from this was the judgment pronounced by a committee of the Malta Protestant College—a Church of England institution—who visited Oroomiah in 1849. In their journal † they say:

"The praiseworthy Christian enterprise of the American missionaries for the religious reformation of the Nestorians

* Nestorians and their Rituals, vol. i. p. 10.

† Page 730. Published by James Nesbit & Co., London, 1855.

was much impeded in 1844 by the invasion of the Koords into their mountain retreat, which was followed by the horrible massacre of above four thousand of those most interesting people. The missionaries have been, also, greatly opposed by the intrigues of the Jesuits and of the Russian agents. . . . But the missionaries are prosecuting their labors with unwearying zeal, and they have already been blessed with very encouraging results; they are trying the plan of instructing the native clergy, so as to introduce a revival of pure religion without disturbing their present ecclesiastical organization."

The reader can best judge between these two opinions from a simple record of the work of grace at Oroomiah in the year 1846. A careful account of that work was prepared by Mr. Stoddard, and read at the anniversary meeting of the Nestorian mission held simultaneously with the meeting of the American Board in September of that year. That document is here preceded by a few extracts from Mr. Stoddard's letters written during the progress of the work, which exhibit his own labors and spirit in connection with it. The year opened with quiet, and external prosperity, but with no marked tokens of spiritual good.

"January 20th, 1846. We preach clearly and boldly the great doctrines of the cross, in the house, and by the wayside, and in their churches; and the truth, so far from meeting with frowns, is heard with respect and attention. It is certainly remarkable, considering the blind attachment these people have for ages had to dead forms and superstitions, and their utter ignorance, until recently, of the Bible way of salvation, that no more commotion is raised when we strip off all their righteousness, tear away all their hopes, and arraign them as condemned criminals at the bar of an offended God. And I have strong hopes that this whole church, *as a church*, with-

out a destruction of its organization, or any great external excitement, is to become a true church of the living God. As to our school, it is very prosperous, and I do not believe I could *anywhere* be in a more useful situation. I am nominally a schoolmaster, but in fact more of a preacher. My seminary is eminently a Bible seminary, the first and prominent object being to train up thorough Biblical scholars and preachers of righteousness among the people. I preach or have an exercise in the Scriptures every day, and the sacred volume is scarcely out of the hands of my pupils two hours at a time from sunrise to sunset. The results have so far been happy. Our boys and young men have been very much altered in their *exterior*. Before, they were ragged, dirty, and almost swinish in their habits. Now they are clean, quiet, and in comparison very orderly. Their countenances are bright with intelligence, and they are making fast progress in their studies and in liberality of views. After a year's experience I can truly say that I do not desire to deal with a people who are *naturally* more promising than this; and I can readily believe what history records, that in the early ages their fathers were the most intrepid, enterprising, and successful missionaries of the cross. And should they be again converted, we might hope that they would plant a second time the Gospel banner on the Himalaya mountains, in the depths of Tartary, and among the millions of China. As yet we see no hopeful conversions in our seminary; but we do see a crumbling down of old superstitions and a full recognition of the truths of the Gospel. There is not one of my large family that puts dependence for salvation on the fasts and observances of his church; there is not one* who pretends that he is prepared for death and heaven; and there are many who view their endless fasts and ceremonies as an intolerable burden, and long to throw them off. If now you remember that these youth, after a few years, will be the influential men among this people, you will readily see what, under God, the effect is to be. But I believe something more than an *external* change has been effected. I trust

* I mean one who is really unconverted.

God by his grace is now moving on the hearts of quite a number, convincing them of sin, and righteousness, and judgment. Appearances indicate that we are on the eve of a revival. May God grant it be so, for Christ's sake.

"We trust, brother, you will pray for us. We need *very much* more of the influences of the Spirit of grace."

The very next day Mr. Stoddard perceived tokens of good, which he thus describes in a note addressed to Dr. Perkins at Seir.

"January 21, 1846. I think as many as ten or twelve of my larger boys are solemnized, not to say somewhat anxious. John thinks there is a very deep impression on their minds, but he is naturally more ardent than the sober truth will warrant. These boys occupied the school-room for prayer till late last night, and were up praying before the light this morning.

"I tremble to think of my responsibility, and I fear that I am not awake to the deep interest which now clusters around this school. Still I believe it is my *strongest* and my *continual* desire, 'O God, revive thy work.' John and I pray for some individual every morning, and then converse with him during the day. I should mention that Yonan from Geog Tapa seems among the most solemn, and Yonan of Ada among the most thoughtless. I have faithfully warned them both.

"The school being in such a state, I do not wish to write my letter just now, though I have begun it. My hands are full of other business, and I should not care to report an interesting state of things just at this moment, nor could I omit to do so if I wrote at all. I hope, dear brother, you will EARNESTLY PRAY for us."

"January 22. I believe the members of the mission here feel deeply our need of a day of fasting, and will be glad to devote this day to it. We need, oh, how much we need, *wrestling prayer* for these souls. '*As soon* as Zion travailed, she brought forth her chil-

dren.' And will it not be so with us? If we are all found prostrate before God, confessing our sins, pleading for mercy for ourselves and others, shall we not see speedy triumphs of grace?

"Two of the boys, Yonan from Ada, and Werda from Oosnooh, have not been asleep all night, but have remained in my study, praying and weeping. I have rarely, I believe never, seen one so deeply convicted as Yonan. He trembles from head to foot, and can hardly command himself to pray. I do believe *this day* will settle the question with him forever, as it is not the nature of the human mind to endure such excitement long. He will probably plunge into sin, and forget it all, or he will take up a delusive hope, or (which God grant may be the *fact*) he will cast himself into the arms of the Redeemer. How deep a sympathy should we feel for him, and how earnestly should we pray that he may be saved! Werda I have not seen this morning. He may be in the same situation.

"Some of the other boys were up nearly all night, but I am not able to state any more particulars about them. Last night Mar Yoosuph came in, and many others, to my evening exercise, which was about an hour long. After closing, no one moved from his place. I talked to them again, but still no one moved, and I left them thus, being necessitated to conduct our meeting in English.

"Brother, pray, pray very much to-day, as you value the salvation of these souls."

No date. "I have just passed a very solemn night. After Mr. Stocking closed his sermon last night my boys all remained in their places. I first addressed them, and then Mr. Stocking. Afterwards Mr. S. took a number of boys to his room, who manifested, as he thought, a good deal of feeling. In my study I had a constant succession, in companies of three or four, till about midnight. And then perhaps more than half the boys were up, some weeping, some earnestly praying, and all very solemn. How long they continued up I do not know, but on rising before light this morning I found many of them up and walking about the yard, and before I could have an opportunity to pray alone I was visited by an inquirer.

"I forbear to add more now, as I wish you, *if practicable*, to come down a little while to-day. My burden is almost greater than I can bear, and I need very much the *counsel*, as I have no doubt I have the *prayers* of my brethren."

Two months later he writes:

"I am quite weary with preaching and other labors, and more disposed to relax body and mind than to write letters. But I can not allow this messenger to leave without telling you in a few words what God is doing for this people. During six weeks we have had in both seminaries, and to some extent in the villages, the presence of the Holy Spirit, and I may almost say that we are rejoicing, with *joy unspeakable*. One can have no idea till he becomes a missionary, what it is to be surrounded by a darkness which may be *felt*, and to labor on in such a situation, year by year, with scarcely a convert to cheer the heart. Sitting by your firesides in America, you can not appreciate all that we have been through the past two years, from the treachery of pretended friends and the malice of Jesuitical foes. And you can not fully understand the joy which swells our bosoms, when, under such circumstances, we are visited by the dayspring from on high. 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for he *is* good; for his mercy endureth for ever.' If God had waited till we *deserved* the blessing, we should never have had it. It is all of free, rich, unmerited grace, and I pray that God may have all the glory.

"I do believe, my dear brother, that you and our other friends have been praying for us in America, and that God has heard your prayers. At least when I think how cold and indifferent I was, how little I mourned over the apathy of these souls, and how little I was striving to bring them to an Almighty Saviour; and then pause to listen for a moment to their prayers and praises in the apartments adjoining my own—I am amazed at the grace of God.

"It is just six weeks ago to-day, since any interest was manifested in my school, though there had previously been some serious ones in

the female seminary. On the preceding Sabbath I was mourning over the utter indifference which my boys seemed to manifest, and felt that something must be done to warn them more pointedly of their danger. I called two of the oldest and most serious-minded of them, and begged them without delay to attend to the concerns of their souls. They seemed affected, and promised to do so. One of them made the remark (which now seems to have been almost prophetic) that the boys were expecting if the Holy Spirit came and converted *one* among them, he would convert them *all.*

"You will be rejoiced to hear that God is doing a glorious work among this people. After twelve years of toil and anxiety—after all the vicissitudes through which the mission has of late passed—after some of our members have left us through discouragement, and our own hearts have been at times oppressed with gloom—God has come among us with the still small voice of the Holy Spirit, and is breathing into these dry bones the breath of life. The work commenced in our seminaries, and with great suddenness and power. I never saw more pungent convictions of sin, or such convictions accompanied with less noise and mere animal excitement. In six weeks, about thirty in our seminary, and twenty in the female seminary were hopefully born again; and when they recently left us, for a short vacation, our hearts were full to overflowing with joy in view of what God had wrought. We had a meeting for thanksgiving, at which you would have delighted to be present. We there forgot the world, and even forgot our ordinary supplications, and poured out our souls in unison, as I would humbly hope, with the saints before the throne. After commending my little flock to the Good Shepherd, I sent them to their homes; and though they were to be absent but ten days, I felt much anxiety lest they should yield to temptation, and grieve the Holy Spirit from their souls. But it gives me great joy to state that they returned yesterday, apparently quite as humble and prayerful as before. And not only so, but they have done much for the cause of Christ in their respective villages. For ten days I have spent much time in the villages myself; and I have

been equally surprised and delighted to find all my pupils so active in recommending the religion of Christ; and even, young men as they are, holding meetings, and preaching day after day to the people. It gives me high promise of their future usefulness; and I can not but expect that John will now be multiplied *thirty-fold.*

"The few who remain in the seminary unconverted are not unaffected, but, on the contrary, are all in the habit of daily prayer, and may yet be brought to the Saviour's feet.

"You may imagine that my work is thus rendered very delightful, and I am more and more rejoiced that I became a missionary. If God blesses you with revivals, you will undoubtedly enjoy very much the precious privilege thus afforded you, of pointing dying sinners to the Lamb of God. I well remember your zeal and joy during the revival in college in 1840. But a revival in America is not a revival on missionary ground; and the joy I have had on previous occasions of religious interest in America 'is not worthy to be compared' with my feelings here. Should my life be very much shortened by my being a missionary—should I even be nearly ready to put off this earthly tabernacle—I could not but rejoice that I had mingled my prayers and my tears with those of this interesting people."

"March 24. About the middle of January, we were invited to more earnest prayers in behalf of our pupils, and some burning desires were enkindled within us that God would revive his work. But we were not only very undeserving of the blessing which followed, but in one sense quite unprepared to receive it. On the Sabbath of January 18, I saw no feeling whatever in the school, and was ready to give up in despair; thinking, in my unbelief, that God had forsaken us. That very evening, however, in conversing with two individuals, their hearts were quite affected, and we were encouraged to look for better things. The next day the feeling extended to several others. On Tuesday a number were aroused from their slumber; and on Wednesday evening the school was shaken to its center. You can not realize what were my feelings, as I sat

till midnight, and pointed inquiring souls to Christ. Nothing that I ever felt in America will at all compare with it. You are in a *land* of revivals. You expect to hear of revivals, and to share in them. But *we* sit in the region of the valley of the shadow of death. Around us are millions of Mohammedans, who have no Saviour, and no heaven of glory before them. And even those who are nominally the followers of Christ, are sunk in degradation and sin, which is hardly, if at all, less deplorable than that of their Moslem oppressors. It is under *these* circumstances that light has broken in upon us, and souls have been emancipated from the dominion of sin.

"But to return to that ever to be remembered night. You may imagine that little of it was spent in quiet repose. Even when I lay on my pillow, the cries of perishing sinners reached me, and made me anxiously wait for the morning to come. When it did come, I found that two souls were hoping that, with *all their hearts*, they had committed themselves to the Lord Jesus Christ. From that time forward the revival progressed with steadiness and power. At the end of the first week, *ten* were apparently born again, and many others were awakened. Our house immediately became a Bethel. We emptied one room and one closet after another for prayer, until there were seven or eight places where our pupils could retire. These were occupied from morning to night by those who, in the bitterness of their souls, were crying to God. And very often, when the city was all wrapped in slumber, I have heard earnest voices on this side and on that, of those who were wrestling with the angel of the covenant for a blessing."

"April 14th. For three months past our hands have been fuller than ever, and the prospect is, that our strength will hereafter be fully tasked in guiding this lost people to Jesus Christ. But we shrink not from such labors. I can most heartily join in Harriette's language when she tells you that her heart is overflowing with joy, and that she blesses that kind providence which brought us hither. *It is* sweet to labor anywhere in the service of our Redeemer; but far more sweet in a land of midnight darkness like this. I have

enjoyed very much during the past months, and if my life is spared, hope to enjoy much more in time to come. Our school is completely transformed, and many a countenance now exhibits the sweet peace which reigns within. These young men are evidently pressing on in the Christian race, and bid fair to do an immense deal under God for the salvation of their people. We hope about a hundred and twenty are born again, and the feeling among the people is not at all diminishing. We have hitherto, during the progress of this revival, been without any such trials as have been enkindled in Turkey. But our turn may come, and I rather expect it *will* come. But blessed be God, there are now many among the people who will stand with us, and if necessary, will go with us to prison and death."

"I trust you are all far in advance of me in love to Christ, and in preparation for that upper world. One thing, however, is clear to my own mind, that no one of you, be he merchant or farmer, or professor, or pastor, has a lot so enviable as my own. You neither know, nor can know, the joy of seeing light break in on such darkness as previously surrounded us, or of guiding these inquiring souls to Jesus Christ.

"Every day, thrilling incidents are occuring around us which keep our souls, as it were, on the stretch. You know, or you will know before you read this, that about three-fourths of our pupils are hopefully born again. Among the ten who remained comparatively unaffected, is a son of Priest Abraham, and one of Priest Dunkhar, who are two of our oldest, and in some respects, our most valuable helpers. These boys have each a sister in Miss Fisk's seminary, older than themselves, who are rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. These two sisters have been so much affected about their brothers, that on one occasion, recently, they *sat up all night* to pray for them. They prayed alternately, and with only two or three short intervals of rest, till the dawn of day.* Do you know

* While we rejoice in such a *spirit* as was here manifested, we discouraged such irregularities.

of any thing like this among school girls in America? Can you wonder that, incited by such examples of deep, tender love for souls, we should be set all on fire ourselves? You will not be surprised to hear that those who were thus earnestly prayed for, have been crying out earnestly for themselves;—and perhaps one of them is already born again.

"Those who are hopefully converted, manifest very peculiar interest in the *missionary cause*, which is to us a cheering pledge of their future usefulness. I never in my life heard more earnest prayers for a dying world, than were offered by the members of the seminary a week ago at the monthly concert. The female seminary were also so moved to prayer, that nothing would make them go to bed contentedly on Monday night, but the promise that they might keep up the concert on the next day. They prayed for their own people, village by village, and so far as they understood geography, and the wants of perishing souls, Mahommedan, Jew, Christian, and Heathen, were pleaded for before the mercy seat. How does such an observance of that blessed concert reprove those who pass it by, with scarcely a single thought. And those, too, who have long professed to love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."

The following notes to Dr. Perkins, show the almost daily progress of the work in the villages.

"I returned this morning from Ada. In that village I preached four times and found quite an unusual attention to the truth, though nothing like deep conviction of sin. A hundred and twenty gathered in a house to hear preaching in the evening—a thing I presume, which never happened before.

"At Kavajala I preached twice, and think the state of things very encouraging. The church, which is a very good sized one, was filled to overflowing, and many stood without. This was at evening prayers. After supper about a hundred *men* and a few women, gathered in a private house, and I have rarely preached to a more attentive congregation.

"It is astonishing (and matter of devout thanksgiving to God), that everybody seems now so accessible and ready to melt down under the power of the truth. Moses has just come from Geog Tapa—thinks the work is deepening—no opposition. Priest Shimon very meek, and has requested Moses to write a prayer for his use in the modern language. This perhaps I mentioned yesterday. The people also are quite dissatisfied with their unintelligible prayers.

"It seems to be necessary that the burden of our prayers now be that these souls may build on Christ. There is no lack, in a number of cases at least, of conviction of sin, and I think they are just on the *turning point*, one way or the other. I tremble lest any should have a false repentance; and so strong is my impression of the danger, that I almost tremble when any express a willingness to throw themselves at Christ's feet.

"I have had considerable experience in talking with convicted sinners, but I feel *utterly insufficient* for the dreadfully responsible duty. It is, however, sweet to remember that God requires no more of us than we can perform."

The humility of Mr. Stoddard in the midst of this spiritual prosperity appears in the following remonstrance:

"Sometimes I have been a little troubled with remarks made in my letters from America, made in the *kindest spirit*, and no doubt designed by the writers to *encourage* me in the work; but having the tendency to flatter my pride, which is a dangerous enemy of mine. 'Remember,' said a good clergyman to one of his parishioners who was praising his sermon, 'Remember that I carry a tinder box in my bosom.' Excuse, my dear brother, these hints. They apply no more to you than to all my friends. I doubt not you know enough of me and of human nature, to understand the reason of my making them."

In reviewing his journal of the revival prepared for the

Prudential Committee of the Board, he writes, "I am aware that I am puffed up with a love of *self*, but I was not aware, till I reviewed my journal this morning, how much I had unconsciously introduced self there. It was entirely unintentional, but not the less worthy of correction on that account. . . . I would clear out the whole posse of "I's" and "me's," if I could. May God deliver me from magnifying myself or taking from him *any* of his glory."

The summer found the work still advancing, and in order that the seminary might be continued during the hot weather it was removed to Seir.

"June 29th, 1846. Our school we have removed to Seir for the summer. It has been customary to dismiss it for several months during the hot weather, as it has been impossible to keep it up at the city, and thought equally impossible to remove it to this mountain retreat. But this year we could not consent to part with our pupils; and though Harriette was a good deal enfeebled by her cares and both of us needed relaxation, we determined to sustain the school as long as we were able. We have accordingly after a vacation of some three or four weeks removed hither. Three tents are pitched for our pupils on a grassy plot above our house, which commands an extended and beautiful view. The declivity of the mountain, the fertile plain, the silvery lake, the rugged mountains that gird it around, and the little islands that are sprinkled over its surface, all call the thoughts of the Christian upward to him who is the Lord of all. Here, with an Italian sky over their heads, with a scene of such loveliness before their eyes, cheered with the music of a thousand birds, with abundant leisure to read the book of God, and abundant places for communion with him in the dells and valleys of the mountain, we watch our flock and strive to guide them to Calvary and heaven. Nor is the effort vain. We see them growing in grace. We see the love of God supplanting selfish passions;

bitterness, and wrath, and clamor, and malice, giving way to gentleness, and purity, and peace. Our work has thus become delightful. Severed though we be from home, and country, and friends of our youth, we can no longer sigh to be restored to them. I had much rather lay my body now peacefully in the grave, than never to have come to this interesting field. We hope we are beginning a work which will live after us—a work which will steadily progress, till this whole people shall be found sitting at the feet of the Redeemer.

"The position which these converts occupy is one of peculiar interest. With Turkey on the west, Arabia on the south, India, China, Tartary, encircling it on the east and north, this must always be a center of great influence. It was from here, that in the early days of the Nestorian church, the light shone forth with such brilliancy, illuminating vast regions throughout this continent. It was then that the cross of Christ was erected in Thibet and China, and the religion of the Nazarene bade fair to become the only religion of the East. And had not the church indulged in sinful sloth, we can not tell what victories the soldiers of the cross might not have achieved. And if such was the progress then, why should not the progress be greater now? We have greater facilities for doing such a work. The church is renewedly awaking to its responsibility, and there seem to be some glimmerings of millennial day."

Mrs. Stoddard shared her husband's zeal and labors in this blessed work. Beside her daily assiduity in the domestic affairs of the school, she improved every opportunity for teaching the ignorant and simple-hearted Nestorian women the way of Christ. A letter from her pen, dated July 25th, 1846, describes some of these labors.

"It is a high privilege to be a missionary, when God pours out his Spirit and blesses the seed sown, and I trust we shall always have hearts to praise the Lord for his goodness in bringing us here to labor for the benighted Nestorians. We have not been left to toil

year after year with no apparent success, but in these first years of our sojourn from our native land, God has cheered our hearts by appearing in the midst of us, and bringing many to the feet of Jesus. May the language of our hearts ever be, 'Bless the Lord, O, our soul, and forget not all his benefits.'

"A short time since, I spent a day at Geog Tapa and had several opportunities of conversing with the women there. As most of the females were at work in the fields, I rode thither and had at two different places about twenty-three women, with whom I conversed on the subject of their salvation. They listened with attention and seemed sorry to have me leave them. It is very pleasant for us to go out now into the villages, as we find in many places those who are hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life. We are expecting next Wednesday to set off for Tergawer, the nearest mountain district to Oroomiah, where there has been religious interest for some time. A deacon from that place brought down his daughter to be a member of Miss Fisk's school in the winter. He was here during the height of the interest in the seminaries;—at first seemed so full of self-righteousness that he seemed the last person to be brought to rely alone on the Saviour for salvation; but before he left, the boasting Pharisee had become as the broken-hearted Publican. He went to his home, proclaimed what the Lord had done for his soul, and soon returned with a younger brother, who was also soon brought to the Saviour. These two men have done and are doing all that they can to bring their poor countrymen to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and some have, as we trust, been born again. Mr. Stocking and his family visited Tergawer in the spring and are now going with us again. Mr. Stocking and David will have many opportunities to preach, and we ladies shall labor as much as we can among the females."

The following letter from one of the Nestorian converts to a brother of Mr. Stoddard in this country, will illustrate the genuineness of this work of grace. The writer was a

tailor by trade, of a poor family, and was employed at low wages to keep the clothes of the pupils in good repair. He was so intent upon self-improvement that he learned to read and write. His letter to Mr. William H. Stoddard of Northampton, was in Syriac, of which the following is a translation.

"*Translation.* Abundant peace from the mouth of Siyad the tailor, to you, my brother, my dear friend in Christ, Mr. William Stoddard. I am writing this letter for you. Perhaps you will think, 'how bold he is to send a letter for me from a far country.' But I beg that you will forgive me for my boldness, because it is from great love toward you that I am writing to you. My dear brother, how kind you are to send your brother from a far country to teach us the way of life, and of salvation by Jesus Christ. My dear friend, I am very, very grateful to you and to all your friends; but more so to God, that such true preachers are sent for us sinful and lost, and led captive by Satan. If you wish to know whence I am: I was in a village, the name of which is Ada. The people are very wicked, and I was very wicked too. I was pillaged by Satan and bound under Satan's yoke. Very boldly I worked for him. I am a tailor. I sew clothes. It happened one day, that your brother Mr. Stoddard, sent a letter for me and also for my uncle, that we should come and sew clothes for his pupils. We came and worked for twenty days. Afterward my uncle went away, but I did not wish to go, because I had heard the words of our Lord Jesus Christ, so sweet and pleasant. I said, let me read and learn the way of life and of salvation. I said, only let my bread and my clothes be from you (*i. e.*, given by you) and I want no wages. Afterward I sat and read four months, and sewed clothes for the boys. But the people of my house sent after me and said, You must come home and work. In those days, Mrs. Stoddard was accustomed to take very much trouble about the clothes and the food of the boys; but afterward her health became a little bad, and

Mr. Stoddard dismissed the school for three weeks, and moved up to Seir. I was afraid I should be obliged to go home, because I thought if I should go home, they would not permit me to come again. On this account the missionaries counseled together that they would give me two dollars and a half each month. This I could give to the people of my house, and myself not leave the business of the missionaries. After their counsel, they told me, go, speak with the people of your house; and whenever you please, come again. Now I have come. They have given business for me. Now I make clothes for the school and also read. When I began to read the Bible, I wondered that God had kept me till now. I saw myself ruined and lost. Then I came and threw myself at the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now I hope I have committed myself to Christ. I beg of you, my friend, and of all your friends, to pray for me a weak sinner, that as I have worked for Satan with boldness, so now with much more boldness I may work for Jesus Christ. If you wish to know in what I am reading, I began to read from the Gospel of John, and have reached the eleventh chapter. I find every word like honey aud the honey-comb, as said David the King.

"If you will write me a letter for my instruction and my reproof, I shall rejoice much; although unworthy of it. The peace of Christ, and the love of God be with you, my beloved friend in Christ our Lord. Amen."

After vacation, Mr. Stoddard writes:

"We hope to return to the city, and to gather around us our beloved pupils. Now that God has begun a work of grace in so many of their hearts, it is delightful to train them up for usefulness in their Master's service. John, with whose name and history you may be familiar, has the past season done much missionary labor in the mountains; and the general character of the people is so enterprising, and their place in the scale of intellect so very respectable, and so far above the people of India, or of the Sandwich Islands, that I trust many a missionary will go out from this part of Persia, to aid in the

world's redemption. What should hinder, in the course of a generation, the Nestorians on the one hand and the converted Chinese on the other, from meeting on the plains of Tartary, and holding a jubilee there, in view of the triumphs of God's grace on this continent? Is not the very idea, the *bare possibility* of such a result, in a high degree cheering? Then, too, we see Mohammedism waning, the crescent and the sword no longer terrifying the nations. And in different places, the beacon fires, which have been kindled, are gradually extending, the light of truth radiating from different centres is crossing and recrossing, and the Christian observer may already see decided and powerful inroads made on the kingdom of Satan.

"Let us not take *extravagant* views. There remains much land to be possessed: a mighty battle to be fought by the church. But let us be *cheered* by what God *has* done, and pray, with confidence in him, that he will do far more."

The following is the Narrative of this Revival, prepared by Mr. Stoddard at the request of the Mission:

"The scenes of the past few months we can never forget. They form an era in our missionary life, and around them will always cluster many of our happiest recollections. We may, indeed, have witnessed similar scenes before, but not in similar circumstances. It was the first general awakening in a church which had slept for ages. It was in a land of darkness and the shadow of death. Years of toil had passed away; much precious seed had been sown, and the laborers were earnestly waiting for the harvest. One trial after another had arisen and threatened to overwhelm us; and had not our faith been reposed on an Almighty arm, it must certainly have been shaken. It was at such a time in our history, in a place and under circumstances of such deep interest, that God appeared for our help. The windows of heaven were opened, and a blessing so rich was bestowed, as to convince not only ourselves, but the most unbelieving around us, that the work was the work of God. Is it any wonder, then, when converts here in scores first joined their voices

with ours, in singing redeeming love, that we were the subjects of new and very peculiar emotions?

"We may hereafter, brethren, see glorious things in the Nestorian Church. The time may come, God grant it come *speedily*, when this whole people shall be knit together in love, reflecting on all around them much of the purity and blessedness of heaven; when they shall go forth with willing hearts, to carry to other countries the news of salvation by Jesus Christ. But it may be doubted, even should these bright anticipations be fully realized, whether the events of any coming year will, like those of the present year, cause so many chords to thrill in the missionary's heart. If ever we catch the spirit of the upper world, if ever we adore the riches of that grace which can transform a cursing rebel into a praising saint, if ever we receive a fresh anointing from above, and go forth anew, cheered in our work and exercising a living faith, it must be when we are witnessing around us these proofs of the mighty power and the tender mercy of God.

"Our first emotions have now, in some measure, subsided; and while we are sufficiently remote from the season of the deepest interest, to pronounce a deliberate judgment on its character, we are also sufficiently near to recall those scenes in much of their freshness and power. It seems highly proper, therefore, that on this interesting anniversary, we should retrace the way in which we have been led, and again offer up our thanksgivings to God.

"In speaking of this revival as the first general awakening among the people, it is not intended to disregard or undervalue what had been previously accomplished. It is as true in the moral as in the natural world that 'the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain.' God may, indeed, sometimes set aside those laws, and suddenly display among a people, sunk in ignorance and besotted by sin, the scenes of Pentecost. But that his ordinary method is a different one, to prepare the harvest by the alternation of sunshine and rain, and the silent and gradual operation of his spirit through the word, the experience of the church, in every part of the world, will

abundantly confirm. And to one who considers how, previous to the establishment of this mission here, ignorance, superstition and sin had completely usurped dominion; how the doctrine of salvation by good works, instead of faith in Jesus Christ—a doctrine which differs little from that of the Koran or the Hindoo Shastees—had superseded evangelical truth; how conscience was deadened by long and unrestrained courses of sin, and how well nigh obliterated were all traces of holiness of heart and purity of life; it will not appear strange that the people were not at once transformed, as if by miracle, into the children of God. To master this language, so that the truth should fall on the mind with its native energy; to become familiarized with oriental habits of thought and feeling; to overcome the prejudices which the mere fact that we were strangers would be likely to create; to convince a people who knew nothing of benevolence, that our sole object was to do them good; to bring forth from the mold and the dust of ages, the word of God; to pour light on their darkness, to scatter to the winds their refuges of lies, and hold up before them the naked truth, till it should produce its appropriate effect, and bring men to the cross of Christ; this was not the work of a day or a month, but to be accomplished only by the blessing of God on long, persevering, prayerful labors. And though it becomes me not to say that the brethren were as humble and devoted as it was possible for them to be, or that they realized the blessing at the earliest possible moment, it yet seems evident that their labors were very far from being in vain. When we visit remote districts, or penetrate the recesses of the Koordish mountains, we find multitudes who are probably fair representatives now, of what the people of Oroomiah were twelve years ago. And we must all, in such cases have been struck with the greatly superior knowledge and intelligent conviction of the truth, which we see in numerous villages around us, even where not a soul has been led to the cross of Christ.

"But passing by the time which had elapsed previous to my own arrival here, in regard to which I am of course in a measure ignorant, I will simply remark, that during the three years I have spent in Oroomiah, there has seemed to me to be a constant, and by no

means insignificant, progress in our work. Indeed, notwithstanding the fact that I came to this field with raised hopes, and the impression so common among our American friends, that this was one of the most interesting missions of the Board, I have never seen the time, even amid the trials which have assailed us from every quarter, when there did not appear to me much to encourage the Christian's heart. In regard to the religious interest the first winter after my joining the mission, it may be stated, that while its results were far from what were hoped for, it was yet a decided aid to our work, and brought forth some genuine fruit to life eternal. And from that time to the present, especially among the teachers and members of the seminaries, there has been a more intelligent apprehension of religious truth and a deeper sense of obligation to God.

"After the male seminary had been reorganized, and the female seminary placed on a more permanent basis, and the members of both brought fully under the influence of the mission families, there was soon a great change for the better. There was less noise and confusion, less rudeness and insubordination, less petty quarreling between different members of the schools. The older ones especially acquired a degree of self-respect, to which they were before strangers. Profanity and thieving which, three years ago, were not at all unfrequent, almost entirely ceased; and there was, outwardly at least, much respect shown for the Sabbath and the preaching of the gospel. Frequently also we were cheered to witness solemn attention to the truth, and a conviction of its deep importance; while among the girls there had been repeated anxiety about the salvation of their souls, and the habit, on the part of many, of secret and earnest prayer.

"I mention these improvements in the manners and characters of our pupils, not, so far as the seminary under my own care is concerned, to reflect credit on the superintendents, but as evincing the superiority of our present system, and the preparation which actually existed for the powerful revival of God's work. It is my decided impression, that had we been more faithful to our charge, happier results, and at an earlier period, might have been witnessed; and I

see no reason why they might not have been witnessed even years ago, had it been practicable to adopt the same course of instruction and discipline.

"Toward the close of last December, a few weeks after the seminary had been assembled and organized for the winter, I was absent at Tabreez a short time, on business for the mission. The superintendence of the seminary was thus temporarily entrusted to Mr. Stocking. During this interval, Mr. Stocking several times at evening devotions observed deep seriousness on the countenances of our pupils; and on my return he had a decided impression that we were on the eve of a revival. This impression he communicated to some others; and I feel assured that there was in the hearts of different members of the mission, a longing desire, accompanied by earnest prayer, that such a blessing might be realized. The religious feelings of John had, also, about this time, received quite an impulse; and with more ardor than judgment, he wrote once on the wall of the school-room, whither he had retired for secret prayer, 'O, my dear Saviour, do come, and convert this school.' Justice, however, obliges me to say in regard to myself, that while I was hoping for an outpouring of God's spirit during the winter, I did not see the evidence of its being so near at hand. When the revival commenced, therefore, I was more impressed with its suddenness and power than those who, with more zeal and faith, had been laboring, and longing, and watching, for the blessing.

"Such was the general state of our seminaries, and such the feelings of the brethren, at the beginning of this year. On the first Monday in January (a season so extensively devoted to fasting and prayer for the success of missions), two of the older girls in Miss Fisk's school lingered after prayers, till their companions had retired, and with considerable feeling, requested permission to spend the day alone in seeking the salvation of their souls. The request was, of course, granted, and from that time their convictions deepened, till, a few days after, they were found sitting at the feet of Jesus. One of these precious first-fruits, after several months of distressing disease, which she bore with the most exemplary patience, peacefully

reposed her all on the Redeemer, and went to join in the praises of the heavenly world. The other still remains with us, giving striking and daily increasing evidence to all around her, of the great change which has been wrought in her soul.

"With the exception of these two cases, nothing of very special interest was observed in either seminary, until the nineteenth of the month. At Seir, however, the mission servant, Nicholas, had been under deep convictions of sin, and Mr. Perkins was cherishing the hope that he was truly born again. His case was a deeply interesting one, from the fact that he was awakened to a sense of his lost condition, when almost all around us were quietly slumbering in sin. The blamelessness, the activity in doing good, which he has exhibited since that time in his Christian walk, has given the best of testimony to the sincerity of his repentance; and we regard him with peculiar interest, as being the only pious Armenian, with whom we are acquainted in the whole of Persia.

"On the nineteenth of January, a number were simultaneously and deeply affected in both seminaries, and came to us inquiring what they must do to be saved. This fact was the more remarkable, as the seminaries are entirely distinct, and there had been no communication between the respective members. From that time the interest rapidly increased, until on Wednesday evening, two days after, as I was going to the preaching service, with one of the brethren, we heard the voice of prayer, intermingled with sobs, on every side. All who were present in the seminary that night, will remember the deep solemnity that pervaded the audience. We closed the exercises and were about to retire, but no one moved from his seat. And it was not until the meeting had been considerably protracted, and the boys had been told to return to their rooms, that they seemed willing to leave us. I had, however, no sooner reached my study, than it was filled to overflowing with anxious inquirers; and there, with emotions which I can never describe, but which we can all appreciate, I unfolded, with faltering tongue, the Gospel of Jesus Christ to one company after another, till near midnight. It was, indeed, a time long to be remembered. The worth of souls and the

love of Christ, presented themselves with amazing force to my mind; and I felt as though I could not long sustain such crushing responsibility. The morning brought with it a repetition of similar scenes. Rising very early from troubled sleep, I found inquirers waiting to be guided to Jesus Christ. And it was an unspeakable relief to meet with two who seemed ready, deliberately and solemnly, to form an everlasting covenant with the Lord. Their convictions had been so pungent and their views of the way of salvation were so clear, that, as in the case of another individual some years ago, I felt a hope, amounting almost to confidence, in the reality of the change. And after nine months' trial I know no members of the seminary, who have given more uniform and decided evidence of piety.

"It was about this time that the revival excitement, which had for several days been naturally, if not necessarily, kindled in the little community, began to die away, and some to relapse quietly into their former indifference. With the older, however, and more reflecting, it was otherwise. Ten or twelve of these remained on Thursday in a state of deep conviction, which seemed in some cases almost to overcome their physical powers. Yonan of Ada, particularly, lay tossing upon the floor the whole of Thursday night, begging for mercy, and there was serious reason to apprehend he would fall into a fit. The natural clearness of his mind and his familiarity with gospel truth, added to the long-continued warnings he had received, and his repeated attempts to stifle the convictions of his conscience, all now heaped fuel on the fire, and he seemed overcome with horror. Such feeling could not be long endured, and on Friday he, with a number of others, had his mouth filled with the praises of Redeeming Love.

"It will be remembered that Friday was set apart by the mission for fasting and prayer, and we must believe that our united supplications that day were not in vain. In the evening those most interested were gathered from both seminaries into Mr. Stocking's upper room. The assembly was exceedingly solemn, while the nature and office work of the Holy Spirit was unfolded to them, and they were urged to embrace this golden opportunity, and fly from the wrath to

come. On one side were seated the girls, with heads bowed down, and sobs which they strove in vain to repress; and all who were present, from the priests to the youngest child, seemed to feel deeply the realities of eternity.

"The following Sabbath found ten of our pupils, and quite a number in the female seminary, rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. Deacon Tamoo, who had tried me much in the seminary by his levity the preceding week, was now trembling from head to foot, an anxious inquirer. Priest Eshoo also remained in his seat after meeting, his face buried in his handkerchief; and when Mr. Stocking took him affectionately by the hand, he burst into tears. Thus were strong men bowed down at that time by the mighty operation of the Spirit of God.

"Such is a very imperfect outline of the first week of the revival. The brethren who were necessarily absent at Seir, can not, by such a description, nor indeed by *any* description, form an idea of the solemn and deeply affecting scenes through which we passed. The commencement and progress of the work up to this period, had been so like a rushing, mighty wind, that I doubt if our physical systems could have borne the pressure, had it been continued to the same degree for many days longer.

"After this time the work advanced more gradually, but still with great power, evincing to all who saw it that it was the work of God. Both seminaries, for many weeks together, were in a state of deep solemnity, and events of thrilling interest were daily occurring. I regret much that I am in possession of no statement of individual facts in the female school during this period, so that I am obliged to confine myself principally to those which fell under my own observation. It may, however, be well to remark, that the convictions and conversions in both schools were substantially of the same character, and both exerted a similar and very powerful influence on the villages around.

"The case of two Catholic young men, formerly Nestorians, with whom the brethren are now well acquainted, seems to me to possess a peculiar interest. Coming as they did and begging for admission

to the seminary, and when refused, urging their suit with the greatest importunity; granted, at last, some of the privileges of the school, but considered rather as intruders than pupils, it was quite affecting to see them almost immediately under conviction of sin. They came to me with heavy hearts to inquire what they should do to be saved. It was interesting, also, to see the amount of doctrinal knowledge they possessed, and the deep sense of the plague of their hearts. No doubt they were rescued by a kind Providence from Catholic influence, and brought to us that they might be guided to Jesus Christ. They seemed to be overcome with the idea that they had even forsaken the more simple worship of their fathers, and provoked God by bowing down to images; and many times expressed their gratitude that such vile prodigals were allowed any place among his children. One of these young men possesses excellent talents, and is able to do great good among his people. Both of them have, up to this period, walked worthy of their high vocation, and are, we may hope, growing to the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus.

"It will be remembered under what circumstances of peculiar interest the tailor now with us was hopefully converted. Brought providentially to our yard just as the revival commenced, and listening daily to the conversations of those anxious and those rejoicing around him, he learned that he was a lost sinner, and consecrated his all to the Lord Jesus Christ. During the whole spring and summer, he has apparently walked with God, and has interested all who knew him, by his humble and childlike deportment. Though hardly able to read correctly yet in the modern language, and, of course, inferior, as a scholar, to the youngest member of the school, he yet commands the respect of all, and exerts a very happy influence on the side of Christ.

"But not to dwell longer on individual cases in the seminaries, I will only allude to one which occurred at a much later period, and with which the brethren may not all be familiar. During the past summer, while our school was in session at Scir, an orphan about sixteen years of age, came from Alcai to visit us, and apply for admission. He stated that he had been a member of the seminary

some years ago for a short time, and earnestly desired again to enjoy its privileges. Having much pressing business at the time, I told him he might remain until I could attend to his request. Two days after, either by accident, or prompted by curiosity, he found his way into a room where some six or eight of the boys had assembled for prayer. During the progress of the meeting, he seemed deeply affected, and with tears streaming down his cheeks, came inquiring the way to the cross of Christ. As the converting influence of the Spirit had at the time been withheld for several months from the seminary, the appearance of this new comer produced an unusual solemnity. His feelings for some days increased in intensity, his convictions were decidedly pungent and clear, and he at last expressed the hope that he had committed his all to Jesus Christ. From that time he appeared to be a true-hearted disciple, and I not only made him a member of the seminary, but gave him a place in my affections. Since the dispersion of our pupils he has several times spent the Sabbath with us at Seir, and confirmed very much by his interesting appearance our favorable opinion of his piety.

"The revival in the two seminaries advanced with little diminution of interest or power for about two months. At the close of that time, fifty of the pupils had been hopefully converted, and were exhibiting a delightful example of Christian fellowship and love. Their very uncommon prayerfulness, and their earnest solicitude for the conversion of their friends and of the entire people, are yet fresh in our minds, and can not fail to swell our hearts with gratitude to God, as we review the past to-day. Deceptive as is the human heart, and liable as even the best and most discriminating of men have been to mistake as to the genuineness of conversion, it was not strange that in some few cases our feelings were severely tried. But notwithstanding this, it is to be recorded with devout wonder and thanksgiving, that the very great majority of those who were hopefully brought to Christ in the seminaries last winter, are to-day testifying the sincerity of their repentance by humble and prayerful lives. Scattered during this vacation among the people, they are everywhere, so far as I can learn, both males and

females, active in doing good, and exerting a powerful influence in winning men to the truth.

"In an account, however brief, of the revival in our seminaries, the important fact should not be overlooked, that those who had been longest under our influence and received most religious instruction, were the first to yield to the claims of the Gospel, and in general, have been the most consistent in their Christian walk. It has sometimes been thought, from the trials which the mission has had with some of those on whom special pains had been bestowed, that our efforts in their behalf had been worse than useless. But when God's time came to pour out his Spirit, we were privileged to see those very individuals, before so hardened in sin, sitting with the greatest docility at the feet of Jesus, and laboring in the foremost rank for the salvation of their people. One who is well acquainted individually with these converts, can not but feel that all their acquisitions are now an aid to them in the great work of making known the Gospel, and will look to those who have had the longest and most faithful course of instruction, as most likely to fight manfully the good fight of faith.

"It should also be mentioned more distinctly than it has been, that this revival in the seminaries began and progressed without any array of means. It was not by protracted meetings, nor anxious seats, nor appeals to the physical feelings, that this great work was advanced. We all remember that we were behind rather than before the current of feeling. When we were hardly aware that God was among us, and perhaps even before we had with weeping and mourning prostrated ourselves at the mercy seat, we were surrounded by a crowd of inquiring sinners. And from first to last, not a single extra public meeting was held, and very little change was made in our established arrangements. If ever there was a work, which was by preeminence entitled to be called the *Lord's work*, it is the one which we have witnessed this year in Oroomiah. And while we should devoutly bless God that we have been permitted to bear any part, however humble, in its advancement, we should beware how we as-

sume the least degree of praise to ourselves. 'Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory.'

"It was not long after this work of grace commenced in the seminaries, before its influence was felt among all in our immediate employ. Several of the prominent priests and deacons in our premises, including the teachers in both seminaries, who had most of them for years been hoping that they were Christians, throwing all their former dependences away, joined with our pupils in suing for mercy. The printers were also reached; and several of them, who had been exceedingly depraved, were found clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Jesus. And that brother whose circumstances enable him most correctly to judge, informs me, that after so long an exposure to temptation, and the corrupting influences of their people, at least five of them appear to be meek and humble Christians. Our servants were moreover the subjects of this blessed work; and there are few now remaining about us, either in the city or at Seir, of whose piety we may not cherish a reasonable hope.

"It yet remains to notice the progress of this revival in the villages; and I regret that I shall be obliged to pass hastily over so interesting a portion of the narrative.

"It will be remembered that a year ago there was some religious interest in Geog Tapa, under the labors of Priest Abraham, John, and Moses, and that a few females were hopefully brought to the Lord Jesus Christ. With this exception, there had been in none of the villages, any thing like a revival of religion. At Seir, and perhaps at one or two other places, there had been at different times special interest in hearing the truth; but (passing by in the estimate several villages of Seir, which belong more probably to the mission premises there), I am not aware that it resulted in any being born again. This year is therefore distinguished above all others, not only by the precious work of grace on our own premises, but by little revivals in different and distant parts of our field. Hardly had two weeks elapsed, after the first appearances of deep interest here, when the news was spread far and wide. The parents and friends of those in the seminary, and numerous other visitors, some attracted by cu-

riosity, and some doubtless drawn hither by the Spirit of God, thronged in upon us. At morning and evening prayers, at our public services in the seminary, and most of all on the Sabbath, we had thus an opportunity of addressing ourselves to a multitude of strangers. Coming together as they did from a variety of motives, we all had reason to adore the power of God, which pierced so many of them with the arrows of conviction, and brought them, as humbled rebels, to submit to him. The public instructions thus communicated to these visitors, were faithfully followed up in private, by our pupils and the other pious natives around us. It was very affecting to see these boys and girls, taking their friends by the hand as soon as they entered, and begging them in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. In most cases, too, not satisfied with exhortation, they withdrew with them for prayer: and instances were by no means rare, in which a father, a mother, a brother, or a sister, were thus led to Christ, by the instrumentality of these children and youth. I well remember with what affectionate earnestness Siyad the tailor, threw himself before his aged grandfather, and entreated him to attend to the salvation of his soul. He seemed neither able to eat nor sleep, till he saw this venerable relative a follower of Jesus. For several days and nights, with an uninstructed tongue, yet eloquently, and with an earnestness that would know no denial, he urged him not to go away till he had given up his all to Christ, and his faithful efforts were crowned with success. That patriarchal old man, as we have repeatedly and from a variety of sources been assured, is now a meek and prayerful Christian; and though he finds scarcely an individual to sympathize with him in his large and wicked village, he is constantly, by his upright and heavenly deportment, commending the religion of Christ.

"What a wonderful providence was it, which brought into the fold of the Redeemer, the ignorant and wicked deacon from Tergawer. A little girl from Hakkie became a member of Miss Fisk's school, and during the revival was hopefully led to the Saviour of sinners. Her father, proud and self-righteous, soon came down to visit her. The silken cords of love were thrown around him, and

not only his daughter, but other pious natives, pressed on him the truths of the Gospel. He heard first with indifference, then with aversion. As his light increased and the truth flashed on his mind that he was a rebel against God, he rose in opposition. But the time had come for the strong man to bow, and it was not long before he was seen pleading for mercy like a lost sinner. The big tears rolling down his cheeks, and his words scarcely finding utterance, he begged to be taught the way of salvation. When asked by one of the brethren, if in case it were possible for the fires of hell to be extinguished, and he have liberty to live as he had formerly done, he would be relieved of his distress, he replied, that were there no hell, he could not endure to remain the enemy of God. As he was setting out for Tergawer, he expressed the hope that he had given up the unequal controversy and begged an interest in our prayers. From that time he commenced the career of active benevolence, which has so fully evinced the genuineness of his repentance and strongly endeared him to our hearts. The labors of this Deacon Guagis in Tergawer, are unwearied. For months he has given up every other employment, and constrained, as we must believe, by the love of Christ, certainly not by hope of earthly reward, he goes about from village to village, preaching the doctrines of the cross. Almost entirely through his influence, crowned with the blessing of God, the whole aspect of things there has changed. In our recent visit to Tergawer, we were delighted to find in Hakkie, his native village, so deep an interest in the truth, and so many who were inquiring the way to Christ as lost sinners. There is good reason to believe, that as many as twelve individuals there are truly born again, including two brothers and several other relatives of the deacon, and perhaps also the priest of the village. It should be remembered, that this interesting beginning is in a district where, until recently, all was wrapped in midnight darkness; where, with the name of Christianity, they were entirely ignorant of the way of reconciliation with God through his dear Son.

"In other villages of Tergawer also there has been a rapid process of enlightenment, and some hopefully converted to God. A

deacou of Shebanee, with whom many of us are acquainted, is, we trust, born again, and is said to be scarcely less cousistent and active iu his Master's service, than the deacon of whom we have been speaking. While we remained in Tergawer, he was almost constantly by our side, and manifested the greatest eagerness to be taught. He unfortuuately is able to translate but very imperfectly, and must, therefore, depend for much of his knowledge of the Scriptures on others.* One morning, after some conversation with John about the New Jerusalem, he begged the latter to read to him from Revelation. And it would have done the heart of any Christian good, to see them beudiug together over the book of life, John explaining the meaning of the Apostle with the utmost earnestness and vividness of imagery, while his companion was deeply moved by the sight, to him new, of the heavenly glories, which were thus spread out before him.

"But we must not dwell longer on Tergawer. That the Lord has begun a very interesting work of grace there is abundantly evident to all who have visited it. And owing to the position of the district, and the uncommon providence by which the influences of the revival were introduced there, it seems to have a special claim on our sympathies and prayers. May God grant that that remote and hitherto wild region may speedily become vocal with his praise.

"But the effects of this glorious work of grace have been seen yet further among the mountains of Koordistan. During the spring, an older brother of Deacon Tamer came to visit us from Gawar. He, too, was convicted of sin, and after several days of deep feeling, bade us farewell, expressing the hope that he had devoted himself to the service of Christ. We followed him with our best wishes and our prayers, knowing that he was leaving the region of Gospel light for one in which he would be deprived of preaching, the hearing of God's word in private, the sympathy of Christian friends, and indeed find prayer the only conuecting link between him and heaven. We

* Since this time the word of God has been given to the people in the modern language.

however commended him to God, feeling assured that, if his real child, he would be kept through grace unto eternal life. On our late tour in Gawar, it was delightful to meet this man again, bearing all the marks of a follower of Jesus. When the seminary was closed in April, Hamis, a younger brother of the same family, who has for several years spent the winter in the seminary, left us, to pass the summer at his mountain home. He also, having hopefully found peace in believing during the late revival, I urged him to imitate his divine Master when he should reach that distant and unexplored field, and go about doing good. Some months later Deacon Tamer, on his return from Badr Khan Beg, went also to Gawar. These three brothers have labored together in their native village, making known, in public and private, in the house and by the way, the Gospel of Christ. The result is, that some ten, as these brethren believe, are born again, and the village has become known as far as Marbeeshoo, for the wonderful change which has taken place there. We spent a day among the people with great satisfaction, and they were afterwards visited by Deacon Guergis, of Tergawer, who was no less gratified than ourselves. It may be stated in this connection, that on reaching Baradost, late at night, on our way to Gawar, we were surprised to find this deacon one of the first to come out and welcome us. He had gone there from Tergawer to preach the Gospel; and with his customary love for the work, and no other compensation than what Christ will bestow upon him, he accompanied us to Gawar on foot, and back again to his native village, a distance of about a hundred miles. I know of no one who promises to become so useful a missionary as this man, in the mountain districts; and the brethren will be glad to learn that he hopes to spend the winter in the seminary, that he may be the better qualified for the work.

"But to return for a few moments to the village of Deacon Tamer. When we were there, his father lay on a bed of sickness, and as Mr. Stocking was preaching in the same room to an attentive congregation, consisting of the whole population, old and young, the dying man frequently and emphatically joined his words with those

of the preacher, affirming that Jesus Christ, and him crucified, was his only hope. We have rarely, either in Oroomiah or elsewhere, seen a more silent and interested audience, and when we closed, all remained in their places, as if desiring more of the sincere milk of the word. Tamer informed us that, even if he protracted the meetings till midnight, he always found interested and solemn listeners.

"The next day the old man died; and though we had ourselves left the village, we received a deeply affecting account of the scene, from Deacon Guergis, who was present. The burial service was accompanied by preaching, and all the exercises were performed with great solemnity. At evening, as the deacon informed us, he went with Tamer and Hamis to pray by the grave of their departed parent. As they were kneeling down, the elder brother joined them, and on rising at the close of their prayer, they saw three others, who had noiselessly stolen up the hill-side that, in the calm evening hour and by the new-made grave, they too might pour out their souls to God.

"It would be pleasant to remark more at length on this interesting community, and the prospective influence they will exert in the spread of the Gospel among the mountains. But this falls rather within the sphere of a brother who labors there. I am reminded, also, by the length of time I have already occupied, that I must be brief.

"There are several other districts, as Mergawer and Ooshnook, where, in connection with this revival, the Gospel has been for the first time preached by pious natives; but of late we have no definite information in regard to them. It will be remembered that one of the most promising converts in the school was taken by his friends, last spring, to Mar Gabriel, and made a priest, contrary to the young man's earnest protestations. He has since been residing in Ooshnook, his native city, where, at the time John visited him in May, he had very much the respect and affection of all around him, and was exerting a happy influence for the cause of Christ. If we may judge from similar cases in Tergawer and Gawar, which have passed under our view, we must believe that his labors will not be in vain.

"But, notwithstanding these deeply interesting facts in reference to the remote portions of our field, it is yet true that the influence of the revival has been mainly felt in our more immediate vicinity. In at least *eleven* villages of Oroomiah, we now find one or more hopeful Christians, beside a number of other places, where the pious members of our seminaries have been spending a considerable portion of the summer, and exhibiting in their lives the power of the gospel. How cheering to contemplate such a result as this! Not only have many souls thus been rescued from eternal death, but beacon fires have been here and there kindled, which we hope will burn more and more brightly, till this whole region shall be lighted up with millennial glory.

"In connection with the progress of this revival in the villages, it is proper to mention that during the two or three months previous to the present vacation of the seminary, its older members were in the habit of visiting and expounding the Gospel in some five or six different villages every Sabbath. The means of grace among the people have thus been greatly multiplied, and I think we may confidently indulge the hope, if we are faithful to the cause of our Master, that the coming year will be yet more signalized than the past, by the outpouring of God's Spirit in the villages. The eight or ten teachers also, who spent the summer with us at Seir, underwent, while there, a radical change of views and feelings; and I cherish the strong belief that some of them became new creatures in Christ Jesus. These have gone out to scatter evangelical truths in their different village schools, and among all with whom they come in contact. How can the rays of light, thus radiating from so many centers, crossing and recrossing, and blending with each other, fail to give a far more bright and encouraging aspect to our field than we have ever yet been permitted to witness?

"I have delayed thus far to speak of Geog Tapa, because the work there has been so marked and glorious as to deserve a separate consideration. The precious seed which had been sown year after year in that village—the fact that special interest had been manifested there the previous summer—the connection of so many eccle-

siasties with us as native helpers, and the comparatively large number of its youth in the two seminaries, nearly all of whom were awakened and hopefully converted—the frequent mention of this village in the letters of the Committee and of our private friends, showing that it was remembered at the throne of grace—all these things naturally led us at an early period of the revival, to turn our eyes to Geog Tapa, and to expect there a powerful display of the grace of God. Nor were we disappointed. The visitors from that place to our seminaries were, from the first, so numerous, especially on the Sabbath; so many of our pupils visited there in their turn; and we have been able, by personal labors and by the aid of our most experienced native helpers, to keep the truth so constantly before the minds of the people, that the revival in Geog Tapa has been closely identified, both in its character and results, with that which we have enjoyed on our own premises. Early in February some interest was manifested in one of the schools, which gradually increased, till many of all classes were deeply moved. About a month later, when the seminaries had a vacation of ten days, I had the pleasure, with Miss Fisk, of spending some portion of it in that village. While there had been but few conversions, there was a great deal of inquiry, and our pupils expounded the Scriptures every evening in ten or twelve different places, to attentive audiences. Everything was marked by a deep stillness, which indicated to us the presence of God's Spirit. And from that time forward converts were multiplied, and the blessed work went on with increasing power.

"It would be interesting, were there time, to dwell on the particular features of the revival there, and to describe the individual cases which have, during its progress, affected us so deeply. Suffice it to say, that there are many mouths which before were full of cursing and bitterness, that are now filled with the praises of God. An entire change has taken place in the habits and manners of the village. Property has become secure from thieves to an extent never before known. The name of reviler, or quarreler, or profane swearer has become one of great reproach. Prayer-meetings are frequent, and attended by many who love to pray. The Sabbath is regarded as

the Lord's day, and not unblushingly profaned, as before, by secular employments. And while there are, of course, many in the village hardened to the truth, and a few who feel the present order of things to be an uncomfortable restraint, the sentiment of the village is strongly in favor of peace, sobriety, and vital religion. At a recent communion season, a time at which disorders were formerly allowed, scarcely less gross than those which disgraced the Corinthian church, about two hundred remained after the unintelligible service in the ancient language, to celebrate the ordinance in a solemn and reverential manner. The service was conducted with prayer, singing, and other exercises, very much in imitation of our own method; and the pious natives connected with us, who were present, regarded it as one of the most delightful occasions they had ever witnessed. Do not such great changes, in one of the most intelligent and prominent Nestorian villages, promise for us a brighter day than any which has yet dawned upon us? Who, even of the most sanguine of our number, would have believed, a year ago, that in Geog Tapa, two hundred persons would this summer have sat with solemnity around the table of their dying Lord, realizing, in some measure, the meaning of the ordinance?* And whose heart does not overflow with thanksgiving and praise, when he remembers that scores of these are giving consistent and increasing evidence of piety? I am informed within a few days, that there is not a single vineyard in the village in which there is not at least one praying laborer; and it is well known that the men and women, most of whom can not read, go to their daily toil, singing along the way the hymns which they have learned from the children in the schools. In the threshing floors little closets are made for prayer, among the stacks of wheat. To these places those who love to pray retire, and closing the entrance after them with a sheaf of wheat, hold communion with God.

* All, among the Nestorians, old and young, pious and depraved, have hitherto been accustomed to partake of the sacrament, thinking it had some inherent efficacy in it, as a saving ordinance. Many now in Geog Tapa absent themselves through fear of the curse of God.

"As it is a considerable time since I have visited Geog Tapa, I am obliged, in reporting the present state of the village, to rely mainly on others. But it seems to be a fact that hundreds there are in the daily habit of secret prayer; and that fifty of them, exclusive of the members of our seminaries, and our native helpers, are born into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. Quite a number of the hopeful converts are *young men*, who are very active in labors among the people, and who every Sabbath go out to all the villages around to proclaim the Gospel.

"With a very few general remarks in regard to the revival, I will close this narrative. And,

"I. It must be evident to any one who has labored much with those under conviction, that they have had in general very discriminating views of truth. The evil of sin, their ruined condition while out of Christ, the excellence and glory of the plan of salvation, have not only been clearly presented to them, but as clearly apprehended and embraced. It has been very difficult for our brethren at the Sandwich Islands, and at some other stations, during seasons of revival, to give the truth a fair, distinct, and forcible lodgment in the native mind. From this source we have here the past season experienced but little inconvenience. It has been interesting and delightful to see what discriminating views of truth were possessed, even by mere children, and the most ignorant females. And this, among many other reasons, should give us confidence in the work as wrought by the Spirit of God.

"II. And again, it has appeared to me very remarkable, considering the excitable nature of the people, that there has been so little mere animal sympathy. We at first strongly apprehended it, even among those best instructed, and continually under the watchful care of the mission. But it would seem that our fears were too strong. Neither at Geog Tapa, in Tergawer, in Gawar, nor any other place, so far as I have been able to learn, has there been any thing which looks like fanaticism. On the contrary, to the praise of God's grace be it recorded, there has every where been stillness and deep solemnity. And Dr. Anderson had a correct apprehension of

the facts, when he speaks, in a recent communication, of the work, as 'bearing all the marks of a genuine New England revival.'

"III. It should also be noticed with devout thanksgiving, that there have been thus far very few backsliders. This has struck our native helpers (unaccustomed to revivals, and of course more ready than ourselves to regard every manifestation of feeling as genuine repentance) with great surprise. I have repeatedly been asked by them, 'How is it, that these converts, none of them fall? Must we not expect to find Judas and Simon Magus among them? Is it not wonderful that for so many months, ignorant as they are, and exposed to so much temptation, they should be growing in grace, and seeming to ripen for heaven?' And, brethren, it *is* wonderful, and I believe the more we dwell on the fact the more wonderful shall we regard it. I do not mean that in a very few cases our hopes have not been disappointed. But after the lapse of nine months since the commencement of the work, a time sufficiently long, as is supposed, in America, and *much more* among such a people as this, to test the reality of a saving change, we find at least one hundred and fifty converts rejoicing in God, and giving daily evidence of humble, consistent piety. Can any more genuine work be found in the present revivals of our own land, and should not the contemplation of it to-day, call out our hearts in thanksgiving and praise?

"IV. The ardor and whole heartedness of these young Christians is also remarkable. The great majority of them seem to feel, in a peculiarly strong manner, that they are no longer their own, and to enter, with a delightful spirit, on the work of saving their lost people. Naturally ardent and bold, and by no means deficient in intellect, the energies of these pious individuals are now directed to the most glorious of all objects—the promotion of the cause of Christ. This characteristic gives us high encouragement to look for the salvation of the whole people, and affords, it would seem, solid basis for the hope so long cherished by our patrons at home, that they will at some future day become, as their fathers were, energetic and faithful missionaries among the vast regions of central Asia. We will labor and pray for such a blessed consummation.

"In view of these facts, brethren, though so imperfectly presented, whose heart does not swell with grateful emotions to God? Who, viewing the wonderful changes which this year have taken place in our field; our freedom from persecution throughout this revival; the almost uniformly favorable views of the high ecclesiastics, and of many of the people toward this work of God (a state of things so different from what our brethren in Turkey are experiencing); the active and devoted bands of native converts, which God has given to aid us in our work; and above all the exceeding great and precious promises of the Bible to faithful labor and prayer; who does not thank God that he is placed in such an interesting field at such an interesting crisis, and, girding on the Gospel armor, long to address himself anew, with all the strength which God has given him, to the blessed work? May we be aided from on high to meet our great responsibilities; and, weak, unworthy and helpless as we are, be more and more the honored instruments of bringing these lost souls to an Almighty Saviour; and finally stand, with a great company of them, redeemed as well as we by the power of Divine grace, on Mount Zion above, with songs and everlasting joy on our heads, and there join in ascriptions of praise forever and ever, Amen."

CHAPTER XV.

SICKNESS AND SORROW.

THE effects of the revival of 1846 were long visible upon the general tone of the seminary. In May, 1847, Mr. Stoddard wrote to the Missionary Rooms at Boston,—

"The general character of the school has been quite satisfactory. With the exception of a few, who are not hopefully pious, our pupils have to some extent endeavored to carry out the direction of the apostle, 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' In respect to those few, though they still remain away from the Lord Jesus Christ, the revival, a year ago, had a great effect in removing their prejudices against true religion, in improving their habits, and raising their tone of moral feeling. I have rarely seen, and I could hardly desire to see, more diligence than is manifested by the whole school in the acquisition of knowledge. As they have gathered around me from day to day, with beaming eyes, eager to catch every word of instruction, I have felt that I had a rich reward for all my efforts in their behalf. Especially is this true of our biblical exercises, which form so important and interesting a branch of instruction in the school. Much time has, this winter, been occupied in the careful study of Paul's Epistles, and it has been delightful to see what zeal our pupils have manifested. It is uncommon to find any one, even the youngest of them, weary of the employment; on the contrary, they are often desirous of proceeding when fatigue or some other cause has induced me to desist.

"But this is not all. We look confidently to the time as near, when these youth will occupy stations of importance, as the religious

guides of the people. One of our pupils has this winter left us to teach a village school. And as he came to bid me farewell, and thank me for my instructions, and ask me to unite with him in prayer that God would bless him in his new sphere of labor, I was deeply affected by conflicting emotions. Unwilling as I was, on some accounts, to part with him, I could not do otherwise than bid him God speed, and rejoice that he had a heart to go out and labor for the salvation of this people.

About this time he made a tour among the Nestorians of the mountains, in company with Deacon Tamer, preaching from village to village and from house to house. His journal of this tour records many instances of the converting grace of God as manifested among the people; while it shows that Mr. Stoddard spared neither time nor strength in the work of saving souls. Often after preaching in a village church, he would join a group upon the house-top, and sit till a late hour of the night discoursing of the things of God. But these multiplied labors, while they brought new strength and refreshment to his soul, taxed heavily his slender physical frame, and he began to show symptoms of failing health, which awakened the solicitude of the mission. Partly with a view to his improvement, though chiefly from general considerations of expediency, it was resolved to remove the male seminary from the city of Oroomiah to the mission premises upon Mount Seir. In order to accommodate the school in its new quarters, it was necessary to erect a new building, and the mission requested Mr. Stoddard to superintend its erection, both with a view to the proper construction of the work, and as a means of relaxation to himself.

"July 15th, 147. We have, for some time, been agitating the question of removing the seminary from the city to Seir, and this spring

definitely determined upon it. Our home, therefore, is henceforth to be, not upon the plain of Oroomiah, but on the mountain side, some four hundred feet above its unhealthy vapors. We make the removal with great satisfaction. To us it secures a more bracing atmosphere, and freedom from a thousand nameless annoyances, which beset us in the crowded city. To the school it is still more advantageous: it separates the male from the vicinity of the female seminary, which was always (and necessarily so) a source of much anxiety. It removes our pupils from temptation, gives them a quiet place to pursue their studies, prevents the necessity of a long summer vacation during the hottest weather, and opens to them an abundant field for exercise and recreation, without interfering with any one's rights, or exposing themselves as they often did on the plain, to the insults of their haughty Mussulman oppressors. For some time past I have been busy in making the necessary additions to our establishment at Seir, and now have the satisfaction of seeing the arrangements nearly completed. They are very plain (the rooms being all of mud, unburnt brick), but neat and spacious, and we shall be enabled to superintend the school in a very efficient manner.

"The general course of things, the last few months, has been decidedly onward here. By the blessing of God we meet with very little opposition, and we see that the truth takes a stronger hold on the minds and hearts of the people. If we succeed in renovating this ancient and venerable Church, leaving its present organization unimpaired; neither descending to cringing servility toward the ecclesiastics, on the one hand, nor rashly provoking their enmity, on the other; if we, by a wise medium course, and the blessing of heaven on our labors, see ecclesiastics and people brought under the life-giving power of the Gospel, it will be a spectacle as delightful as it has been uncommon in the history of the Church. Should persecution arise, and the merciless sword be unsheathed, as at Constantinople, and our converts be driven from their own Church, we should be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to adopt another course and gather the lambs into another fold. This, however, we hope may be permanently avoided."

MISSION PREMISES, MOUNT SEIR, OROOMIAH.

"You will infer from my letters, that I love my school and the missionary work in general. I do so; and I am freely willing to forego, many things which I should enjoy in America, for the sake of laboring here. You can hardly conceive what a delightful thing it is, in a land of gross darkness, to watch the breaking dawn, and to feel that God is making us, in any manner, instrumental in ushering it in. Our seminary—small, and imperfectly conducted, as it is—is without a rival among the millions of Central Asia, and it is in Oroomiah only, for many hundreds of miles in every direction, that the pure gospel of the grace of God is preached. I mention not these things to magnify myself or my brethren, but to magnify *our work*, and to show you why it is that we look on it as so important."

The wisdom of this change, upon sanitary grounds, was demonstrated during the fearful visitation of cholera at Oroomiah, in the summer of 1847. In a letter to his parents, written in the fall of that year, Mr. Stoddard says:

"I desire to unite with you in thanksgivings to God, that while the cholera has again been raging dreadfully at Oroomiah and throughout Persia, we and our little ones have all been spared. And not only so, but our missionary circle is unbroken, and but few of those in whom we felt a deep interest have been cut down. Dr. Wright has written a faithful account to the rooms, but as it may not be published immediately and you will be anxious to hear, I will state in a word that the number of deaths in the city of Oroomiah is variously estimated at from *four* to *seven* thousand! This in a population of twenty-five thousand! What an awful mortality! In some cases whole families, and large ones, too, have been swept away. The cholera, after doing its work a few days in the city, spread over the plain, and perhaps not a village entirely escaped. The deaths in the villages have averaged from ten to twenty or thirty. In this connection, I rejoice to state that not one solitary case occurred in Seir. How this augments its value in our eyes as a healthy retreat, and how much we praise our Father in heaven

for having permanently removed us there from the air of the city, you can readily understand.

"Before this reaches you, you will have heard that the cholera was in Oroomiah and probably have been very anxious about our safety. Perhaps I ought to have written you before in regard to it, but I was thus prevented from doing so. The cholera first appeared in Oroomiah, August 21st, just as our messenger was about to leave for Tabreez. Most of our circle wrote informing their friends, but as I was peculiarly busy at the time and expecting *very soon* to leave for Erzeroom, I thought I could write you upon the road, or in that city, and so deferred it for that occasion. How I was prevented from leaving more than a month, you shall afterward hear.

"The cholera last year came in the winter and did not half do its work, being driven away, so to speak, by the unusually early approach of winter. But this year it appeared at a time, when of all others we might expect it to be very fatal. And so it proved. From a few scattered cases, the number of the sick and dying reached two, three, and even four hundred a day; and at one time it was so awful, that the whole population of the city kept up a continual wailing through the night. At the time of my leaving, September 30th, it had entirely spent itself in the city, but not until at the lowest calculation *four* thousand (and some think five or six), had fallen victims. This in a population of twenty-five thousand. Was ever such a dreadful scourge known in so small a city? In some instances whole families, father, mother, and children are all swept away, leaving hardly a near relative to mourn their loss.

"But the storm did not stop here. It soon burst on the villages, which, to the number of several hundred, are scattered over that fertile plain. Hardly one of them escaped; and the voice of mourning, which was borne from the city, was returned on every side from the hamlets around it. It is impossible to say what number in these villages have died, but as it has been so universally prevalent, it must have amounted to thousands.

"But you will ask with anxiety, where were your children, and their missionary companions, at this time of awful distress? I reply,

safe under the protecting care of their Father in heaven. Bless the Lord, *we all live.* Not a hair of our heads has fallen to the ground. We have realized the promise of the ninety-first psalm, so precious and applicable to our circumstances, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day. . . . A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.'

"And now, dear parents, my heart is full. We have indeed passed through times of sickness and trouble, but we can sing of mercy as well as judgment. How ought we to unite in praise to him, who has thus preserved us in the midst of dangers, healed our diseases, and crowned us with loving kindness. God grant that we may live more than ever to him, and not be so stupid (as I at least have been), and insensible of his mercies."

The following letter to his parents exhibits the strength of filial affection subordinated to the love of Christ.

"I am, by this opportunity, in receipt of a long and interesting letter from you, mother, for which accept my warmest thanks. From father I have not heard for some time, but I well remember his kind letter received last spring. It gratifies me more than I can well express, to see your handwriting and to be assured that you are enjoying a green old age. It would be pleasant for me, if Providence had so ordered it, to be nearer to you and to have the honor and the privilege, with my brothers, and sisters, of ministering to your comfort. But that may not be, and I presume you are heartily reconciled to the brief separation to which we are called in this world, in hope of a speedy, yes, and an eternal reunion in our Father's house above. We shall not be long separated. The missionary chooses a swift passage to the grave, and it is altogether improbable, though my health is now pretty good, that I shall ever live to old age.* And I can truly say that I have no anxious desire to remain forty,

* I have no particular reasons for thinking so. I speak on *general* grounds.

fifty, or more years in this vale of tears. I would not live always. Why should I desire it? So far as I can be a humble instrument in promoting the cause of Christ, let me stay, let me toil. But then to depart and be with Christ is far better. Say, is it not? The world is emptiness, a real cheat. Think of its sorrows, its toils, its pains, its cold, hunger, weariness, and thirst. Think of its trials and temptations. Think how we are wretched here under a load of sin. Is it not then good to die, that we may awake to immortal life? Is it not good to be absent from the body that we may be present with the Lord?

"Dear parents, how is it with you? You are in the decline of life. Your sun has passed its meridian, and in the course of human events, can not be far from setting. Are you in the land of Beulah? Is your eye fastened with a near, enrapturing gaze on the New Jerusalem? Do you rejoice that your pilgrimage, with its weary nights and days, its temptations and its fears, is almost over, and that you have so near a prospect of the rest that remaineth for the people of God? Does not death seem tolerable, nay *more* than tolerable, when you remember what is beyond it?

"'Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green.'"

In the month of September it became evident to the mission that some decisive step must be taken for the benefit of Mr. Stoddard's health. Accordingly, much against his inclination—for he was most reluctant to leave his work—they voted that he should intermit his labors in the seminary, and try the effect of a journey to Erzeroom. Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane and Miss Rice had reached that city on their way to join the mission at Oroomiah, and needed an escort across the mountains. Mr. Stoddard left Oroomiah upon this errand, in the latter part of September. The following letter to Mr. Charles Stoddard fully explains the case.

"Route from Oroomiah to Erzeroom,
Ooch Kilesia, October 8th, 1847.

"My Dear Brother,—

"You will be surprised when you look at my date, and the thought may possibly pass through your mind, that I am running home. But no, I am not going to America, and long, *long* may it be before God shall in his providence call me away from my work, to go there. Nor am I going anywhere except to meet the dear brother and the sisters whom you have sent to us, and to conduct them to their new home.

"I did not wish to undertake this journey, and that on many accounts; principally because it will seriously interfere with the opening of the seminary for the winter. The arrangements for the seminary are this year peculiarly difficult, because it is to be in a new building and a new place; and the time for calling my pupils together is already past. But all my brethren said, 'you ought to go, and your school must not stand in the way;' and so I yielded to their persuasions, seconded by the solicitations of my dear wife.

"The object in view in *my* going, rather than any other member of the mission, was the supposed benefit to my health. Though I have little doubt that, with the blessing of God, our removal to Seir will be a decided benefit to Harriette and myself, and enable us to bear our duties without difficulty, yet thus far I have found our residence there a trying one. It proved to be no easy thing to make proper accommodations for such an establishment as ours, and while the rooms were in process of building, I was obliged to be out among the workmen early and late, sometimes exposed to the rain, and sometimes to a hot sun. You will say this was *imprudent;* but it was not to be avoided, and I trust no permanent evil, but on the contrary, great permanent good will result from it. During August and September, my dear wife and the children had ophthalmia, and the necessity, which was thus laid upon me, to go from dark rooms to bright sunshine, affected my own eyes, naturally very strong, and brought on a considerable degree of inflammation. My old companion, neuralgia, then stepped in, and settling in the eyes, gave me

such pain in that delicate organ as I hardly ever remember to have felt. The result was, that as soon as my eyes were in any measure recovered, the brethren urged my setting out for Erzeroom."

The illness of one of the missionary party at Erzeroom caused Mr. Stoddard to be detained in that city for several weeks. Reluctant as he had been to leave his beloved seminary, and ardently as he longed to resume his labors, this was to him a severer trial than sickness itself. But his letters from Erzeroom breathe throughout a spirit of patience and trust.

The journey failed to restore vigor to his system. Almost immediately after his return he was prostrated by an illness which rendered him for months an invalid. The following letter describes the case.

"Mount Seir, Oroomiah, December 27, 1847.

"My dear Brother,—

"Five weeks ago I returned from Erzeroom. For a fortnight I was busily occupied in making my preparations for the winter, and then assembled my pupils. I had high hopes that, with our new and complete accommodations and superior location we should have a delightful winter. But the very day that the seminary was assembled, I was taken sick, with severe pains and fever, and have been most of the time since confined to the room, and generally to the sofa or bed. My difficulty is an obstruction of the biliary passages, which produces the usual results of constant nausea on the stomach, want of digestion, and a jaundiced skin. I have of late suffered little severe pain. Owing to the kind attentions of my wife and the brethren and sisters of the mission, I have found my sick bed very comfortable. It was for a time very trying to be separated from my seminary, especially as they were in new circumstances, and needed, as I supposed, for a time, peculiar attention; but I have concluded, of late, that the Lord can take better care of them than I can myself, and have thrown off all anxiety on that score. My teachers are

pious men, as well as many of my eldest pupils, and I hope it will not suffer materially by my absence. The doctor does not consider my disease, in the present aspect, a dangerous one, though it may be a considerable time before I am able to labor as actively as I could wish. It is hard to be thus laid aside from active labor, but I trust that the trial will do me good.

"I long to write to my dear parents, brothers and sisters, individually, and especially to express my sympathy with those who are so deeply afflicted in the family, but I must for the present forbear. I trust you will give yourselves no undue anxiety on my account, as I have kind and affectionate nurses, and a physician who does all that his skill and Christian attachment can prompt, to restore me to speedy health. I ask an interest in your prayers, that this and all the other light afflictions which may befall me, may work out the peaceable fruit of righteousness, preparing me better for my missionary work, and for my rest above. With affectionate regards to all, truly your brother, D. T. Stoddard."

"P. S.—Your brother might have written this himself, as he commenced, but I was unwilling that he should tax his strength to do so, and begged to be his amanuensis. He has, I think, given you a very correct impression of his case. We trust that his disease, which I conceive to be what is commonly called *jaundice*, will soon yield to medical treatment. I hardly need say that our attachment to your brother, and concern for his health and welfare, can be hardly less than your own. Yours truly, J. Perkins."

"My dear Brother,—

"I know that we shall have your prayers and sympathy, and that of all our dear friends in this time of sickness and trial. Pray that our Father's chastening hand may not be laid upon us in vain. It is sweet to feel that it is a Father who holds the chastening rod. May we not be slow to learn the lesson he would teach us, but live more with our hearts in heaven, and be more consecrated to our Saviour's service. I am your affectionate sister,

"Harriette B. Stoddard."

A month later Mr. Stoddard began to be cheered with the hope of restoration. He writes to Mr. Bliss of Trebizond:

"You have doubtless heard from other sources, that soon after reaching home I was taken severely ill, and thus prevented from entering, as I had hoped to do, on my customary labors. It is seven weeks to-day since I was first attacked, and I am now slowly recovering, though able as yet to exert myself but little. The disease was jaundice, which does not often of itself prove fatal, but is sometimes attended or followed by an affection of the liver, which ruins the constitution, even when it does not immediately destroy life. For several days the doctor expressed himself as very anxious about me, and went about, as he always does when there is severe sickness in the mission, with a heavy heart. But through the great goodness of God, all dangerous symptoms have passed away, and I hope before many weeks—I wish I could say *days*—to enter my field of labor. I pray God that these admonitions may not be in vain, but that they may serve to make me more faithful, more humble, and devoted to our Master. And let us both try, dear brother, *to live for eternity*."

Soon after, the tidings of the death of Professor Solomon Stoddard clouded his path.

"Mount Seir, January 24, 1848.

"And now, dear brother, I know you will unite with me in thanksgivings to God, that the clouds which have gathered around me are passing away, and that from severe sickness I am restored to so comfortable a measure of health. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' I feel that it is all undeserved mercy. Perhaps you may remember that I have never before had a dangerous and protracted illness, and I needed the discipline. I trust it has made me feel more my frailty, and that if I am permitted to labor again, I shall labor with more spirituality and devotion to our Lord. I can not blame myself much for being idle since I have been on missionary ground, but I find much to blame in the *spirit*

which I have possessed. This sickness also shows me that I am not very necessary to the work. At first I could hardly bear to be shut out from the school, thinking that it would not go on without my aid. The result has shown me my mistake; I can not but feel that if I was taken out of the way, others would do far more faithfully and successfully the duties which I consider peculiarly mine.

"Of one thing I beg to assure you, that neither cholera, nor ophthalmia, nor neuralgia, nor jaundice, have yet at all altered my views of the missionary work, nor dimished *in the least* my desire to spend the strength God shall give me, in the missionary field. Nor do I consider it a settled point that I may not yet enjoy *good health* here. Mr. Perkins, during the early years of his missionary life suffered much from fevers and disease in different forms, but is now very robust. But whether I have good health or not, I am very happy to give whatever strength I have to this interesting seminary. Only let me be far more devoted and humble. With reference to this, will you remember me in your prayers?

"We have not yet heard of your arrival in America, but are this very afternoon expecting the messenger to come from Tabreez.

"January 28th. And the messenger *has* come, bringing with him the mournful tidings that my dear eldest brother is no more. I had just written him a letter, yesterday, and gone to visit my school for a short time, when the letter was put into my hands from brother Lewis, announcing the solemn event. I can not tell you what my feelings are, but they are deeply affected. Brother L. had informed me before, in a previous letter, that Solomon was quite prostrated, but stated in the same connection that the physicians 'encouraged him that he will get well.' From that time I heard nothing till yesterday, and the sad news for a time quite overcame me. It seemed as if I could not have it so—could not bear to part from that beloved brother till we shou'd meet at the last great day. But other and better feelings have now taken possession of me. I think I can rejoice that all of us are in the Lord's hands, and I would not have my own way if I could. This sundering of ties is hard, harder than those who have not experienced it can tell. But in this case how much consolation

mingles with our sorrow. Not only our brother who is gone, had a good hope through grace, but our dear parents and all their children are looking forward to heaven as their home. A few short years, and we shall meet to part no more. O let us live like pilgrims and strangers here. As one tie after another is severed, that binds us to earth, let new ties bind us to heaven. Let our hopes and our affections center there."

His letter of condolence to his parents in view of this affliction is worthy to be preserved entire.

"January 28th, 1848.

"My Beloved Parents: I have often been called to administer consolation to others when not myself *fully* a partner in their grief, and I have found it comparatively easy, in such circumstances, to direct my friends to those views which alleviate the bitterness of the final parting. But now *your* grief is *mine*. If you have lost your first-born son, I have lost my eldest brother. My sorrow, too, is fresher than your own, as only yesterday I heard of our sad bereavement, while you have often visited and wept by the new-made grave. Under such circumstances, I feel that I myself need a comforter. But I have been trying to direct my thoughts to the precious truths of the Gospel, and find in them relief for my burdened heart. How consoling at such a time, to part with our beloved one in the joyful hope that he is going to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. I have sometimes felt that the world was all vanity, and thought I could gladly exchange it for the purity and bliss of heaven. No doubt my departed brother often felt so too, for his cares and his long continued infirmities were almost too great for him to bear, and he must often have sighed for rest. And that rest is now his—a rest, pure, unbroken and eternal. 'Lulled to rest the aching head; soothed the anguish of the mind.' My brother panted after *knowledge*. Now he has learned far more than he could ever know here below; especially does he know God, and understand the mysteries of a Saviour's love. My brother had given himself to Christ in an

everlasting eovenant, and now, elothed in white, he will sing the praises of his Redeemer forever. No, we ean not weep *for him.*

"For ourselves we must weep. Our family eircle is broken. Our hearts are borne down with anguish. But we ought not to forget, amid our sorrows, how kindly God has dealt with us. How many years have we all been spared! How much have we enjoyed in eaeh other's society. How, in answer to your prayers, have we all been gathered into the fold of Christ. What a satisfaction to think that our separation is not eternal; that a few revolving years at farthest, will carry us also to that blessed world, where our dear brother and your affeetionate son, has gone before us.

"If there is ever consolation to the bereaved mourner, I think you, dear parents, may have that eonsolation now. Your son filled up life with usefulness and duty. He served his generation aecording to the will of God. And though his career was not a long one, and he was cut down in the midst of his days, he had undoubtedly aecomplished all that his Heavenly Father had for him to do in this world, and he is now transplanted to a nobler sphere of being. That life is long whieh answers life's great end. What matter is it if, in middle life, I lie down in the dust, provided my years have been spent (all of them) in my Master's service? Yes, this is the great thing, the only thing worth living for, to live with reference to etornity.

"I am sensible that I have been very cold and stupid this winter; and I am amazed that my severe sickness has done me no more good. I do pray that this solemn providence may rouse us all to greater diligence in our Master's service. Your age must remind you, dear parents, that death can not be far off. And the death of our brother ought to remind us, your ehildren, that we may be called away even sooner than you. May God grant that we all be ready; and all join at last, in praising that graee which has brought our whole family to heaven.

"I write, dear parents, with a trembling hand, and were not our messenger about to leave, would gladly defer writing a few days, till my nerves are stronger. But I should thus lose a whole month, and I can not thus long delay an expression of my feelings.

"May God bless you, dear, honored parents, cause his face to shine on you, and give you peace; and may these trials work out for you an exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

"Affectionately your son,

"D. T. STODDARD."

From a letter to his sister, on the same theme:

"Dear sister, learn the lesson God designs to teach us. I know not how it is with you, but for my own part, I am amazed that month after month I am so stupid and indifferent to heavenly things. Perhaps you think because I am a missionary, that I enjoy all the time the light of God's countenance, and do not need, as others do, to be reminded that I am a pilgrim and a stranger. Alas! the human heart is the same in Persia as in America, and I am ever prone to wander from my God. I hope that the death of my brother Solomon, and the sickness I have myself passed through, will make me more humble and prayerful than ever before. Oh, what is this earth, that it should engross so much of our time and affections; that it should be ever drawing us away from God and heaven, and leading us to be satisfied with its own base trifles? Now that our brother has gone, let us contemplate him often, as one of the blest spirits before the throne of God, and often mount on the wings of faith and love, and mingle with the blessed company in which he now moves. This morning, while praying by myself, the thought came over me—Perhaps your dear brother who has gone, is now looking down from the heavenly hills upon you, and beckoning you up thither. This idea is a pleasant one to me, and if often kept before the mind, I think can hardly fail to exert a quickening effect upon us. How delightful is it, dear sister, that we all have a hope in Christ! If that hope is built on the rock Christ Jesus, come what will—come life, come death—we are everlastingly safe and happy. And as one after another, we are taken out of the world, we shall go to be eternally reunited in a world without sin."

Mr. Stoddard's convalescence was very gradual; and it soon became apparent that his strength was no longer equal to the increased labors and responsibilities of his post.

"February 21st, 1858. For about nine months my labors have been far less than formerly. Last spring, Mr. Stocking took charge of the seminary in my place, that I might have a season of relaxation, and particularly that I might make ready some buildings for the removal of the seminary. This I found so heavy a work, owing to the crooked, lazy character of the workmen, and my exposure from early morning to sunset under a burning sun, that I think, as a means of relaxation, it was of no service whatever. During the summer, my wife and I, as well as our two children, had the ophthalmia, which is a very distressing disease, and confines us, whenever it occurs, to a perfectly darkened room. This affection of my eyes, followed as it was by neuralgia, induced me to take a journey to Erzeroom, where I was providentially detained for several weeks. These things, with my sickness this winter, have consumed much of my time for the greater part of a year; and though I have generally, when not quite disabled, preached on the Sabbath, my seminary has suffered much for want of suitable superintendence. My brethren have, indeed, been exceedingly kind, and though their own labors have been pressing, they have cheerfully done all they could for our pupils. My assistant teachers, too, are pious, excellent men, and, to a certain extent, to be fully trusted. But they are far from having our ideas of neatness, order, or systematic study. When I am absent a few days the pupils rise irregularly, the bell is irregularly rung, the classes are mixed up, and neither study nor recite with system, and though both teachers and pupils may be doing as well as they know how, *every thing goes wrong.* You can hardly conceive how wearing it is to keep up such an establishment, when I have to look after every thing myself, be bell-ringer, teacher, superintendent, etc., all in one. My dear wife looks after the domestic department, and finds that also a very great care. I am often reminded of a wagoner, who is

trying, with a crazy wagon and worn-out horses, to drag a heavy load up a muddy hill. The linch-pins fail, the tire falls off, the whipple-tree splits in two, the horses sink in the mire, and he is ready to give up all for lost. So we the past year. When we have excellent health and spirits, the seminary is quite as much as we can sustain. But when either of us are sick and laid aside, then the burden is doubled, and the consciousness that things are left at such loose ends wears upon the spirits. You will have in mind, too, that nurses are not procurable in this country, and so, in case of sickness, we are either obliged to devote our time and strength to our families, or to tax our brethren and sisters to do it. On this account sickness presses heavily upon us on missionary ground."

From another letter:

"Your kind solicitude about my health deeply affects me. Be assured I shall take every care of it. Though not particularly anxious for long life, I consider it very wicked to throw life or health away; and I trust I shall yet labor many years in the vineyard of the Lord here. My brethren watch over me with great tenderness, and there is little danger that they will let me overwork."

Gradually, as Mr. Stoddard resumed his labors, he threw his soul with its wonted ardor into the work.

"The preaching of natives in the seminary has this winter been of a high order. We have for years been impressed with the ability of our most intelligent and pious helpers to present the truth in an interesting manner and with much pertinent illustration and vivid imagery. But for a few months past there has been a decided advance in this respect. Priest Eshoo, Deacon Tamoo, and others, always prepare themselves for the duty by writing out the substance of their discourses. They have thus become much more methodical and exact in the statement of truth, and at the same time, so far from losing, have actually gained in every other qualification for preaching the Gospel. This visible and rapid improvement in a

work so momentous, affords real cause for gratitude and encouragement.

"We earnestly hope this institution will not be forgotten by the churches in their prayers. Could our patrons stand where we do, and see how much, under God, may be accomplished, and has already been accomplished, for the regeneration of this people, by the instrumentality of the male and female seminaries, I am sure our wants would be presented at the throne of grace with strong crying and tears. While we are painfully conscious that more faithfulness on our part, and a more humble waiting on God for his blessing, might have ensured for us larger influences of the Holy Spirit, I would yet venture to suggest, whether in the coldness which has crept over the American churches, less prayer than formerly is not offered for the missionary cause. The withholding of contributions, the withholding even of the sons and daughters of the church, can not tell so disastrously on this work, as the withholding of fervent effectual prayer.

For two or three months his letters contain such intimations as the following:

"Still an invalid. This is a great trial to me, and sometimes I am rather discouraged. But the Lord knows what is best, and I will resign myself cheerfully into his hands. Let him send sickness or send health, blessed be His holy name."

"The mission have entreated me to lay aside all missionary labor for a few months, and devote myself to recreation. This is a great trial—the greatest, almost, that could befall me."

"As for long life I do not expect it, nor is it with me a strong object of desire. Missionaries, especially those who live in a hostile climate, choose a short road to the tomb. But it matters little how long we live, if we only accomplish life's great end, and serve our generation according to the will of God."

The heat of the summer so completely prostrated Mr.

Stoddard, that the mission felt it to be imperative upon them to provide for his entire release from labor. The following letter, addressed to Mr. Charles Stoddard, a member of the Prudential Committee of the A.B.C.F.M. explains the whole case, and furnishes a beautiful illustration of Christian conscientiousness and submission.

"GAVALAN, OROOMIAH, June 21st, 1848.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,

"Your kind letter of April 5th, reached me yesterday, in which you express anxiety about my health, and invite me seriously to consider the question of a visit to America, for its restoration. The letter found me with my loads packed, and horses engaged, just setting out on a tour of some months, with my family; and we are now quietly encamped at Gavalan, thirty miles from the city. Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, with their children, have accompanied us thus far, but will leave us to-morrow, intending to stay a few days at a warm spring, which is a resort for invalids, in this region. Our own plan is to go on to Erzeroom, Trebizond, Constantinople, and perhaps Broosa, attend the annual meeting of the Turkey mission, and then return in season to commence our labors in good earnest before winter sets in. The mission have both authorized and warmly *approved* of the journey, both for the health of my dear wife and my own. The prospect seemed to be that I should be feeble and accomplish little or nothing during the summer, and the brethren were anxious to have me try the effect of horseback-riding for hundreds of miles, and months together. And as I could not leave Harriette, delicate as she is, with two little children, without the greatest solicitude on her account, and as she needed the journey as well as myself, it seemed to be a pretty clear case that I ought not to be separated so long from my family. So we all concluded to go together. I need not say that it is a very great trial thus to leave my beloved associates and my work; but it is becoming a greater trial to live as I have the past year, comparatively a useless life; so far, I mean, as *spiritual labors* are concerned, for I know that I may have performed some mission

service as a *builder* and a *traveler*. And I am willing to make one thorough trial of this kind before settling down on the idea that I am to be an invalid for life. I do candidly assure you, that if I could feel that my life was to be very short, and that Providence designed it so, I believe I could submit without a murmur. But is hard, very hard—none but those who have been placed in similar circumstances can tell how much so—to occupy a post in our Lord's vineyard which calls for so much labor as that we hold in Oroomiah, with the constant feeling that the work is but half performed, and that the cause suffers in consequence. I do long to be a sound man once more, not (if I know my own heart) *simply* or *mainly* that I may live a more comfortable life, but that I may be a more active laborer. And this reconciles me to a measure such as that of journeying to Constantinople, which I would hardly be reconciled to on any personal or trivial grounds. As to a visit to America, much as it would rejoice my heart to see you all once more—you will agree with me that it should never be made by a missionary, unless it is *very clearly* a case of duty. And I can not regard it in such a light, while other measures have not been fully tried. A horseback journey of twelve hundred miles may, by the blessing of God, do wonders for me. Certainly it will test pretty fully the effect of journeying on my health, and I can not but hope the result may be favorable. In connection with the journey we shall also have an opportunity of seeing many dear missionary friends, which will refresh our spirits, and thus react favorably on the body. The expense of money and time will be also less than that of a visit to America, which consideration, other things being equal, ought to have weight. Then again, I can journey in Turkey without being called on to perform much, if any, mental labor. But if I understand the case of returned missionaries, they are often pressed, beyond measure, by preaching and similar calls, and find it difficult to creep into a corner and be quiet. Now, if I should go to America, I must either do nothing at all in a public way, which would be a great trial, or have a strong temptation to labor beyond my strength. I may not take a correct view of this point, but so it lies in my own mind.

"If I should seriously bring up the plan you suggest before the mission, I know they would fall in with it at once. Indeed, the subject has already been discussed, our physician thinking it was perhaps my duty to go beyond Constantinople. But at my earnest request, the resolution authorizing me to do so, was withdrawn. Thus much I ought to say, that you may know how ready the brethren are to relieve me of care, and do all they can for me.

"Erzeroom, July 15th. We reached here three days ago, having had on the whole a comfortable journey, though we met with some trials. The day after I wrote from Gavalan, on ascending the mountain, I was taken with chills and then with fever, and was unable to proceed on my horse to our proposed stopping-place. After consultation with Mr. and Mrs. P., who were still with us, it was determined that I should go in Mrs. Perkins's takterawan* to the warm spring before mentioned, and which was not much out of our way, and that Dr. Wright should be sent for. Accordingly I rode the seven miles which remained with tolerable ease, and was rejoiced toward night to stretch my weary limbs on my tent-bed. This was on Thursday. On Saturday Dr. Wright arrived, and though I had then no severe symptoms, I was comforted by seeing him. I proposed the question to my associates, whether we had not better return and give up the journey. But they were unanimous in the opinion that we ought to go on, and that I should by all means take a takterawan, and have Mr. Perkins's company at least half of the distance. And though it was a new and additional trial to incur such additional expense (for *four* horses are needed to carry this vehicle over the mountains, each pair alternating), and to give such trouble to our dear brother, I felt that perhaps duty called me forward. On Monday, the 26th, we left the warm spring, and after that were able to make daily, though sometimes short, stages, till we reached this place. I rode nearly half the time in the takterawan, and found it a great relief. Mr. Perkins came on with us nearly

* A sort of palanquin, furnished with a bed and cushions, and carried by two horses.

three hundred miles, and was a great comfort, showing us every kindness and attention. When he left, which he did with much reluctance, and in consequence of our unwillingness to trouble him further, he was very much affected, and commended us earnestly to God. The last part of the journey nothing remarkable occurred, except that in taking a longer stage than usual, and crossing a high mountain, Harriette took a severe cold, which, for the time being, made her severely ill. A dose of medicine, however, and a ride two days in the takterawan quite restored her again.

"Mr. Bliss, of Erzeroom, rode out a day's journey, to meet and welcome us, and when we reached this city we were very comfortable. My dear wife and the children have borne the journey admirably, far better than I could have anticipated. They are all very happy, as well as myself, in getting to a resting-place for a few days, and meeting with such kind friends. Sarah is unwell to-day, but not seriously, and Harriette is playing about with rosy cheeks. My wife, though somewhat delicate in health, is, I think, much better for the journey, and seems to have very good spirits. As to myself, I have, I think, *no permanent disease.* The main difficulty appears to be, that the nerves are unstrung, and the powers of digestion quite weak. This latter difficulty, the physician here thinks, is also entirely nervous, and that if a vigorous tone can be given to my system, my stomach will take care of itself.

"In regard to the effect of horseback riding, I wish I could speak more decidedly. It has uniformly nauseated me without producing vomiting, the effect being somewhat like that of sea-sickness. In consequence, I have not been able to eat heartily, and have not gained, as I can see, any strength. Still I hope for the best. As to the future, we feel quite embarrassed. We have taken up our anchors, and set sail; but *whither?* It seems to me more and more doubtful that I shall be able to go over this long journey, on our return to Oroomiah, with comfort again this season, and especially as a well man. We hear, too, that the cholera is in Constantinople, and we hesitate about trying to carry out our plan. We can return from here to Oroomiah, but I doubt the expediency of that, and so proba-

bly would my brethren. We can spend the summer here and then return, but that does not promise much. We can go on to Trebizond, and stay there a while, but that damp climate would not be a good one for us, who are accustomed to the very dry air of Oroomiah. We can finally go on direct to America, without stopping at Constantinople, and it may possibly be that Providence is pointing us that way. But we have not the formal consent of the mission, though I know they are all in favor of our taking this step, and our physician anxious for it, especially since our experience at setting out on our journey. Nor have we the consent of the Committee, unless what you have written is an informal consent, for you speak as if you had consulted with your colleagues. What shall we do? We are perplexed. If we go back with our object unaccomplished, our brethren in the mission will be disappointed, and you and others in America may disapprove our judgment. If we stay here there is little to interest or occupy us. If we go forward, and carry out our plan, we are met by cholera. If we slip by Constantinople, and go to America, we may be censured by the Committee. I ask again, what shall we do? I will tell you. You are too far off to give us any light, and two months must elapse before we can hear from Oroomiah. We must then commit our way unto the Lord, humbly, earnestly, and prayerfully. He will direct our paths. Though we have not all the advisers we could wish, if we have *him*, we can not greatly err. We shall hope to set out for Trebizond on Tuesday, July 18th, and on reaching that place you shall certainly hear from me. I know I ought to report myself to the Committee, but the brethren at Oroomiah have undoubtedly written, and I am too tired to take up another sheet now. I look to you to report me in as general or particular a manner, as you think best. From Trebizond, when I have more light, I will write Dr. Anderson.

"Affectionately your brother,

"D. T. Stoddard."

The sequel of this journey is best told in the following letters, without comment.

The first was addressed to Dr. Perkins at Oroomiah. The two following to the parents of Mrs. Stoddard, at Marblehead.

"Trebizond, July 31st. On our first arrival, we met Mr Powers, who had kindly secured for us the best room in quarantine. He has since called with his wife and little girl. They are now in the country and we see them much less on that account. Perhaps, too, they may be cautious about coming into the city on account of the cholera, though they do not say so.

"But you will want to know more about the cholera. The boat is just in from Constantinople and if we have letters, I can then tell you better how it is in that city. The day we reached Trebizond, Mr. Powers said there were reports of its having appeared here, and he was inclined to believe them. Since then the disease has manifested itself too decidedly to leave any doubt about its existence. We find it difficult to learn the facts, but only know that many are fleeing from the city and many of the shops are closed. The quarantine doctor told us yesterday that he knew of but *ten* then sick with it, but as he is a slippery Italian, who wants to give us a smooth story, we can not place very much reliance on his statements. Our waiter who procures us food, one of the native brethren here, gives us more alarming accounts, and this morning has brought word that their pastor (Baron Murgurditch), is attacked with some of the cholera symptoms. Our position in quarantine is in most respects very comfortable, and as we have almost constantly a sea-breeze, Mr. Powers considers it as healthy as any place in the city. It is, however, to be regretted that there is now a *regiment* (five hundred to a thousand), soldiers in quarantine, who not only make the yard much less cleanly than it would be otherwise, but of course increase the danger of the disease reaching us. To-morrow, however, or Wednesday, they will leave for Constantinople.

"Our detention here is so strictly providential, and unavoidable, that we ought not to feel alarmed. And I am happy to say that both of us are willing to be guided by our Father in heaven, instead

of undertaking to guide ourselves. Indeed I hope we can both, to some extent, exercise a childlike trust and say, 'not my will but thine be done.' We have read this morning the ninety-first psalm and it never appeared more precious to us than now. May we and our little ones ever abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

"In regard to our future plans we have endeavored to view the subject as Christians, and to be willing to go backward or forward just as may seem best. We find the farther we go, that our attachment to our dear friends in Persia is, as it were, a part of our being. You are hardly ever out of our minds and most gladly would we turn about and join that happy Christian circle, if Providence seemed to point us thither."

"TREBIZOND, August 5th, 1848.

"MY BELOVED PARENTS,—

"The past week has been to me one of the deepest sorrow. God has laid his hand upon me and taken the wife of my bosom. Your own dear Harriette slumbers in the grave. In a moment, without one word of warning, the fatal blow was aimed. My Harriette was gone forever and my babes were left motherless.

"Full as my heart is, I can at this early day tell the story only in a few sad words. As I recover my calmness and physical strength, you may expect me to write with the greatest particularity; and I hope not many weeks will elapse after this reaches you, ere you clasp to your aching hearts these orphan children.

"Another reason prevents me from writing much now. Event has succeeded event with such dreadful rapidity, that it seems only like a troubled dream; and I can not without time and reflection trace again the road over which God has led me.

"My brother Charles will have informed you why we left Oroomiah; of our plan to spend some months in traveling and then return to our field of labor in the fall; of my feeble state of health on the way to Erzeroom; of reports of cholera which reached us there and threatened to embarrass us in the execution of our plan; and finally of our seriously considering the question whether we

ought not to yield to the solicitation of our friends and for a season return to our native land. We had just come to the conclusion that Providence was calling us to visit America, and were happy in the prospect of soon seeing you all once more, when God came and took Harriette home to her everlasting rest.

"We left Erzeroom the eighteenth of July, and after a comfortable journey of ten days, reached here on the twenty-seventh. You are perhaps aware that to prevent the plague from reaching Constantinople, all travelers from the East to that city are obliged to pass a quarantine of eight days in Trebizond; and from this there is *no escape*. When we left Erzeroom, we had no intimation whatever that the cholera was in Trebizond, or indeed nearer that place than Constantinople, which is six hundred miles farther to the westward. And it was supposed by every one that there was no apprehension of its returning to this vicinity. Our hope—our expectation was, if the cholera should be still prevailing in Constantinople, to pass that place and Smyrna, even if need be, *without landing*.

"We had hardly reached the quarantine ground in Trebizond, when we learned that the existence of cholera in the city was suspected, but not certainly ascertained. Had we known of this a few hours earlier, we should have remained in some village upon the mountain and not exposed ourselves to this dreadful disease. As it was, there was no retreating, and the exposure was so clearly providential, that we endeavored in humble trust to commend ourselves to God.

"When we arrived at Trebizond, Harriette and the children were in *good health*, having borne the journey remarkably well and seeming to be greatly benefited by it. And for the first three or four days in quarantine, my dear wife was still feeling well, though naturally a little languid from the fatigue of the journey. On Monday, however, of this week, she spoke of having severe and darting pains in her head and limbs, which we both thought must be neuralgic, especially as not accompanied by a disordered stomach. During the night these pains increased, with a rush of blood to the head and some general fever. I endeavored to soothe her, but without much

effect. Toward morning, after she had passed a disturbed night, alternately sleeping and waking, with frightful visions flitting before her, I succeeded in throwing her into a profuse perspiration, and she slept quietly and was somewhat refreshed. In the morning she seemed bilious, had no appetite, but there was nothing at all alarming. As, however, the cholera prevailed to a limited extent in the city, I preferred calling a physician instead of prescribing for her myself. When the physician came, he said she was bilious, and as he was, in these times of cholera, a little cautious about giving purgatives, he would endeavor to produce the same effect by applying leeches to the region of the liver. He ordered eighteen, and in the course of the afternoon, I applied thirteen, encouraging the bleeding till I thought about the requisite amount of blood had been drawn. After this Harriette was quiet and her head much relieved, and with nothing more done for her than the application of mustard poultices to her feet, she *slept refreshingly the whole night.* In the morning, however, she was seized with a diarrhea, at first not violent nor attended with pain. I sent for the doctor; he was not to be found. I sent again and employed four men in the search, meanwhile using some simple remedies and applying four more leeches. When he arrived, which was about half-past ten, he said Harriette had not the cholera, though her symptoms resembled somewhat the cholera, and required immediate attention. He ordered morphine pills, had the room made very close, threw additional bed clothing over her, applied bottles of hot water to her limbs and hartshorn to her nose. But it was all vain. She sank steadily from that hour, her system lost its vital heat, her pulse ceased; and though there seemed to be times when the powers of life rallied a little, it was but for a moment. At half-past three she breathed out her life and went to be forever with the Lord.

"During the whole she suffered little pain. Sometimes she had spasms, but they were few. Her reason was entire to the last, though she was too far gone before she knew her danger, to converse much about death. All day, however, before we supposed that the cholera had seized her, our conversation was about heavenly

things. I repeatedly prayed with her and said to her many sweet hymns. She was very tranquil in mind, and said she could trust all in the hands of God. When near her end, I pointed her to Christ, as a precious Saviour, motioning upward with my finger. Her eye followed the motion, and as she lay gazing most earnestly to heaven, her breath gradually became shorter and shorter, and she breathed for the last time. So gently did she pass away, that it was some time before we could say, she is gone. There was not a sigh, nor a struggle, nor a moving feature. All, all was peace. And I have no doubt; indeed I have the most delightful assurance that her home will be one of peaceful rest to all eternity. Blessed spirit, let us follow thee to those heavenly mansions. In the midst of all these trials—(and O! how bitter is the trial to me, far from home and country, to be left with these two motherless children and to follow this cherished bosom friend to the grave), in the midst of all, there *is* consolation. God does *all* things well. I bow with adoring submission to his will. Bleeding as my heart is, dried up as is my greatest source of earthly comfort, I can not, dare not, *will* not murmur. O! my God, help me, and help us all, to learn just what thou designest to teach us by this stroke.

"At the dead of night we committed to their kindred dust the remains of your dear child, and the next morning, clasping these babes to my bosom, I fled with them from the infected city. That very day (Thursday) the disease, which had before been quite limited in its prevalence, alarmingly increased; and yesterday, as we learned, death was mowing down scores and perhaps hundreds. We are with Mr. Powers' family on a mountain, a thousand feet above the city and five miles distant; and humanly speaking, are entirely secure from danger. If favorable reports reach us from Constantinople to-day, I propose, Providence permitting, to leave here a week from to-day for that city, and thence take the steamer of the nineteenth to England. The faithful woman who accompanied us from Oroomiah (Nargis), has consented to go with me to America, and this is the best arrangement I could possibly make. In the commodious English steamers, with a *physician* always on board, a

chambermaid, and every possible comfort, I hope we shall go safely to your shores. But my great confidence is in God. He is a very present help in time of trouble. The children are *very* well and hearty, and feel little their mother's loss. I sometimes look on them and say, 'O! that I were a child like them." But no; I must bear the stroke and God will give me grace. For you, my dear parents in Marblehead, and you, my dear brothers and sisters, my heart bleeds. Do go to our Father in heaven for comfort. Do not sorrow as those without hope. Affectionately your afflicted son,

D. T. Stoddard.

"Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Spain,
August 29th, 1848.

"My Dearly Beloved Parents,—

"Since writing the inclosed sheet, dated August fifth, I have had no opportunity of forwarding it to you faster than I have advanced myself. I much fear, however, that you will in some way—perhaps through our friends in Constantinople—hear the sad news, and knowing nothing about my safety or that of the dear children, that your hearts will be filled with intense anxiety on our account.

"I am now aboard a fine English steamer bound for Southampton; and shall lose no time on my arrival at that port, which will probably be eight days hence, in seeking an asylum in my dear brother's family at Glasgow. Tost as I have been by the storm, you will readily understand that I long earnestly for rest.

"During this month, one wave of trial has so rapidly succeeded another that I have felt almost overpowered. But God has been better to me than my fears—a thousand times better than my deserts—and the thick darkness is now in some measure, though very gradually, breaking away.

"With my feeble health and the constant care of the children, I do not know as it will be possible for me to write you a connected letter. Sarah wakes me at early dawn, and from that time till she goes to sleep at night, with the exception of a nap she has at midday, she is never out of my sight and rarely out of my arms. And

when night comes, so far from being able to sit down quietly and write a letter, I sink down nearly exhausted on my bed. At least this has been my experience on board ship until very recently. Now thanks to God, both Sarah and I are somewhat improving.

"But though I shall write with difficulty, I still feel that I must make the effort. And perhaps by writing a little every day, I shall be able to tell you all before reaching England.

"In regard to my dear wife's death, I will now add only a few words. If the Lord will, we shall soon meet face to face, and then I can inform you of the particulars with less trial of feeling than I can write them now. Her death was so sudden, that several days and even weeks elapsed, before I could realize what God had done. It seemed as if she were still alive, as if I should still hear her sweet voice and walk with her on our heavenly road together. But no; it may not be. Such vain fancies can never be realized. She is gone. My greatest earthly blessing is rudely torn away and I am left to mourn. And yet not *rudely*, for God gave and God hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord. It is he who has laid his hand upon me. It is he who has riven my heart with anguish. It is my Heavenly Father who has wounded and made me desolate. And I know all is done in love. I rejoice to know that he doth not willingly afflict. And though it is hard, very hard, for me thus to be separated from my work which I so much love, and to become a wanderer I know not whither, my family broken up, my pleasant Persian home no more to be lighted up with *her* smile, my helpless babes left without a mother, and I with such uncertain prospects about my future health; though all this is hard, yet it is *right*. I have not one trial more than I need. And it is my constant, earnest prayer that these afflictions may work in me the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

"In my letter of August fifth, I did not mention, lest perhaps you should have needless alarm on our account, that after leaving quarantine and joining Mr. Powers' family on the mountain side, several of us were attacked severely with the premonitory symptoms of cholera. I do not refer to the children, who were well,

but to the Nestorians who were with me. August 3d and 4th, the two days following Harriette's death, Mr. Powers' family seemed quite a hospital, four of us being under medical treatment at once. But as we had removed from the pestilential air of the city and used vigorous remedies, all of us by the blessing of God soon began to recover from these attacks. The men, however—the Nestorians—were so alarmed that they wanted permission to return immediately to Oroomiah, and as I had no farther occasion for their services, they left me August 5th, the day I wrote you the inclosed letter. The woman, Nargis, at first begged to go with them. But on my representing to her my own feeble health, and the great, indeed the inestimable service she could render to these little ones, she readily acquiesced in the arrangement that she should go to America.

"I left Trebizond August 11th, having spent a little more than a week in Mr. Powers' family. There I received every kindness and sympathy. They are both devoted Christians and have very tender sensibilities; and they omitted nothing which could be done to soothe my own sorrows or supply to the little ones the loss of a mother. I shall ever remember them with the tenderest affection.

"Nargis, after her attack of cholera, did not seem to recover her health or spirits. She lost her appetite, was weaker every day, and at last gave up to myself and Mrs. Powers, all care of the children. And the day before the steamer was to leave, she was so ill that I seemed reduced to the necessity of either leaving her behind or lingering a whole month longer for the next steamer, in the midst of pestilence. What I was to do, I knew not. I felt, and Mr. and Mrs. Powers felt, that in my feeble health, it was unwise for me to attempt a voyage to England without any one but myself to care for the children. And on the other hand, it was very trying to think of remaining four or five weeks at Trebizond or Constantinople, in both of which places the cholera was raging. On the morning of the day when the question must be decided, Nargis seemed much better; was able not only to sit up and walk about, but to ride down five miles on horseback to the city without much appa-

rent fatigue. And it seemed to us all that Providence thus had relieved me from my perplexity and that the way was clear for me to go forward. We had a strong hope that when Nargis was once at sea, she would fast recover her health and strength. But God's ways are not as our ways. We had a rough passage and almost all on board were sea-sick. Nargis was hardly able to move from her place and much less to take any care of the children. I held the little ones in my arms, taking care of them as well as I could, each in turn vomiting and both refusing to eat. My own strength seemed almost gone, though I was not properly sea-sick, and as I crawled about the ship, it seemed to me we should never live to reach Constantinople. At poor Nargis I could only take an occasional look, as she lay groaning on the deck. The physician of the steamer repeatedly gave her medicine, which she as often vomited up; and he at last concluded, that until she was on land again and her sea sickness over, it would be useless to attempt doing much for her. On the third day, some one through mistaken kindness, and without my knowledge gave her some watermelon—to eat which in time of cholera is the extreme of rashness. She eat it, and I suspect freely, too, for a diarrhea immediately commenced, which brought her speedily to the verge of the grave. On Monday evening we anchored off Constantinople, but too late to go on shore until day break. All that night the physician was expecting her to breathe her last, and as he considered me in a very critical state, through excitement and exhaustion, he persuaded me to retire to my berth, while he should watch by the side of the dying woman. At early morning I rose. Nargis was still alive, but apparently almost gone. I then determined—there being none of our mission families in Constantinople at the time, some, during the prevalence of cholera, having temporarily gone to the islands, and some to Bebec—to take the children, and leaving Nargis and all my baggage, to go up in a boat to the latter place. This I accordingly did; and on reaching Bebec was just able to reach Mr. Hamlin's house with the children, before giving up in despair. On seeing brother Hamlin, and hearing his inquiry, 'where is Mrs. Stoddard?' I burst into a flood of tears, and it was some time

before I could recover my self-possession. On learning my circumstances, the brethren, with the greatest promptitude and kindness made every arrangement for my comfort, and for bringing up my trunks and the dying woman from the steamer. In the course of the day I was taken by Mr. Schauffler into his family, and there treated with such kindness that I am deeply affected at the remembrance of it. Nargis was carried to Mr. Homes's study, in a most miserable state. But Mrs. Homes and Mrs. Wood kindly exerted themselves for her, and regardless of any exposure there might be to their own health, watched by her with great solicitude. Mr. Homes and Mr. Wood were also unremitting in their attentions. We had expected she would very soon die, she being as cold as marble, and having *no pulse*. But to the astonishment of every one, she retained day after day, a considerable portion of muscular strength, the ability to speak rationally, and to take nourishment. And it was not till fifteen minutes before I left Bebec, on Saturday noon, to come aboard this steamer, that she breathed for the last time. Meantime, the air of the room became so very offensive that it was almost impossible to procure attendants for her at any price. And *two* of those who consented to take charge of her were successively attacked by the cholera. I visited her once or twice every day, which, on account of my inability to walk much, and the care of the children, was all I could do. At different times I conversed with her freely about her state—told her distinctly and repeatedly she was dying, and urged her to commend her soul to the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. And had her life been as consistent as her death was peaceful and satisfactory, I should have little doubt that she had gone to heaven. Even now I can not but indulge some hope that she was a true Christian, and that the many instructions she had received had made her wise unto salvation.

"You may easily conceive that, under the circumstances, knowing that she must die, it was a relief to me before leaving Constantinople, to know that she was released from her sufferings.

"The brethren and sisters at Constantinople, or rather at Bebec, seemed to feel, with me, that my duty was clear to press on toward

America without delay. If I waited a month, my own life, or that of the little children might be hazarded. You are of course aware that persons in a debilitated state are more exposed to the cholera, and I was not only feeble myself, but Sarah was suffering very much from the heat, the bad atmosphere, the unfavorable circumstances under which she had been weaned, and the state of her teeth. If I waited a month, too, I might expect much more stormy weather than is to be looked for in August. It was a question with me and others, whether I had the strength necessary to undertake such a charge as that of the children. But, as I am not liable to sea sickness, and the sea air might be *presumed* to be beneficial rather than otherwise to us all; as a physician would be at hand in case of sickness, and the stewardess of the steamer promised to do everything in her power toward looking after the children, I concluded, with fear and trembling, to make the attempt. Our dear sisters, finding that Sarah, particularly, was hardly provided with clothing enough for a voyage, kindly supplied the deficiency from their own stock; and having been most earnestly commended by them all to God, I bade them adieu on the evening of the 19th. We touched at Smyrna two days after, where I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Benjamin and Mr. and Mrs. Riggs; and we have since spent a day at Malta. Our weather has thus far been delightful, and we have progressed as comfortably as we could possibly have anticipated. Sarah is well through her teething; and I hope by the time we reach England she will be pretty well again. Harriette is very healthy and robust, and being, when under my eye, quite an obedient and docile child, gives me very little trouble. At Malta, too, the chaplain to the Bishop of Jerusalem, with his family, joined our number, and with the little girls Harriette plays all day long. Poor child; she has no appreciation whatever of her untold loss. I speak to her often of her mother. She will be thoughtful a moment, and then run away to frolic.

"And now, dear parents, at this recital I know your hearts will bleed. And I will not conceal from you that my trials have at times almost filled my soul with agony. But I am assured that they are

all, even the most bitter of them, sent in love, and I would not murmur. You, perhaps, may think I did not need such trials in order to wean me from the world and prepare me for heaven. But I presume I did need them *all*, and doubtless if I was as alive to my infirmities as my Father in heaven, I should feel that the trials were not only seasonable, but absolutely necessary. And I do pray, and I beg you to pray for me, that in these days of bereavement and suffering, God would in a peculiar manner lift on me the light of his own countenance.

"To you, my dearly-beloved and greatly afflicted parents, in Marblehead, what shall I say? I know your hearts will be wrung with anguish, as you learn that your dear Harriette is gone forever. But do not sorrow as those who have no hope. Her missionary career was a short one, but filled with usefulness. She did with her might what her hands found to do. Always active, exact, methodical, humble and prayerful, she left the light of a holy example shine all around her. Beloved by her missionary sisters, looked up to with the greatest respect and affection by the Nestorian females, ever the sympathizing friend and guide of all our pupils, and training up her children with the utmost tenderness, she filled a sphere of eminent usefulness, and was a rich blessing to multitudes. And now that God has come and taken her home to himself, to fill a higher, nobler sphere of activity, we must bow humbly before that Providence which we can not fathom. May God enable us all to live as usefully as did our dear departed one; to fix our hopes as firmly as she did on the rock Christ Jesus; and then, when God calls us home to glory, to meet her, never to separate more, in the New Jerusalem.

"September 2d. Off Cape Finisterre.—We are just entering the Bay of Biscay, having had the finest weather all the way from Constantinople. On the morning of the 5th I hope we shall be safely anchored at Southampton. Sarah continues to improve, though slowly. She yet needs to be looked after, and amused constantly. Had I good health and spirits I doubt not I should find it easy to make her happy. But I sit down sad and solitary, with her in my arms, and she, poor thing, finding I do so little to comfort her, soon

begins to cry. I occasionally try, for her sake, to play with her a little, but it is doing violence to my own feelings, and I relapse before long into the same serious mood as before. Do not think I am unhappy. I am not. But you may easily suppose that I find it difficult to do as I would under other circumstances. The stewardess is very kind, and holds Sarah some two hours a day, and on the whole I have the richest occasion for thanksgiving, that we have gone several thousand miles with so great comfort. Every body on board says I am a different man in appearance from what I was on leaving Constantinople, and though I have still many infirmities, I am conscious myself of a decided change. Thus you see I have much to praise God for, and I trust I shall not be unmindful of it.

"And now, dearly beloved parents, adieu. I hope soon—I can not tell how soon, but before many weeks—to see your faces once more in the flesh. My great object now is to reach brother Arthur. When once at Glasgow, I can better judge as to the expediency of going on immediately. September is said to be a more stormy month than October, which is in favor of my lingering a little. I also feel that I need to recruit before undertaking another voyage. But in all these things I desire simply to follow the leadings of Providence. It *may* be, that after having come thus far on my way, I shall not live to reach you; or some of *you* may be on the verge of the eternal world. Oh, that we may all live and act with the uncertainty of life ever before us, and be prepared at any moment to exchange the trials of earth for the joys of heaven.

"Harriette sends her warmest love to her dear grandparents, whom she is very happy in the prospect of seeing. She asks if now, that her *own* mamma is gone, *grand* mamma will not be to her like a kind mother? Affectionately your son,

"David T. Stoddard."

The following letter to the Mission, describing the midnight funeral at Trebizond, completes the picture of wo.

"Bebec, August 16th, 1848.

"My Dear Brethren and Sisters,

"It makes me feel sad that, in the midst of my trials I find so little time to write to you. Were it possible for me, I should go far more than I have into detail, and let you know not only just what I have suffered, but what the effect has been on my feelings, and how far I have found the grace of God sufficient for me. I know that I have, as I always have had, your warmest sympathy and affection, and I assure you that my heart goes out to you in earnest longings. And should Providenee ever open the way, I should esteem it a precious merey to be restored to your dear eirele, and the people whom I so eordially love.

"When you hear the sad tidings of my dear wife's death, I know your hearts will bleed. My own has been almost rent asunder. I have felt so intensely, and my bodily weakness has been so great, that now the fountain of feeling seems to be exhausted, and I can neither weep nor rejoiee. However, I can say, that never, for one moment, amid all the darkness that has of late enveloped me, have I doubted the goodness of my Father in heaven, or been disposed to murmur at his dealings. You know how I loved Harriette, and how very tender was our mutual affeetion. And you know that I eould not have parted from her as I did without the most violent struggle of feeling. Had I been at Oroomiah, in our own home, or in our native land, and among our kindred; and had I been *gradually* prepared, by a lingering disease, for the final event; had all our worldly affairs been arranged, and I been allowed to converse repeatedly and fully with my dear wife, on the prospeets before her—had there been all these mitigating eireumstanees, you know that I should have been moved and melted by the breaking asunder of these ties. What, then, must have been my feelings, when, with searcely a half hours' notiee, in a strange eity, and by a most dreadful disease, I saw the partner of my bosom hurried from time into eternity. Oh! it came like a thunder-bolt, and I staggered and reeled under the dreadful blow. And then, too, the funeral. In the dead of night, we bore her, without religious services, to the grave. And even

there we were refused the privilege of one small narrow house where she might rest undisturbed. But God was gracious to us in that trying hour. The desired permission was granted, and she was deposited in her long last home. Had it not been for the remembrance of my little children, and the thought that perhaps God had something more for me to do among the Nestorians, I should have rejoiced to lie down by her side. Do not think this a dreamy sentimentalism. I mean that I should have been glad to lay my bones by that new-made grave, that *with her* I might awake to the joys of heaven. For unworthy and very sinful as has been your brother, I still have a hope that death would be to me a gain.

"But the tumult of my feelings gradually subsided. I trust I may say with truth, grace got the mastery of nature, and when the next morning I rode up the mountain to Mr. Powers's health retreat, I felt a calm trust in God which bore me above the waves of trial. I rejoiced to be in his hands, and to have him do with me and mine, just as he pleased. And from that time to the present, though I have occasionally felt that my burden was greater than I could sustain, I have in general been able to commit all into the hands of God."

As the peculiarities of Mr. Stoddard's case compelled him to omit the usual formalities touching the return of missionaries, the following letter to Rev. Dr. Anderson, enclosing one from the Mission to himself, will relieve all misapprehension as to his duty in the premises.

"Oroomiah, July 21st, 1848.

"My dear Brother and Sister,

"Yesterday our Mission considered the question of your visiting America, and they instructed me to communicate to you the result, which I give you below. I hope that it will be satisfactory to you.

"July 20, 1848. The Nestorian Mission, in business meeting assembled, took the following resolution, viz:

"'Mr. Stoddard having found himself much weaker on the first

part of his journey, and having derived much less benefit from it than was anticipated before he left home, as reported by one of our number who accompanied him two-thirds of the way to Erzeroom:

"'The Mission *resolved*, that, while we earnestly pray and hope that the necessity may not exist, still, should there not be symptoms of decided improvement in his health at Constantinople, we would advise him to try the effect of a voyage, with his family, to America, after consulting the Prudential Committee on the subject, if that be practicable.'

"In communicating this advice to our beloved brother and sister, we would at the same time tender to them our most heartfelt regret, and our warmest sympathy, in view of the possible contingency (which we know must be very trying to them, as it is to us) that may protract their absence from us, and deprive us of their precious society and their invaluable influence and labors considerably longer than was contemplated when they left home. While, however, we shall long to see them back at the earliest possible time, we would still refer the period of their absence entirely to their judgment, fully assured that their strong attachment to their field, and their hearty devotion to their work, will bring them to us with the least necessary delay.

"You will observe the doubt suggested in the resolution in regard to your being able to consult the Prudential Committee on the subject of the contemplated voyage. This point was a matter of considerable conversation in the Mission, and while we all love to respect the rules of the Board, and carry them out *to the letter*, so far as possible, it still seems to us that *your* circumstances are peculiar, and would justify you, should you feel inclined, in going directly home, from Constantinople, without waiting there to hear from the Committee on the subject. And knowing the Committee to be reasonable men, we believe that they would approve your doing so, should you deem it advisable, under a correct apprehension of the case. They would need, of course, to have in mind that you left home with no idea of going further than Constantinople—that your circumstances on the way assumed a new, painful, and unanticipated

aspect—that, in case the necessity shall exist for you to go to America, if you wait to hear from them on the subject, you must linger in Turkey till near winter, and embark so late as to be cast with your family on the bleak New England coast in mid-winter, a thing very hazardous for any one, but especially for an *invalid* going from these eastern climes; that you must, in the meantime be incurring great expense at Constantinople, so dear is living there; perhaps almost enough to pay your passage home; and that possibly the delay might make a difference of a year in the time of your return to your field, where you are so greatly needed.

"The Mission, in view of the subject as presented in these several aspects, think you need feel no apprehension that the Committee would not approve your embarking at once for America, should it be desirable for you to do so. You would, of course, forward a statement of your reasons for adopting that course, to the Committee, before embarking. Signed, J. PERKINS."

To this Mr. Stoddard added the following, from Glasgow, to Rev. Dr. Anderson.

"Sept. 23, 1848.—You have already learned from other sources, of my painful bereavement, and of my progress as far as this city on my way to America. I now send you the preceding copy of a letter recently received from the brethren at Oroomiah, in regard to this contemplated visit to my native land. They have so fully stated their opinions and feelings upon the subject, that it is far less necessary for me to write you at length. You will observe that their action was taken before the death of my dear wife, which occurred August 2d, and, of course, had no reference to the circumstances into which I was thrown by that trying event. You will readily understand that every reason which is suggested by them for my going on to America before hearing from the Prudential Committee, weighed with no less force after the death of my beloved partner; while my own great weakness, and the illness of the babe, who, weaned at a most unfavorable season of the year, and in the midst

of teething, was suffering greatly, were *additional and urgent* reasons for my escaping from the Cholera atmosphere with the least practicable delay. All the brethren in Turkey, whose advice I was able to take, seemed to think that the path of duty was plainly indicated to me by God's Providence. And though no one can be more unwilling than I am to violate the rule which requires a missionary to obtain permission of the Prudential Committee before returning home, I yet feel that, when the case is correctly understood, no blame will be attached to myself or the mission.

"In regard to my coming by this route, instead of sailing direct for Boston, I will make a few explanations now, with the expectation of going into the subject more fully after arriving in America. You will bear in mind, that I was so weak that I felt quite unable to attempt a voyage as long as that from Smyrna to Boston, with the care of two little girls and no one to assist me in looking after them; that the younger was so ill, as to require the most constant attention and to be held in the arms from morning to night; that, by taking the steamers, I should not only come far more comfortably and expeditiously, but the voyage would be divided into two equal parts; that I have a brother and sister in Glasgow, from whom I knew I should receive every attention; that the brethren were so situated in Constantinople, owing to the prevalence of cholera, the scarcity of provisions, and the destitution of those families who had been burned out, that it was far less convenient for them than usual to have additional cares; that no vessel was to leave for Boston for at least *six weeks*; that meantime I and the children must be exposed to cholera, a disease which had already hurried to the grave my wife and the Nestorian woman who accompanied us; and that the situation of myself and infant was such as to render us peculiarly predisposed to this disease. Viewing it specially in this last aspect, as a question in which life might be involved, I took passage in the first steamer for England. And though it was exceedingly trying to me thus to increase my expenses, in the present embarrassed condition of your finances, I felt that I ought to pursue the course I did. Nor can I see after reflecting upon it that I acted injudiciously. I

may add that my brother residing here insists on bearing some portion of the increased expense, but to what amount I am as yet unable to say.

"I should have written you at Trebizond or Constantinople, but there was no opportunity for forwarding letters faster than I came myself. And even had there been, my weakness and the care of my children would have prevented my writing with any satisfaction. Since reaching here I have been waiting for the preceding resolution which came to hand a few days since.

"You will be happy to learn that my health is already much improved, and that I have the prospect, with the blessing of God, of again enjoying such a degree of vigor, as will enable me to labor on in the vineyard of Christ. Still I must not too confidently anticipate such a blessing; for I have been solemnly reminded how frail is my hold on life. God grant that I improve aright this solemn dispensation of his Providence.

"It is my intention to embark on the tenth of October in the screw steamer 'Sarah Sands,' for New York, where I may be expected to arrive about the first of November. I shall of course embrace an early opportunity of conferring with you and the committee."

When about to sail from Scotland for America, he addressed his parting salutation to the mission in these words:

"You will all feel saddened by the breach which God has made in our little circle. Let me beg you, dear brethren and sisters, all to profit by it. We life in houses of clay. We are as grass that groweth up. Who of you can say, that to-morrow his family and his hopes will not be as mine now are; and who will be so unwise as to set his affections strongly on this world? It is *nothing;* it is all vanity. And just so far as we fail to live for eternity, we fail to live to any purpose. But you need not these suggestions from me; yet you will pardon them as coming from a friend.

"I would gladly write some of the Nestorians, but probably shall not find it expedient at present. It is yet trying for me to task myself much in this way. Please tell our three priests, Tamer, John, Moses, Joseph, and Yonan of Seir, Siyad the tailor, Guergis of Tergawer—in a word, all our native helpers, and the members of the seminaries—that I daily remember, and pray for them, with the greatest particularity, and long to hear that they are growing in grace and holding forth the word of life. Letters from them would be very acceptable, though I can *promise* to answer nothing.

"It occurs to me in this connection to express the strong hope that the coming winter will witness another delightful outpouring of God's spirit among the Nestorians. Will you not all pray and labor for this object? God *is* a hearer of prayer, and how gloriously has he shown himself to be so in our mission.

"I must not forget to speak of my seminary. Excuse me for calling it *mine*, I do not mean to appropriate it. Will you not see that it is well superintended? *Can* it not be for a single winter, without the other departments materially suffering? It is my hope to be with you next season, and look after its interests myself, but as all such things are uncertain, it seems to me very undesirable to delay making some arrangements for its present management.

* * * * * * *

"Now, dear brethren and sisters, may God be with you; working in you all that is well pleasing in his sight, to do his will, and at last preparing you, and all of us, for his own most blessed kingdom.

"Your affectionate brother in Christ,

"DAVID T. STODDARD."

To Dr. Perkins he writes:

I can not, *dare* not, wish it otherwise. For her, I know, the change is a blessed one; from sorrow to eternal joy; from a world of suffering to a world of glory. And I must learn in this stroke the lesson God designs to teach me. I can now see that I have loved the world far too much, and Christ and heaven far too little. I

thought I should never be moved, and that my house would continue for ever. And I know that God in love has thus taken away the desire of my eyes, that I might fix my affections more strongly on him. May this be the blessed result. The question in regard to my children, I foresee will be a very trying one. Not that they will ever lack for friends and kind friends. But how can I leave them at this tender age? Does the Gospel *call* me to do it? Sometimes I answer, *no, it does not*, your first duty is to your own family and you must not forsake these little ones. Then again I think of you all, and my missionary work, and while I am musing the fire burns, and I say with the deepest emotion: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; and if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth: if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." I must, I *will* go back to that interesting sphere of labor. There will I wear out and there will I be buried.

"What to say in regard to my return, I know not. My impression is, that if my health continues to improve during the winter, and nothing occurs to prevent which I do not now foresee, I shall think it my duty and my privilege to return in the spring. But of this I can judge better after reaching America, and consulting my brother and Dr. Anderson."

CHAPTER XVI.

LABORS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The reader has not forgotten the farewell letter which Mr. Stoddard addressed to his parents as the *Emma Isadora* parted from her moorings in Boston Harbor. His first salutation upon nearing the coast of his native land went forth to them.

"Off Montauk Point, Oct. 27, 1848.

"My Very Dear Parents,

* * * * I need not say that I feel more than words can express, when I look forward to a speedy meeting with my dearly beloved, my honored, parents. It is what I never expected in this world, and is now brought about in a way which must throw a shade of sadness over the anticipated meeting. I come to you a bereaved husband, with two motherless babes, and I know my circumstances will appeal very strongly to your sympathy and parental tenderness. I am assured, dear parents, that your hearts have bled for me, and that the wounds will be opened afresh when you clasp your long absent one to your arms. But I love to feel that you, as well as myself, have the consolations of religion, and can say with true submission, 'the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.' I hope this deep trial has done me good, and will ever serve to wean me from earth, and fit me the better for my heavenly home.

"If I were to follow, dear parents, only the dictates of feeling, I should at once proceed to Northampton and pass the coming Sab-

bath with you. But as I have not received yet a *formal* permission from the Prudential Committee to visit America, I consider it my *first duty* to visit Boston, and report myself to the Secretaries. I presume you will see the reasons for this step. When at Boston, it will, probably, be advisable for me to go to Marblehead for a very few days with the children, before going on to Northampton. You will understand how very deep must be their sorrow, and what a comfort it will be to them, if I pay them this early attention. And much as you desire to see your son, I feel assured you will be ready to forego the pleasure a short time longer, if by so doing you can comfort in any way their desolate hearts."

The first few weeks after his return, Mr. Stoddard spent in repose among his family friends. But much as he needed rest for the health of both body and mind, it was impossible for him to forego all solicitude about his foreign home and work, and equally impossible to resist the demands of the Christian public upon his fervent tongue and pen. At first he proposed to himself only a brief sojourn in America, intending to find a home for his children, and to return to Persia early in the spring of 1849. He therefore began at once to visit the various theological seminaries, with a view to enlist missionaries for the Nestorians. It was chiefly through his representations that Messrs. Coan* and Marsh were led to direct their steps to the eastern field. While thus laboring for his beloved people, he writes:

"I have had many sweet thoughts, as I have wandered about from place to place, and think that I am willing for a time longer to be a pilgrim and a stranger here below, if I can only look forward to

* Mr. Coan had previously been designated to the Sandwich Islands.

heaven as my final rest. At times, however, I am weary of this vain empty world, and feel as if I could joyfully and promptly obey the summons which should call me home."

Again, he writes to a brother in affliction:

"But I doubt not, dear brother, you are yet able to kiss the rod, and recognize the hand of your Father in heaven. He sees it to be necessary for us, that our cherished objects of attachment be one after another taken away from us, that we may be weaned from earth and ripened for heaven. We have had such abundant proofs of his loving-kindness, that we may be assured of this, whether we can at the time see it or not. But I believe, if we watch God's dealings with us, and seek to improve them, that we *shall* see how they most directly tend to our sanctification.

"It seems passing strange that we need such discipline, but so it is. Earth is full of vexation, and not worth setting our hearts upon; and heaven is a place of purity and joy, and opens upon us (if we have eyes to look at it) in all its glorious attractions. And yet there is generally nothing which will draw even a Christian strongly and constantly up to that blessed world, until he is afflicted. This furnace is essential to our sanctification. God grant that you and I may come out of it purified like gold.

"It is one thing, dear brother, and I find it so in my experience, to be weaned from this world, because it is so unsatisfying and transitory, and quite another to love earth the less, *because we love heaven more.* Many learn the first lesson, who do not learn the second. How astonishing it is, that we are so groveling, and rise so little to that world where

> "'Our best friends, our kindred dwell,
> Where God, our Saviour, reigns.'"

His affectionate interest in the missionary circle in Oroomiah was manifested by frequent correspondence. To Rev. Jos. S. Cochrane, Oroomiah, he writes:

"January 29th, 1849. I often think of you as occupying the house which I once called my own. It is a relief to my feelings to hear that you have become a father to the fatherless seminary, and I trust you find it an interesting charge. Three years ago we were passing through scenes of thrilling interest in our seminaries, and I pray earnestly to God that they may again be renewed. Perhaps even now you are enjoying the outpouring of God's spirit, and are engaged in the delightful employment of pointing perishing souls to Christ. If, however, it is a time of coldness among the Nestorians, I trust it is not a time of coldness in the mission. Is it not strange, dear brother, that we can ever be asleep, when such tremendous interests are committed to our hands; and when God is willing, if we are faithful to our vows, to use us as instruments in saving dying men? But I trust you are far more devoted to the good cause than I ever was, and exert a far better influence on the seminary. I often regret my own unfaithfulness and wonder how I could have been so little constrained by the love of Christ.

"Will you tell those pupils that I remember them with *tender interest*; and long to hear that they are all converted, and growing in grace? I hope they will go out to be a rich blessing to their people and have much of the spirit of Christ."

"February 9th, 1849. *Desiring* so strongly to be well again, makes me *hope* to be; and this, to a certain extent, is as it should be. But if Providence orders that I lie, like Ezekiel, on my side for months, I shall try not to murmur; though I have no doubt it is far harder *to submit to be laid aside*, than to engage in any active labor, however arduous. I do want, at least I think I do, to know what God's will is, and then to go cheerfully forward, willing to have him do with me as he pleases. May I have far more of this spirit of childlike trust; I pray for it every day.

"But while I shall be prepared to submit to any thing which duty seems clearly to impose, I still retain a strong hope—which I can not relinquish—of going to Oroomiah this season.

A visit to Washington, at the time of President Taylor's inauguration, enabled him to contrast political life with his own work.

"WASHINGTON, March 2d. I seize a few moments amid a world of bustle, to add something to what I have already written. You cannot imagine the scene which this city presents. It is full to overflowing, and every nook and corner which can accommodate visitors is appropriated to that purpose. My room is in a very respectable boarding-house, where members of Congress are numerous, and yet contains three double beds, two on the floor, and one sofa-bed. My own bed is of *straw* on the floor, and I pay three dollars a day! So much for sight seeing. I have two class-mates in Congress, and another is the private secretary of President Polk. These I have seen and they are polite to me, but I can truly say I envy them none of their distinction. Let me have a quiet corner among the Nestorians, and be the instrument of turning some of them to righteousness, and this will be honor enough for me. There let me live —there let me die. Would that my prospect of a speedy return were as good as my desire is strong.

The addresses of Mr. Stoddard to churches and various Christian assemblies in the United States were most remarkable for their intelligent and graphic presentation of his field, for their comprehensive and almost prophetic survey of the whole missionary work, and for an unction and enthusiasm which seemed to transport the speaker out of the body into a world wholly spiritual. But in this elevation of spiritual feeling he always carried the audience with him to some mount of transfiguration where they beheld the higher glories of Christ and his kingdom. One of the most remarkable examples of this was in a great meeting at the Tabernacle, in May, 1849. His own allusion to this shows that he participated in the effect he then produced.

"I had a very delightful meeting in the Tabernacle. It was crowded to overflowing, and I feel pretty sure that I never carried along an audience with me as I did on that occasion. The scene was inspiring to me, and I was lifted above myself. I trust God will bless these humble efforts for good to the missionary cause."

Though "lifted above himself," he carried the audience with him at every step, till they seemed to be participants in the blessed work at Oroomiah which he was describing.

Having reluctantly abandoned the thought of returning to Oroomiah in the spring of 1849, Mr. Stoddard entered as a patient the water-cure establishment at Northampton, and enjoyed that mental rest and physical regimen which his exhausted system required. In his retirement he was presently cheered with the intelligence of another revival at Oroomiah.

"May 15, 1849.—The blessed tidings of another work of grace among the Nestorians reached me three weeks ago and filled my heart with joy. Your very interesting journal for the month of January arrived about the twenty-third of April, and we read it with an intense feeling which you can better conceive than I describe. Mr. Treat and my brother Charles were here with me and we all mingled our thanksgivings together. I had daily and I trust *earnestly* prayed for this blessing, but I was entirely unprepared for such a thrilling announcement. Often have I mourned over my deserted family and felt solicitude about their welfare. I now feel that in this I have both magnified my own importance, undervalued the very useful labors of brother Cochrane, and exercised far too little faith in God. And now I stand rebuked and I hope that never again shall I be uneasy or discontented or distrustful in any circumstances in which the Providence of God shall place me. While my first impulse is *to set out at once and join you* and share in the blessedness of this

harvest season, I am at the same time assured by these tidings that the work of the Lord *will go on*—and that gloriously—among the Nestorians, even if I, your unworthy fellow-laborer, am never again permitted to set foot in Persia. The letters above referred to had been in our hands but a week, when another steamer brought your second letter, bringing the news down to the first of March and arriving here in just sixty days. The scenes you describe are wonderful. O! how are we called on to magnify the name of our God. Everlasting praise to his name for this mercy to the poor Nestorians. How ought our future lives to be filled up with trust, gratitude, and joy."

"June 29th. I think I have been decidedly benefited by the cold water. Some weeks ago I received 'a discharge with a character,' and am now preaching every Sabbath and making trial of my strength. Dr. D—— hopes I am now quite free from enlargement of the liver, and that with care I shall be able to live along very comfortably—perhaps to enjoy something like my former vigor. If it be the will of God to grant me a perfect restoration, I trust I shall be very grateful and know how to use my strength more judiciously than I have in past years. The pressure among such a people as the Nestorians is very great, and, hungering as they do for the bread of life, they will often hardly be content with a denial. But there is a limit beyond which it is unwise to go, and unhappily most missionaries do not learn where it is, until they have had at least one break down. Mr. Perkins, for instance, writes me, that in sixty days he preached one hundred times, and that he was quite exhausted. This leads me to speak of the very powerful revival now in progress among the Nestorians. You may well imagine it has filled my heart with joy. Ever since leaving Persia I had been mourning because my seminary was left without a suitable guardian, and I feared that the pupils must necessarily suffer in consequence. But see how weak has been my faith; see how I overrated my own importance. See how gloriously God has relieved my fears; and then rejoice with me in these triumphs of divine grace.

"You see the Herald. In the numbers for June and July, you will find many thrilling details, and to them I must refer you. The letters which I am constantly receiving from Oroomiah, written both by natives and my brethren, and expressive of strong personal attachment, affect me deeply. I long to return to that dear spot. And when last week Mr. Breath and Mr. Coan sailed with their wives bound for Persia, I felt as if *I must go with them.* And yet they will so far relieve those already in the field, and who are covered with the dust of the conflict, that I can better linger a little now than I could before. I have consented, in accordance with the strongly expressed wishes of the committee, to defer sailing until next February and try the invigorating effect of another winter. Then, by the leave of Providence, I will hie me to my post."

To Mr. Cochran.

"September 8th, 1849. A few days ago I wrote a letter to Mr. Perkins and was not intending to write again to Oroomiah till after the meeting of the Board. But as I have a half an hour's leisure this morning, I can not resist the temptation to thank you for the very full and minute account you have given me of the seminary, and the grace of God as developed in its different members. You could have done nothing to gratify me so much, for I need not tell you, that while far separated from those dear pupils, I remember them with a parent's solicitude and love. May God grant that they maintain a high standard of Christian character and go on from strength to strength, reflecting the beauty and the power of the Gospel on all around them. I have the highest satisfaction in thinking that the seminary is under your care, and have no doubt you will do for its prosperity all that can be done. I trust you may have some one the coming winter to share the labors and responsibilities with you, for I know by experience that they are too much for a single individual."

His description of a visit to the home of his beloved associate, Dr. Perkins, is a beautiful example of brotherly

affection and of that cheerful Christian temper which derives pleasure from the little incidents as well as from the higher actions of life.

"I sat down in the room where your dear mother died. Every thing was interesting to me. As I looked above—lo, and behold! there was Judith hung up on the wall with a gray pussy in her arms! Really it is a very good likeness, though a poor painting. I wanted to go up and kiss her. It carried me at once to Oroomiah. Your niece showed me the chair in which your mother always sat, the fan she always used, the grave stone which had just been purchased to mark her precious dust. I used, too, her old family Bible at our devotions. These things they carefully preserve and regard almost as sacred, not even removing the mark she employed in her daily reading of the Scriptures. I took as much interest for your sake in looking at all, as if I had been myself one of the family. I hear so much said, too, of the piety and worth of your venerable mother, that I can not but feel the deepest respect for her memory.

"On the wall was also hanging a lithograph of yourself—good perhaps in the absence of the original, but not what it should have been. Under the same glass was a lock of Mrs. Perkins's hair with some of Judith's. On the table was some of Mar Yohannan's writing—the twenty-third Psalm. Either I am forgetting my Syriac very fast or else he made a good many blunders. No matter if he did. I am the only one who ever detected them since he left. A copy of your book was on the table. It was all worn out. It has gone all over West Springfield and traveled considerably in South and East Hampton. Many have read that single copy with deep interest.

Toward tea time I took a stroll down south from the house, and saw the old family garden, which has now been set out with fruit-trees—the cherry, the peach, and the plum. The currants were decaying, but the plums were nearly ripe. I gathered a bouquet of flowers and proceeded on. I looked at the cider mill, where probably you once sucked cider through a straw! Only think of it.

Don't let the remembrance make you straighten up and try to look dignified. We were all boys once, and like them laughed and frolicked and gave way to joy. When I reached the little brook I could not avoid sitting down there and thinking of you and far off Persia. Sometimes on such occasions it requires an effort to keep from sinking into deep gloom.

"At evening your brother returned and right glad he was to see me. I have not had from anybody in America a more cordial grasp of the hand. He took me to see the meadow you once mowed, and the fence, in making which you so overdid as to raise blood. This he said decided the question in his mind that you ought not to do much hard labor and had better go to college."

In the fall of this year Mr. Stoddard had the privilege of attending the meeting of the American Board at Pittsfield. None who were present can ever forget the seraphic glow of his countenance and words as he narrated the work of grace in Persia.

How little he was allowed the rest he so much required may be inferred from passages such as the following, which describes a Missionary Convention in Vermont.

"October 1st, 1849. The meetings were animated and I hope profitable to us all. I did not get off with less than four addresses, all of which would be nearly two hours in length. I begged hard to be excused, but there are some places where begging is of no avail. I staid at home from one meeting (of the Sabbath school scholars), on purpose to avoid importunity; but they sent *two strong men* and dragged me out. What could I do? a poor weak man that weighs only one hundred seventeen pounds?

* * * * * * *

"This roving life is very unpleasant to me. On some accounts it is animating and grateful to my feelings to enjoy the fellowship of the churches and receive so many and so kind attentions. But it tends

to foster pride, break up habits of devotion, make one live a superficial life rather than one of deep communion with his own heart and with God; and I shall rejoice when it is ended and I may launch my bark for Persia. My future is uncertain and sometimes cheerless. But as a general thing I can exercise a calm trust in God and am in a peaceful frame—yes, *more* than that, I am *happy*. Pray for me, dear brother, that the grace of God may abound in me. Pray that I may be a holy man, thoroughly furnished for every good work."

In his labors in this country he was greatly burdened by the general apathy which then prevailed among the churches—a chilling contrast with the state of piety he had witnessed in the revival among the Nestorians.

"Mr. Marsh is about sailing for the East and designated to Mosul. The committee are deeply interested in that field and will do all they can for it, with the pressure which now exists in regard to men. It is exceedingly difficult to find missionary candidates, and the churches are in a very cold and desolate state. Notwithstanding all my journeyings, I have seen but *one* church enjoying any thing like a revival, and that on a very limited scale. What the end will be I know not, but it is a subject to be prayed over and wept over, and carried to our Saviour. I have just been writing a sermon which I have preached three or four times, I trust not without good effect, or the text, 'If by any means I may provoke to emulation them which are my flesh and might save some of them.' The subject is American and Nestorian piety—their respective features contrasted and compared."

With such incessant labors as came upon him in the United States, the recovery of health could of course be but gradual and partial; yet Mr. Stoddard cherished a confident expectation of returning to his field early in 1850. The judgment of physicians, however, and of the Secretaries of the Board, overruled his own, and he was detained

in America through the whole of that year. Much of his time was spent in the immediate service of the Board, in a way which the following letter describes:

"BOSTON, February 28th, 1850.

"I believe last time I wrote you, I mentioned that the Secretaries had some idea of giving me the charge of the Journal of Missions and the Day Spring, while I remained in the country. The plan did not strike me very favorably, as I feared the confinement and sedentary occupation. But my objections were overruled, and so here I am, quietly located at the missionary house. I have been here some ten days, and thus far find the employment not an unpleasant one. It is certainly not less important or responsible than orally addressing the churches, as I have now an opportunity, through this medium, of addressing every month some tens of thousands. I hope I may have wisdom to write and publish just the best things to promote the good cause, and that these periodicals may not suffer in my hands. It is a great privilege to have such free intercourse with the secretaries, and I shall thus be acquiring valuable information, which I shall prize all my life. I trust I shall also catch something of their self-denying prayerful spirit.

"This day of prayer for colleges is an interesting one to me, being the fourteenth anniversary of my birth into the kingdom of Christ. O how profitless and full of sin have many of these years been! I look back on them with mingled grief and shame. What a Saviour we have, who can so freely pardon all our sins, receiving us graciously, and loving us freely."

He infused much of his own spirit of high devotion into these missionary periodicals. But, however occupied at home, he never lost sight of his foreign field. His correspondence with the Mission was constant, and full of fervor for his work.

"I rejoice to hear of the safe arrival of Messrs. Breath and Coan with their wives. This is good news indeed. May the Lord make

them and their dear partners a rich blessing to you. And may this present winter be distinguished by the extensive outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the Nestorians. For this I pray daily and earnestly. Dear brethren, live near to Christ, and your labors will be acknowledged by him. The wilderness and the solitary place will be glad for you. Many will rise up to call you blessed. There is the greatest eagerness to hear about the Nestorians wherever I go, and I am fairly overworked, in spite of all my efforts to the contrary. I write with my old friend, the neuralgia, dancing over my face and peering into my eyes. I hope it will make a short call.

"You will be encouraged by the accounts of revivals which now fill our papers. It is indeed most cheering, after the long season of coldness and barrenness. I trust I have a heart to rejoice in it. How is it with you? I can not but hope that again the windows of heaven are opened over your heads, and the same rich blessings descending as in days gone by. Be instant in prayer; be men of strong faith and holy life, and God, even our God, will bless you.

"Do not feel solicitous about my health; it is pretty good, but the fact is, I have not much stamina. I never shall have, so long as I remain here, but I do not despair of enjoying good health in Persia, if I live to reach you. I am afraid I have spoken too strongly in terms of discouragement about my health in previous letters, especially the last. I am quite hopeful as a general thing, and yearn in my heart, to die and live with you."

"If you will believe it, I have been applied to to take the charge of Mount Holyoke Seminary! ! ! Do not mention this last on any account. I only mention it to provoke a smile from you. My heart is in Persia. There I wish to live and die. God forbid that any thing but a most direct intimation of his will should keep me from that chosen field of labor."

"May 31st, 1850.

"Rev. Rufus Anderson, D.D.

"My dear Brother,—The following are my reasons for wishing to return to Persia at an early day.

"1. My health is now entirely restored. At least I am free from disease, and have, in a good measure, my former vigor. I do not think, with the common calls for labor, and the excitement which a returned missionary necessarily meets with, I should probably be any better by remaining in this country a longer period. With care I see not why I may not live for years, perhaps many years, among the Nestorians. My present home on Mount Seir is quite a healthy location.

"2. If detained in the country beyond the 1st or the 15th of August next, I must remain until March or April, a period of eight months. It is not possible to cross the mountains of Armenia in winter. Ought so much of a missionary's time to be taken from his appropriate work without weighty reasons?

"3. There never was such a call for labor in our mission as at the present time. The fields are white to the harvest, and the laborers are few. I regard this as a crisis in the mission. Two or three years will be likely to determine whether the old Nestorian church is to be regenerated as a church, or to crumble to pieces and a new one to be erected on its ruins. The brethren ask for two new missionaries, but not oue is to be found. Mr. Stocking has also much of the year been laid aside by rheumatism. Knowing as they do that I am in constant communication with the secretaries, and desirous in every way to aid the Mission, my brethren write less about their wants to the Committee than they would otherwise. But their appeals to me are frequent and urgent.

"4. In regard to my particular field, the Seminary, while Mr. Cochran has succeeded well in superintending it, and the Holy Spirit has been twice poured out on its members, since my return to America, he is by no means able to do justice to this important work, and says he feels at times in great danger of breaking down. He was confidently expecting Mr. Coan's aid last fall, but the state of Mr. Stocking's health, and the need of an efficient superintendent for the village schools, together with Mr. Coan's own preferences, determined the matter otherwise. There is no question that the seminary, which is so very important an auxiliary in our work, needs at once

two men to devote their whole time to it; and it will never become what it ought to be, till this is effected.

"5. I will only add, what you know already, that my longing to return to the field of my labor is very strong. It seems, at times, as if I could not for any consideration wait another year. But this is a matter of feeling, and must not have too much weight with me in determining my duty.

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"Such is an imperfect, but, as I believe, impartial, statement of the case. In regard to the whole subject, I feel like a little child. I have asked counsel of the Lord, and now am most happy to refer the question to the Secretaries and the Prudential Committee.

"Sincerely yours,

"D. T. Stoddard."

To the missionaries, he writes:

"Missionary House, Boston, June 8th, 1850.

"My Beloved Brethren and Sisters:

"Last week brought the long letter of Mr. Perkins, giving details of the revival, accompanied by one from Mr. Stocking, interspersed with copious extracts from Miss Fisk. Those letters sent a thrill of joy through the Missionary House, and we all offered up devout thanksgivings to God. Few missionaries in all the world, or in any age, have been so blest as you. The lines have indeed fallen to you in pleasant places; yea, you have a goodly heritage. Dear friends, *prize* these privileges. Be humble: for, after all, you are feeble instruments. Be prayerful; for, without prayer, the work never will go forward. Magnify Christ. Preach Christ. Live near to Christ Reflect the image of Christ. Rejoice in Christ, as it is your privilege and your duty to do; and then will you go on from strength to strength, and from grace to glory. I speak from a full heart, and 'I beseech you, brethren, suffer the word of exhortation.'

"These letters arrived just as the anniversaries commenced, and I used them at the meeting of the Board. When Dr. Anderson read extracts from them at the Monthly Concert, many were in tears. Be assured, multitudes sympathize with you and pray for you.

"Yesterday I had a note from Mr. Stocking, and another from Mr. Cochrane, dated April 1st. Mr. Cochrane gives himself unnecessary solicitude about my house, for (I say it almost with tears) I am to remain in this country another year! It is even so. The Committee, after a long and patient discussion of the subject, have come to this conclusion. And I will endeavor briefly to tell you on what it is based.

"I have reported myself so many times to the Secretaries as *well*, that they have inferred more from my language than I really meant to convey. The fact is just this. I am no longer a diseased man, I eat well, sleep well, feel well, and, up to a certain point, can accomplish considerable business. But I have not the stamina probably I once had, and now that I have been in the Missionary House more than three months, the Secretaries and Committee see, or think they see, very clearly, that such is the fact. They evidently fear that if I were to go back now, and enter on the work with the ardor which I should be likely to feel, I should not last long. This they frankly say to me. I do not think they are correct, but it is possible they may be. Now, they argue, that as I have been slowly gaining—slowly but *really*—ever since I came to the country, a residence of another year here will be likely to do me good. In other words, their principle is to keep a missionary in America so long as he continues to gain strength thereby; and they say that this is real economy, and that missionaries who have gone back too early, have often broken down a second time, or been removed by death.

"So much for this part of the subject. Then looking at the matter from another stand-point, they say that I can not be spared from the Missionary House at present. And though they never mean to keep missionaries from their field, when they are ready to go, this is a very peculiar case. The 'Journal of Missions' and 'The Day-Spring,' have unexpectedly reached a circulation of near *fifty thousand* each, being very far beyond what the 'Herald' ever attained to in its best days. Meantime, Mr. Treat, who has charge of the editorial department, has entirely failed in health and gone to Europe, leaving all three publications fatherless. There is no man that can be thought

of, who will in all respects do to come into the Missionary House. At least the Committee, although they have thought of various individuals, do not see their way clear to appoint a permanent editor just now. And they feel it to be *vital* to the raising of funds and the general prosperity of the cause, that the publications be carefully looked after. They consider it a crisis with them, and as demanding that they set aside ordinary rules.

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"To me the decision is a very trying one. I have felt that I must go to Persia this summer. 'When I therefore was thus minded, did I use lightness? or the things that I purpose, do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me these should be yea, yea, and nay, nay?' Even Paul had to change his plans, and write to the Corinthians: 'This is the *third time* I am coming to you.' And in one place he adds, 'But *Satan* hindered us.' I think, therefore, he was worse off than I. It is *the Lord* who is dealing with me, and in great mercy, though he is leading me in a way that I know not. When in Persia I determined that I would not come to America; but my Heavenly Father, by removing my beloved Harriette, necessitated me to come. Now I have repeatedly wished to return, and repeatedly been prevented. What does this mean? Does it mean that the work will go on better without me than with me there? That I am unworthy to have any place among such a band of brethren and sisters? or that he has work for me to do elsewhere? I know not. I only know that I am unworthy to be employed *any where;*—to have any name or place among the children of God. I pray that I may be humble, and, wherever I am, live near to Christ. And I also pray that I may be just where God would have me be, and do just what he would have me do, however trying it may be to my feelings.

To Rev. E. Strong, on the above decision of the Prudential Committee, he wrote:

"I have been thus particular in stating this decision and the grounds of it to you, because I am desirous that my friends, and the

friends of the Board, should get a right impression in regard to it. I would not wish them to feel, on the one hand, after the strong expressions I have used about my love for the Nestorians and my desire to return, that I was lingering here in America, and 'playing with shadows,' nor, on the other, that I was detained by an arbitrary act of the Committee, contrary to my own judgment. It is a great trial to me to stay, and yet, as I do not wish to go till I have the full approbation of those who employ me, I am willing to be kept from the Nestorians a time longer. The dealings of God with me have certainly been peculiar. I was taken away from Persia contrary to my strong wishes; and then, when I had consented to go as far as Constantinople, the death of my wife made a moral necessity for me to proceed onward. Since I have been in America, I have purposed three times to return, but three times been hindered. I am, however, most happy to feel that the *Lord* has hindered me and not *Satan*, as was the case when Paul's plans were broken in upon. I hope this discipline may do me good, may chasten me, may subdue my will, and make me more fit for the Master's use. Wherever he would have me live and labor, there, I trust, I desire to be. There will be the post of usefulness, there the home of peace.

The following extracts from letters to Rev. A. Hazen, missionary in India, present many points of personal and general interest.

"Missionary House, Boston, April 26th, 1850.

"Our field is in a most interesting state. It may be that I view it with partial eyes, but considering the intelligence, the enterprize, the affectionate character of the people, and the triumphs of God's grace among them, I know of no field where it could be more delightful to labor. We have just heard of another revival in the male and female seminaries. Those institutions have repeatedly received showers of divine grace, and scores of the pupils been led to Christ. It would make your heart run over with joy to see the vigorous, manly, Christ-like piety, which is developed in many of those young

men. It is a great privilege to be with them and lead them into the green pastures, and beside the still waters. It repays us a thousand fold for all our self-denial. We feel sometimes that we can rejoice almost with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

"Your field is one of more trials. I have just sent a portion of your last letter to the printer, for the 'Journal of Missions.' But, dear brother, do not be discouraged. It is *Christ's* work. He loves it better than we can. He will be with you. He loves to hear you pray. He will put his arms underneath you. His grace will be sufficient. His promises are Yea and Amen. The clouds may seem dark, but the sun shines. Your mission is enfeebled, its numbers are reduced, and the harvest seems not to be whitening. But let patience have her perfect work. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. It is not many years since one brother left our field quite discouraged. Eleven years of toil had produced little spiritual result, and he thought nothing good was ever to come. Now how blessed the change! What hath God wrought? You remember the missionaries in Greenland, and those in Tahiti. They toiled on, hoped on, and lived by faith. And at last the day dawned and all around them was seen gladness and joy. Who knows that it may not speedily be so with you?

"From some expressions in your letters I have been fearful you were doing too much for your health. Pardon me for cautioning you on that subject. I know there is a very strong temptation, when there is so much to be done and so few to do it, to over-exert one's self. I did it, and as the result, was obliged to give up, and spend two years in getting well. This was not good economy. Perhaps it was positively sinful. At least, I am determined to be very guarded hereafter. It seems to me it is our duty to form and execute our plans so that we may live long. Brother Goodell, of Constantinople, says, a good many missionaries come out that way 'ready to die,' but, for his part, he is glad to see now and then one who comes out *expecting to live.* He is a very cheerful man—some would call him gay, though he is a devoted Christian—and thinks by a good laugh occasionally, and by moderation in all his movements, he has

been able to accomplish far more than he could have done otherwise.

"But not to dwell longer on this point, dear brother, let me beg you to take good care of your health. If there are but few missionary candidates coming forward (and it is a sorrowful fact that they are so few), and numbers of our missionaries, all over the world, are breaking down and coming home, this does not impose on you or on me the duty of overlaboring and breaking down, too, but rather of husbanding our strength, and making it hold out as long as possible. May God give us both grace and wisdom to do just as we should in this important matter, and enable us, whether our lives be longer or shorter, to glorify him on the earth, and finish the work he has given us to do."

"September 2d, 1850. I still continue at the Missionary House, where I have been for nearly seven months. My duties, on the whole, are pleasant; and I trust I am contributing my humble mite to the promotion of Christ's kingdom. Situated in the family of Dr. Anderson, and associated with so many good men, and my thoughts employed so much of the time about this blessed object, if I could forget Persia, I do not know that anything would be wanting to make me perfeetly happy. But my desire to return is like a fire in my bones, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished."

Speaking of the missionary work, he says:

"October 10th, 1850. To be sure it has its trials. It is full of self-denial. It crosses many of our worldly feelings. But, after all, what a blessed thing it is to be allowed thus to serve Christ. Sometimes when I think of it, I am very impatient to get back to my field, and to my loved Nestorians. Yes, let me live and die a missionary of the cross. With the presence and the love of Jesus, toil will be light and self-denial welcome. God grant that I may be more and more imbued with the spirit of missions, and that I may live to see yet greater trophies of redeeming grace than we have yet witnessed among the Nestorians. May you be blessed abund-

antly in your labors also, and be wise to win men to Christ. Fasten your eye on him. Look to him for strength and you will be full of peace and joy. It is only a little while, at the farthest, that we shall labor here. Soon, oh, how soon, shall we reach our home above, meet where there are no partings, praise God where there are no imperfections, and evermore, with the redeemed of every nation and age, cast our crowns at the feet of the Redeemer."

"December 23, 1850: If ever you are a 'returned missionary, (as I hope you will not be), and especially if you are what Dr. Poor calls 'a returned missionary returning,' you will know how to make allowances for the infrequency of my letters.

"While there are some pleasant things in a visit to America, it is, in many other respects, a continual trial, and I rejoice that my visit here is soon to terminate. I believe all who have tried it will subscribe to what Dr. Poor said of returned missionaries, 'Oh, they are a sorry set, a *sorry* set.' It is a slow process, this of getting well again, when the system is run down, and we must be content to take time. *Three times* I have set for returning to Persia, and three times the Secretaries have advised me to wait longer. It seemed to me *then* that they were unreasonable in detaining me so long from my chosen field, but as I look back I feel that it has all been for the best. I have a vigor now which I had not a year ago, and which resembles very much the vigor I had when I first became a missionary. My impression is, however, that if I could have remained in Persia, and thrown off care, and been *willing to take time* to recruit, I should have got well faster and better there than in New England. Here I have been always crowded, and there is no way of getting rid of it. Visiting, meetings, excitement, pursued month after month, is the most wearisome and trying life I know of, and nothing but the sternest sense of duty would ever tempt me to go through it again.

"I trust, dear brother, you will keep up a *good courage.* You speak of yourself as '*worn-out* at the age of twenty-eight.' Please do not feel so. You have youth on your side, and, as I suppose, a good constitution. I see not why you may not live, and enjoy health, for

many years. When the system is run down we are apt to be desponding. I was. I thought I should not live a year. But I magnified my difficulties. With returning health, spirits have *returned*, and I am now calculating, with God's blessing, to live twenty years at least. Ask your good wife to cheer you up. Determine that you *will* be cheerful; it will react very pleasantly on your health; it will do you good like a medicine. In fact, if you can keep cheerful, it is worth far more than medicine. Excuse these remarks, they are prompted by the deepest interest in you and your work. I want to have you continue to be a blessing to the Maharattas, as you have been in past years, and if you are at all like me, you are happier there at your work, than you ever could be elsewhere. Oh! what a privilege is it to be a missionary; to stand in the foreground of the army: to preach Christ to the millions of Asia.

"August 20th, 1850. As soon as the meeting of the Board is over, I mean to make an earnest appeal to the Secretaries to be released from my present position. I do not expect, however, that it will be effected and a new man installed in my place before the first of December. Then I shall have been here nine months and served quite an apprenticeship. It is a pretty laborious and yet in many respects a delightful service. All here is peace and love. Those good men who are gone, and whose portraits hang about the walls, the good men who come to visit us, and the sacred employment in which we are engaged, all conspire to make this a place where it is good to be. I hope that God will bless my stay here and enable me day by day to grow in likeness to the adorable Saviour. May this be the case with each of us, wherever we are laboring. Let us strive for heavenly mindedness and be transformed into the image of Christ from glory to glory."

The intention expressed in the above, he carried out in the following note of September 19th, to the Secretaries of the Board.

"I came to the Missionary House in February, to fill a temporary

gap, and I have endeavored to aid you in my humble way ever since. I wish I had performed better the duties which I assumed. Every number of the Journal of Missions and the Day Spring, have come short of my idea of what they ought to be and what I think they might be. Still, I have tried to be faithful, as God gave me ability and strength. My stay at the Missionary House has been not only very pleasant to me but very profitable, and I shall always look back on these months with deep interest.

"While I say this, I will also say that in the prospect of my returning to Persia in the latter part of February or the first of March, it seems to be reasonable that I should now be released from this service, or at least at as early a day as another arrangement can be made. In making this request you will not understand me as shrinking from any responsibility which properly comes upon me. If the cause requires that I stay with you a time longer, I will cheerfully acquiesce. But I think my sedentary life during the summer, though not very wearing, has not been so conducive to health as some other course I might have pursued. In other words, I do not think I stand, as respects bodily vigor, just where I should have done at this time, had I not had these cares of editorship upon me during the summer.

"You know that it is my wish and my expectation, with the leave of Providence and the approbation of the committee, to return to Persia and live there and die there. And as I must admit that I have not any too much strength at the best for the duties of missionary life, I should like to have as much leisure as may be before leaving the country for visiting, packing, invigorating my health, etc. I think the bracing air of this winter, under proper circumstances (for cold is always serviceable to my health), will do me great good and prepare me better than I have yet been prepared for going back to the Nestorians."

October 10th, after the meeting of the American Board at Oswego, he writes:

"We had a delightful meeting at the Board and sat together in heavenly places in Christ. If the occasion was not one of such ten-

der interest as that last year at Pittsfield, it was yet a very precious season and the remembrance of it and the benefits of it will long abide with all those who were present, and its influence be thus widely felt in the churches. There was a good deal said about a want of money, and we do need it exceedingly in every department of our labors. But what we most need at home and abroad is more spirituality, a more unreserved consecration of ourselves to the Redeemer's cause. We, who go as missionaries, are very weak, imperfect agents, and need to be sustained constantly by the prayers of our patrons. Then there is a tide of worldliness sweeping over the churches here; which it is very sad to witness, and which I believe our Saviour can not regard without grief."

"October 15th. In four months from this time I hope to embark for Smyrna. My heart almost bounds at the thought. If God in his mercy permits me once more to reach that happy home on Mount Seir, how shall I be called on to bless his name.

"I had a dream the other night. It was this: For some reason or other it was decided that it was best for me to remain in America. It cost me a dreadful struggle to make up my mind to it, but at last I assented to its wisdom. Soon after, I was sitting one day when Mr. and Mrs. Perkins came in upon me. It was as unexpected almost as if they had dropped down from the skies. For a few moments I was overjoyed. After the excitement was over, I said, 'are you really here too? Has our mission again been diminished in strength? Must you and I never live together more on Mount Seir and labor and pray together for the Nestorians?' So saying, I grasped him by the hand and we sat down and wept. I asked him not a word about his voyage or journey, nor did he inquire a word about my plans or labors. We both wept when we remembered Zion. At last, when I had pretty well 'cried myself out,' I awoke, and behold! it was a dream. You may imagine how rejoiced I was. Since then I have bestirred myself to purchase some things which I mean to carry, and amuse myself a little every day in packing, etc., in the lower story of the Missionary House. I

wish to drive off any more such dreams, which may be waiting for an onset upon me. You may think I had been eating mince pie for supper, but I assure you I had not."

"December 18th, 1850. Brother C. informs me that your dear Lewis is gradually becoming weaker and sinking down under the power of disease. I rejoice, however, with you, in the hope that he has built on Christ and looks forward with calm trust to whatever may await him. In many points of view it is sad to see the young, just coming into manhood, suddenly arrested in their course and brought down to an early grave. But faith can triumph even over *such* an affliction as this and feel that all is right: that it is a blessed thing for us and our children and all our interests to be in the hands of God. If God will only be pleased to convert our children to himself and make them partakers with us of this precious faith, why should we not be willing to have them taken home to glory whenever he sees best? Though I hope by God's blessing to live for years, and in my humble measure serve him in the missionary field, and am in the habit of taking cheerful views of life, I can yet truly say that I not unfrequently sigh for the better land. Here there is so much weakness, so many infirmities, so much within us and around us to make us mourn, so sadly does this world bear the marks of being blasted by sin, that it is almost strange that we can fasten our affections upon it. And when we turn away our eyes from this vale of tears to that home which the Saviour has provided for us, and of which he is the light, and glory, and joy, where we shall see him and be like him, and be lost in the great ocean of blessedness, and mingle with the many millions who have been redeemed, in their songs of praise, the wonder is that we do not long to be taken home. If Jesus is our friend, if one of the 'many mansions' is to be ours, then the sooner we are called away, the sooner will our unending joy commence. It may be in the morning or at noon, or when we totter with age and gray hairs are sprinkled over us. But let the summons come when it will, we may as Christians, feel more than *calm;* we may sing of grace and triumph, of the conflict ended and glory begun, as we cross the River Jordan."

CHAPTER XVII.

RETURN TO HIS FIELD.

The Providence of God which detained Mr. Stoddard in the United States so far beyond his purpose and inclination, was kindly preparing him for higher usefulness upon his final return to Oroomiah. Had he gone back according to his original plan, he would have returned alone, to find his heart's great sorrow revived by the associations and the memories of every day; he would have returned without even his children to solace his weary hours, and to respond to a heart which yearned for love as its daily food; he would have gone back still enfeebled, to be speedily prostrated by disease and death. His long detention in his native land gradually reinvigorated his system, soothed his sorrows with the constant ministry of friends and by diversified labors for Christ, and at length brought him to know that God had chosen for him one who should restore his shattered home and share the joys and burdens of the missionary life.

On the 14th of February, 1851, Mr. Stoddard was married to Miss Sophia D. daughter of Rev. Austin Hazen of Berlin, Vermont, and sister of Rev. Allen Hazen, missionary at Bombay.

The Trustees of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary were most reluctant to release even for the foreign missionary service this competent and favorite teacher, who did so

much to supply the void occasioned by the death of Mary Lyon. On the 4th of March, 1851, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, and their daughter Harriette, with Miss Cowles, Miss Whittlesey and Mr. Rhea, all destined to the oriental field, embarked at Boston for Smyrna. His farewell letters show that he was jubilant in the prospect of being once more at his post. To the missionary circle at Oroomiah, he writes:

"Would to God, we might say to you, as did Paul to some of his Christian friends, 'And I am sure that when I come unto you, I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.' Pray that it may be so and that by our arrival we may not make a mere numerical addition to your strength. I trust we shall find you all knit together in love and striving together for the faith of the Gospel. Some missions are at the present time distracted by divisions. I love to turn from them to you and think of you as drinking in one spirit and reflecting on each other the image of Christ. Shall I find this my hope and my prayer realized?

I shall so soon, if the Lord will, be among you, that I do not think it worth while to say any thing about the arrangements of the seminary. It seems you differ somewhat as to your views of what is expedient, and perhaps I shall differ from all of you; (though I have no reason to think so;) but yet I presume by prayerful consideration things will be set on just the right basis. It seems to me I shall prefer to occupy my old house, if agreeable to the mission, but will leave the question open till I arrive or till I get more light."

To friends in Scotland and in America he sends words of hope and cheer as he approaches the terminus of his voyage.

"Ionian Sea, April 5th, 1851. I have been impatient for a long time at the protracted length of my visit in America, and I joy to go back to my adopted home in the East. The day of my em-

barkation was not a gloomy one. On the contrary, I lifted up my eyes in gratitude to that God who had restored my health and permitted me to enter anew, and under such favorable circumstances, on my missionary work. I do believe that we missionaries are the happiest persons on earth. If we do not get our hundred fold promised by the Saviour to those who leave all for him, it is because we are not simple and devoted enough in our consecration. But we *do* get many joys that a stranger intermeddleth not with. And were you to see me on my arrival at Smyrna or Constantinople, and especially at Oroomiah, greeted by warm hearts and having sweet communion with brethren and sisters who like me have embarked their all in this glorious work, I think you would feel that we were abundantly paid for all the trials of our voluntary exile."

"Morea, April 7th. My visit in America was long protracted, but perhaps not too long to accomplish well all the desirable objects in connection with it. I certainly have had a rare privilege, and one which I shall value as long as I live, in visiting so many churches and forming so many acquaintances among the excellent of the earth. It has strengthened decidedly my own love to the cause, and sends me back most cheerfully on this errand of mercy. I know that many at the other end are 'holding the ropes,' and that we are followed by the sympathy and prayers of thousands. It is also cause for devout thanksgiving that I now return renewed in vigor, and may properly call myself a well man. I bless God that I go to such an interesting field, where every effort I can put forth for the cause of Christ is so much needed, where I may mingle my voice with that of the joyful reapers and bind the yellow sheaves, where my pupils are waiting to welcome me, and where I have already had so much experience of the loving-kindness of God.

"There is so much practical unbelief among the churches in regard to the blessedness of the missionary work that I love to testify that it is good to be a missionary. And my earnest prayer is, in which I ask that you will join with me, that I may be found faithful and wise to win many to an Almighty Saviour."

To his parents he writes from the Mediterranean:

"When I look back on my visit to America, it seems a delightful dream. The numerous friends whom I have seen and communed with, the still more numerous friends who were before strangers to me, but who bestowed on me for Christ's sake, their affection, the extended and very precious intercourse I had with the churches, and the opportunity thus afforded me of telling them what I had seen in a far off land of the triumphs of God's grace; these and many other things conspire to render this visit an era in my life. But I leave now all behind. I exchange a land of civilization for a land of the shadow of death; the elevating, refining, cheering influences which have been thrown around me for a home among a degraded, immoral, and in many cases, an ungrateful people. I go to a climate which has once seriously impaired my vigor, and may again deprive me of the elasticity of health which again animates my frame. But I bid friends, home, country, all farewell with joy, and embark once more in this self-denying yet blessed work. I consider it the greatest privilege on earth to go. I know that much is expected of me, and on this account I shrink, feeling my great unworthiness and fearing lest I should not be found faithful. But 'my grace is sufficient for thee,' whispered to the soul by the omnipresent Saviour, will give at all times renewed strength. I can do all things through Christ strengthening me. When I am weak, then am I strong. Only let me ever feel these truths and look for help to heaven, and I shall glorify God wherever I am, and finish the work he has given me to do. It is delightful to know that you will all remember me in your prayers and thus in an important sense be fellow-laborers with me.

"I have spoken of my trial in going to a land of the shadow of death, but it is, as you well know, not an *unmixed* trial. I go to a beloved and loving band of brethren and sisters. All along the way, at Smyrna, at Constantinople, at Trebizond, and at Erzeroom, I shall be welcomed by the excellent of the earth and sit with them in heavenly places in Christ. In Oroomiah I shall be greeted with notes of welcome by many who call me their spiritual father

and whom I regard with all the tenderness which I feel toward my own children. I shall be far happier—*doubt it not*—in Persia than I could be in America. There let me live. There let me die. There may I be buried.

"Did not the Saviour call me, gladly would I remain with you, my beloved and aged parents, and minister to the comfort of your declining years. I need not tell you that ardent love to you glows in my heart—a love which has been, if possible, strengthened by the delightful intercourse I have had with you during my recent visit, and your numerous efforts to promote my happiness and invigorate my health. These kind attentions will be embalmed in my heart while memory lasts. God bless you, dear parents, and reward you a hundred fold for all your kindness to your youngest, and in some respects, your most unworthy son."

Mr. Stoddard reached Constantinople at a time when the work among the Armenians had assumed a most encouraging aspect. His report of that work and his testimony concerning the missionaries at that station, will be valued as the judgment of a most competent and reliable witness.

"May 5th, 1851. Travelers who visit Constantinople are often charmed with the magnificent panorama of the city as seen from the Golden Horn, and their attention is wholly absorbed in visiting different objects of curiosity in this ancient seat of empire. But nothing can be so interesting to a Christian visitor as the work of God among the Armenians here. The progress of the truth, since I came out eight years ago, is wonderful. Yesterday I was present at a communion season in the first Protestant church. About seventy Armenians composed the congregation. Four were received into fellowship, two of whom are members of the female seminary. Three infants were also baptized. The services which were performed by the native pastors, Simon and Avedis, and Mr. Dwight, were deeply interesting and impressive to me, though I could not understand the language spoken. As I looked around on that band

of devoted men and women, gathered from a superstitious and degraded church, and saw among them Harûtun who was some years since driven through the streets of Nicomedia, amid the jeers and insults, and blows of a furious mob, Stepan Agha, the brother of the Patriarch, who has submitted to imprisonment and abuse for the sake of the Lord Jesus, and many others, their companions, who have met with fiery trials and triumphed over them by the power of their faith; as I saw the meekness and gentleness of Christ written on their countenances and heard their songs of praise, my heart was drawn out to these dear brethren in the tenderest affection. In the center of this great city, crowded by a million of human beings, who know but little in truth of God the Father, and his Son Jesus Christ, they had assembled on the first day of the week to break bread. And the Saviour was evidently with them. They sat in heavenly places and rejoiced, I doubt not, with joy unspeakable. It is under such circumstances that we understand what Christian fellowship is, and catch glimpses of the blessedness which is reserved for the saints in heaven.

"The whole aspect of the work in Turkey seems most encouraging. Could the churches in America be permitted to see it for themselves, and become personally acquainted with those who have been led by their instrumentality to the Saviour, I am sure they would devise more liberal things, and pray far more than they now do for the cause of missions.

"Our intercourse with the brethren and sisters at the different stations has been of the most delightful character and justified all that I ever said of the nature of Christian fellowship on missionary ground. I am impressed with the greatness and importance of the work going on among the Armenians of Turkey and the progress which has been made during my absence in America. It is gratifying to find European residents at the different stations so ready to speak well of this reformation and to aid it in every way in their power. Even some of those who long looked on with coldness, and declared that we were engaged in a fruitless enterprise, are now forward to commend it and predict its ultimate success."

The following letter to Rev. A. Hazen is a comment both upon this work and upon his own prospects and hopes.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, May 5th, 1851. We were very much gratified on reaching Smyrna to receive a letter from you which was awaiting us there. Yesterday came your letter of April 1st, written from your health retreat. While we are rejoiced to hear so often and so particularly from you, we regret that it is such an effort for you to use the pen, and that your health is so little improved by rest and relaxation. However, do not feel at all discouraged. So far as I can understand your case, it is one which a few weeks can not permanently relieve, and you will have to lie on your oars I fear, *at least a year*. I know it is hard to think of this. It is much easier to be doing the will of God than to be suffering it, but when the nerves are seriously implicated (and I supposed your headache to be strictly a nervous one), nothing but long rest and freedom from care will accomplish the object. . . . Do not be discouraged. 'You can not use your mind as you used to do.' Will it not cheer you up to know that for a *twelve month* I had very little power to do anything involving thought, and feared my mind was forever gone. Now I am as well, or nearly as well, in this respect, as ever. . . . When I left Oroomiah and went on to America, I was very rebellious. I knew it was my duty to go, but I thought if I went, the seminary would be ruined. This was a wrong feeling. I should have left the seminary cheerfully and committed all to my heavenly Father. Now mark the result. The seminary has been blest with several revivals since I left, and within twelve months of that time *every individual* in it was hopefully converted. If we simply and prayerfully follow the leadings of Providence, he will take care of the rest. When I left Oroomiah had I been told that I should be absent *three years*, it seems to me I could not have endured the thought. But the time has rapidly gone by and I am soon to be once more in my eastern home. Now, if by the experience I have gained, and the blessing of God, I am able to preserve my health for many years and live a

whole life in Oroomiah, this rest is a wise thing and I have not the least occasion to regret it. And if you by an entire rest of a year can be a well man again (and I see not why you may not be), it is time well spent. . . . We passed a week very delightfully with our brethren and sisters in Smyrna, and reached here the twenty-seventh of last month. From Smyrna to this city is only three hundred miles, and this is accomplished in thirty-six hours. The scenery is much of it very fine, especially in passing through the Dardanelles. We were welcomed here to the house of our beloved brother Dwight, with whom we are now staying, and have enjoyed much in intercourse with all the members of the mission. Go where you will, it would be difficult to find such a company of men as Goodell, Schauffler, Dwight, Hamlin, and Everett. They are whole-souled men and rejoice in their work with great joy, considering it as a great privilege to make known Christ to this people. We found the brethren at Smyrna with the same feelings. I believe the true missionary is the happiest man living. Brother Dwight said to me yesterday that he saw no situation in America that would be the least temptation to him to leave the missionary work. The remark is not a strange one. I have often heard it from other missionaries, and often made it myself.

At Trebizond he spent a Sabbath of peculiar interest.

"While we were in Trebizond, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss of Erzeroom, who had come on to attend the general meeting at Constantinople, and also for the benefit of his health, were in quarantine, and it was proposed to have a service there on the Sabbath. You perhaps know that when travelers are in quarantine, their friends are permitted to visit and converse with them under certain restrictions, provided they do not touch each other or approach near enough to communicate contagion. These friends occupied the same room in which Harriette died, and I was called on to preach in the adjoining porch. At first I felt as if I could not meet such a trial; but having made up my mind that it was probably duty, I went forward cheer-

fully and found it a most solemn and interesting occasion. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Powers, with their children, the English Consul at Batoom, Mr. Rhea, Sophia and little Harriette. I took for my text, 2 Timothy, iv. 5. 'But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry.' In unfolding the greatness and glory of the trust committed to us as missionaries, I was much affected and was enabled to preach as earnestly to my little congregation as if I had had a thousand hearers."

As he drew near his field his heart kindled more and more with joy and gratitude. These few lines from a hurried note addressed to Rev. Dr. Dwight at Constantinople, reveal the yearnings of a missionary for the souls to whom he has given his life:

"Having been for a time absent from your field, and had the privilege of returning to it again with renovated strength, you can appreciate the joy I feel at the near prospect of resuming my former labors. I pray God that I may enter upon them with humility and devotion. I believe I feel more and more persuaded that the amount of good we accomplish in this world depends, not so much on the amount of labor we perform, as on the spirit which prompts it. Though weak in body and unable to labor as we once did, we may yet be strong in faith, our example and our influence telling powerfully in the salvation of souls, and the edification of the disciples of Christ."

The return of Mr. Stoddard to Oroomiah was hailed with a universal welcome. He thus describes it in a letter to Rev. Dr. Anderson, dated at

"Oroomiah, October 27th, 1851.

"It gives me a pleasure which I can not express to find myself once more in this eastern home. Our journey on horseback over the

lofty mountains of Armenia was a prosperous one. At Trebizond we found two Nestorians awaiting our arrival, who were sent on by the brethren to aid us on our toilsome way. The season of the year was very favorable; we were braced up by the mountain air, and our spirits were constantly rising in the near prospect of reaching our beloved Nestorians. At Gavalan, the village of Mar Yohannan, thirty miles from the city, we received a most cordial welcome from the father and brother of the bishop, and indeed from all the people of the village, whose glad faces and kind attentions showed their heartfelt joy. The same evening Dr. Wright, accompanied by several Nestorians, having heard of our approach, came hastening from the city to join our party and spend the night with us.

"The next morning, while crossing the plain of Oroomiah, we arrived at a village twelve miles from the city, where a company of our brethren and sisters, with their little ones and many Nestorians, met and greeted us with deep and tender emotions. A tent had been pitched, and a breakfast prepared, and we all sat down on the grass, under the grateful shade, to partake of the bounties of Providence. Our hearts were full. It was a day to which we had long looked forward with much interest, and we blessed our covenant God for sparing us to see it. During the three hours we remained at this village, Nestorians of all classes—our old, tried friends—many of them our brethren in Christ—were continually making their appearance.

"And when, soon after noonday, we set out for the city, our progress resembled more a triumphal procession than a caravan of weary travelers. Every successive mile added to our numbers, and our way was often almost blocked up by the people who came in throngs to meet us—some on horseback—some on foot—bishops—priests—deacons—village school teachers—members of the seminary, with whom I had many times wept and prayed, and praised—all pressing forward in eager haste to grasp our hands, and swell the notes of welcome. Three years ago these same persons followed us out of the city, holding the horses by the bridles and begging us not to leave them, while the tears chased one another down their cheeks,

and their mournful looks bespoke the sorrow of their hearts. Now I was returning to them with restored health, to identify my interests with theirs, to mingle with them once more around the mercy-seat, to talk of Jesus and his dying love, and to aid in some feeble measure, my brethren in their numerous but delightful labors. I brought with me the salutations of many thousand Christians in our native land, and was accompanied into the harvest field by some new reapers. As I turned thus from thoughts of the past which crowded upon me in quick succession, to look on the animating scene around us, the contrast almost overcame me, and I repeatedly made great effort to keep from bursting into tears.

"As we pressed forward, one familiar object after another rose before us and we were soon on the mission premises at the city, and realizing in the pleasantest manner that we were now at home. A stranger will hardly appreciate the feelings with which I wandered through different apartments, reminding me so strikingly as they did of bygone days. Here, thought I, John, our devoted helper, after a season of deep distress, was brought from darkness into marvelous light. In this little upper room the first revival in the seminary began, and the first inquiry was made by my pupils, 'What shall we do to be saved?' Here we were wont to assemble for morning and evening prayers, while the gentle influences of heaven rested on the listening group. On this stairway, how often have I stumbled over the pupils, when, unable to find a closet, they had kneeled down here, under cover of night, to pour out their souls to God. In this wood-house, our pupils, straightened for places of retirement, divided the room by piles of wood into compartments, that each might find a little Bethel where he could meet his Saviour. Under these trees they used to sit at early dawn, bending over the pages of the book of life. After three years' absence all these scenes came fresh to my remembrance, and produced mingled emotions of joy, gratitude and praise.

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"I hardly need add I find my brethren and sisters here all alive and in comfortable health, happy in each other, and happy in their labors, and ready to bless God that he has brought them to such a people,

at so critical and interesting a period of their history. Would that those who doubt whether the missionary can be cheerful in his voluntary exile, could be a short time in our missionary circle, share our labors, kneel with us in prayer, and sit with us in heavenly places in Christ. It is a blessed work and we can not but praise God for the privilege of embarking in it. Let the wise man glory in his wisdom, let the mighty man glory in his might, let the rich man glory in his riches, but let us, O Father, glory in the privilcge of preaching salvation through Christ to this benighted people."

A review of his visit to America, from missionary ground, suggests some interesting reflections and contrasts.

"I need not assure you that my love to you was never stronger than now. The pleasant days I have been allowed by our heavenly Father to pass in the home of my childhood, and with my dear brothers and sisters, will not be forgotten while memory lasts. Though now far away from you all, my thoughts often revert to these now bygone scenes, and I love to commend you to our Almighty Lord. I intended to begin this letter on the 1st of August, which was mother's birth-day. She may be assured we did not pass it unnoticed. At the examination of Miss Fisk's seminary soon after our arrival, I was called on to make an address. In order to show the value of female education, I described to the assembled multitude my own dear mother, how she was educated, what a family she had trained up, the gentle influence she had exerted over each of us, and the efforts she made in our infancy and youth that we might become the children of God. And while I did not undervalue the influence and example of the father, and least of all, of my own dear father, I asserted that whatever we were, both as regards this world and the world to come, was in a great measure owing, under God, to that mother. The audience seemed to be not only interested but affected by my statements, and I was induced afterwards to write out the address in Syriac, and publish it in the 'Rays of Light,' the only newspaper published among the Nestorians, and almost the only one in all Persia.

"It may be that I am repeating what I have said in some previous letter, when I tell you that on the 4th of July I addressed the assembled brethren and sisters for a long time, in an informal way, giving them an account of what I had seen and heard and felt in my native land. It was an interesting review to me, and excited, I trust, within me feelings of gratitude, and seemed to be listened to most patiently by those whom I addressed. While I had so many things that were animating and hopeful to dwell on, there were also dark features in the picture, for I could not pass unnoticed the gayety and fashion, the conformity to the world, and the low standard of piety which seems to be so prevalent in the land of our fathers.

"For some weeks after our arrival, there was much that was exciting and I may say dissipating to us. Though we enjoyed much, *very much*, in intercourse with the brethren and sisters of the mission, and in conversing with the Nestorians who came around us, I think we are now enjoying more on the whole, and being more profited too by our quiet residence in Seir. It is a good thing, after being tossed about by sea and land, and living such an external, superficial life, to feel at last that we are *at rest;* to have a regular time for reading God's word, and a little corner, always the same, where we may kneel down and pray."

A summary of ten years of missionary labor shows the following results.

"September 16, 1851. I should have been very glad to have sent you my report on the male seminary, but suppose you may see portions of it in print. I will briefly state the results of our ten years' labors.

"1. Of the fifty-four scholars now living, who have gone out from us, about thirty-four, or nearly two-thirds, are considered pious, and many of them devotedly so. Six, and perhaps seven, have died the death of the Christian, making in all forty or forty-one out of the entire sixty-one. Forty-two are still members of the seminary, making one hundred and two in all. About one-half of our present pupils are hopefully pious.

"2. Of these fifty-four, nine are efficient and able preachers of the Gospel, fitted to minister to our best congregations, while nineteen more, or twenty-eight in all, upwards of half the whole number, are so far preachers that they can conduct religious meetings in the villages with acceptance and usefulness. Most of them regularly engage in this kind of labor.

"3. Of these fifty-four twenty-five are regular teachers of village schools, in nearly as many different villages, beside one who is a translator, one printer, two in college at Malta, three teachers in the seminaries, one superintendent of village schools, and three who make preaching their employment.

"This result is very cheering; indeed, I may say very *delightful.* These ten years have been the best years of my life, and yet who will say that I could have employed them more profitably? Should I live ten years more, I pray God that I may be more faithful and more wise to win souls to Christ."

To the aged parents, who had a second time given him to this work, he thus expresses his gratitude and joy:

'With whom, *in the wide world*, would I be willing to exchange employments? With no one in America or out of it, unless such a change was indicated to me by my heavenly Father.

"I regret, mother, as much as you can do, that I made no effort to comfort you when I bade you farewell for the last time. I little knew what was in your heart. I had supposed that you looked on my leaving with *more* than composure, and were ready to smile even while giving me the parting kiss. I was mistaken. No one but a mother can know a mother's feelings. And though I am assured that you give me up *cheerfully* for this good work, and would not wish me elsewhere than where I am, not even by your own side, under the parental roof, it is not strange that for a time other feelings prevailed, and overpowered the frail body.

"What a cause of gratitude, dear parents, both to you and your children, that, at your advanced age, your faculties are all preserved to you unimpaired, and that you are able to enjoy so much the

common blessings of life. Whenever I think of you, I bless God that he has so ordered it that you have near you an affectionate son and daughter to solace your declining days. Above all, I rejoice to believe that you have the clear shining of the Sun of righteousness, and may look forward with confidence to a blessed inheritance as your own."

A hurried note to Mr. Coan, who had just removed to Gawar, a village in the mountains, and was there living in great physical discomfort, reveals still further the cheerful devotion of Mr. Stoddard.

"The intelligence of your safe arrival in Gawar has given us much joy, and we desire with you to unite our thanksgivings to God. I feel, for myself, that I have done nothing to aid you in carrying out this important enterprise, but I can assure you you have a constant place in my sympathies and prayers. I know it is easier to recommend self-denial than to practice it, and that it is easier to understand what the trials of spending the winter in Gawar are, by actually being there, than by sitting quietly in our snug houses and following you only in imagination. Probably we shall none of us enter fully into your trials, and perhaps I may add also, into your *joys*. If, from a simple-hearted love to Christ, you have left us and gone to Gawar, as I am happy to believe, I know he will be with you, and give you much sweet peace. I think, sometimes, we do not have enough of trial in our mission to get the full enjoyment of religion, or to appreciate the fullness of joy which may be had in Christ. 'Unto you it is given (as a *privilege*), in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.' We trust and pray that your trials this winter may all be of the lighter kind, and that instead of sufferings, you may have only inconveniences to bear. But whatever your situation, dear friends, let your motto be, 'Looking unto Jesus.' I recognize, with pleasure, in each of your notes, a cheerful spirit, which assures me that, so far, you do not regret the step you have taken."

Mr. Stoddard entered with zeal upon the duties of his beloved seminary; but his brethren at once perceived that his zeal must be restrained if he would not sacrifice the physical benefits of his long absence. "I am pretty well," he writes, "though my brethren are beginning to comment on my looks, and to sound notes of warning. I hope, if I do not live *long*, I shall at least live to do something for God; and I would not outlive my usefulness." Fairly at work again, he writes to Dr. Anderson:

"December 16, 1851. Through the loving kindness of the Lord, my hopes have at last been realized. I am again surrounded by my pupils on Mount Seir, and enjoying more than I can express, as we rove together through the green pastures and beside the still waters of the Gospel. I think I am happier among the Nestorians than I could be in my native land. It was indeed pleasant, when in America, to grasp my aged parents and my brothers and sisters by the hand; to meet with so many dear friends, and receive kindness from them for Christ's sake; to hear them, while the tears started to their eyes, express their interest in the blessed cause of missions; to kneel with them at the family altar; and to recount, in the great congregation, the wonderful works of God among this poor people. Those were days which will never be forgotten. But through those scenes of varied and sometimes thrilling interest, there was a restless, unsatisfied feeling, which I strove in vain to repress. I longed to be again at my post, dealing out the bread of heaven to the hungry, and pointing the lost and needy sinner to an Almighty Saviour.

"Those persons do us a great injustice who think missionaries are willing to go abroad because they are deficient in love for friends, and civilization, and refinement, and all that goes to make up our idea of an American home. It is not so. No one prizes, more than the missionary, what he leaves behind. The contrast ever forced upon him, between the freedom, the intelligence, the law, the order,

the high civilization, the solid piety of his native land, and the despotism, the ignorance, the lawlessness, the degradation, the wickedness of the land to which he goes, awakens feelings to which his friends in America are and must be strangers, and force him, as a *man*, to long after the home of his childhood. But we have feelings, as missionaries, which often absorb and overpower our feelings as men. To go forth as the ambassador, to a lost world, of that Master whom we love; to press the cup of life to the lips of those dying without hope; to be sustained by the prayers of many thousands whom we never saw face to face; to know that every trial we meet with is designed to work in us the peaceable fruits of righteousness; to have the assurance, when other friends are far away, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world;' to be engaged in an employment whose object is the subduing of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation to the Prince of peace; to be knit in tender affection to those brethren who have made the same sacrifices with ourselves, and share our every joy, our every sorrow; to look around on these native converts, and feel that through free grace in Christ Jesus they are taken from their pollution and are washed, sanctified, and justified, and are traveling home with us to a world of glory, to join in the everlasting song; the assurance that this cause is certainly to prevail, that Jesus will subdue all his enemies, and fill the whole earth with righteousness and peace;—these views rejoice the missionary's heart, and nerve his arm. We can indeed testify that the Saviour is true to his promise, and gives us a hundred-fold more in this present time for every self-denial, however small, which we make for him.

"The spirit of prayer manifested by many of the young men of the seminary, is truly remarkable. It is now with us a time of only ordinary religious interest, and yet a stranger coming into our prayer-meetings, and listening to the fervent, unaffected entreaties of these youths, would suppose us to be in the midst of a revival. This impression would be still further confirmed, were he to stand, as I often do, near our range of prayer-rooms, just as our pupils are about to retire to rest, and hear their mingled voices, as one here

and another there, they are pouring out their souls to God in confession, supplication and praise.

"It must not be supposed that all these hopefully pious pupils are equally strong in the Lord, or that even the best of them do not often betray weaknesses of character. We can expect nothing else when we remember how very unfavorable were the influences thrown around them in infancy and childhood. Many of these now humble, growing, prayerful Christians, were literally brought up among thieves, liars, Sabbath-breakers and murderers. And when we consider this, instead of wondering that they have a defective Christian character, we can only adore the grace of God, which has brought them out of darkness into his marvelous light, and made them, in this benighted land, living monuments to the power of the Gospel.

"Every Sabbath some of these young men go out to the adjacent villages, to tell the story of redeeming love. And though their education is yet incomplete, and they have not all those qualifications we hope they will hereafter acquire for preaching the Gospel, they often meet with a very favorable reception, and do much to spread light and truth. A number of them are deeply interested in this good work, and bid fair to be eloqucnt and efficient ambassadors of Christ.

"May the Lord of missions smile on us in this, our interesting and yet responsible work. May we be enabled to train up these young men so that they will be able and devoted standard-bearers in the Lord's army. And may our friends in America be stimulated to renewed prayers that God will make this seminary a name and a praise among this interesting but lost people.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTINUED LABORS.

Mr. Stoddard was now in the maturity of his powers. He had already the trained experience of years of missionary service, and the no less valuable experience of protracted and familiar intercourse with the Secretaries of the American Board. He had always been valued in the little circle at Oroomiah for the candor and clearness of his views upon perplexing questions, and had often been deputed by the mission to conduct difficult negotiations with the functionaries of government, and to prepare statements and appeals in behalf of the Mission to the Committee and the Churches at home. Now, however, his presence in his station was doubly welcome; because, after an absence of nearly three years, he could form a more impartial judgment of the mission and its work, and because he could faithfully represent the views of the home Committee; to whom, in turn, he had so intimately represented those of the mission. He formed a fresh and living link between the two extremities of the missionary work—the home and the foreign executive. His counsels were always prudent, inclining to the side of patience and moderation, while, at the same time, he was earnest and fervent in his work, and more than ready to share the cares and labors of the station. The routine of a

seminary life, in an isolated position upon Mount Seir, gave little opportunity for variety of incident; but Mr. Stod dard's wakeful mind continually found something to enlist his own prayers, and to report for encouragement or exhortation to the churches.

"January 16th, 1852. I suppose —— is making rapid progress in study, and is fast advancing to manhood. I hope he will consecrate his every power to the service of Christ, and not only make his college life far more profitable to himself and to others than I did, but hereafter do much more to further the Redeemer's cause. Did he, and other young men, only know what a blessed work this is of missions, I am sure they would press forward through the preparatory school, the college, and the seminary, and hasten to join us in gathering jewels for our Saviour's crown. It gives me joy to see that candidates are increasing in number, and that the missionary cause seems to be gaining a more decided and deeper hold on the church."

Soon after his return he began to instruct his older pupils in theology, in order to prepare them to preach the Gospel in its purity to their countrymen.

"Seir, January 16th, 1852. I suppose you know that I can not bear nearly as much fatigue as formerly, and especially that I can push myself only up to a certain point in close study and writing. I am, therefore, obliged to write less than I would, even to my dearest friends. Then, again, I find so much delightful labor to perform in this seminary that I am tempted to give all my strength to it. Do you know that twenty-eight out of our forty young men are hopefully pious, and many of them active, growing, Christians? In addition to other studies, I am carrying them over a regular course of theology, which they take hold of with much enthusiasm. I am nearly as full on every topic as if I was preparing young men for the ministry in America, except that I omit controversies which they

never heard of, and I may say never ought to hear of. How sad that so much strength has been expended by good men on non-essentials, and often on mere philosophical quibbling. The Nestorian mind is not philosophical or methodical, but these young men succeed, many of them extremely well, in getting hold of the gist of the matter. Every Sabbath they go out in pairs to preach the Gospel, and a blessing seems to go with them. It is often animating to hear their reports. We recently had a vacation of a week, and at its close held a little meeting, as usual, in which the older ones gave an account of their labors. They thought they had never seen such a week—such a universal willingness to hear—such a dying away of opposition. This was the first week of the year, and the willingness of the people in the villages to receive and hear these young brethren, may have been owing (why not?) to the many prayers offered at this season for us, in America and every part of the world. We had an interesting concert of prayer this month. The Holy Spirit was evidently hovering over us. There was a good deal of weeping and universal solemnity. This continues to some extent now. We hope and pray for a revival. God grant that we may have a copious shower.

"Of late the brethren have given me the oversight of Geog Tapa. It is a most interesting field. It is expected that I shall work principally through John, with an occasional visit. Is it not too much for one man to have two such spheres of labor—both so engrossing, both so delightful? May God make me worthy of my high responsibilities. Where on earth could we be, and find our responsibilities or privileges greater than here? You wrote me a kind letter once, urging my return here. It was not, however, necessary. I think I may say with truth, not all the gold of California would have tempted me to forsake the Nestorians."

The missionary station at *Gawar* in the mountains, enlisted his warmest sympathies. He was more hopeful of its success than were some of the brethren at Oroomiah, and he often lifted up his voice of encouragement in the

midst of difficulties. The following was addressed to Rev. S. A. Rhea.

"I have watched the course of your feelings since you went to Gawar, solicitous that you should be happy there and yet half fearing that you would not be. It is indeed a great change from the quiet study of Theology in the seminary, or sweet communion with the churches in our native land, to be confined to a single room in a filthy Nestorian village, and to be surrounded by Nestorians almost as filthy and degraded as the brutes with whom they herd. More than one missionary has shrunk from such contact and found too late that he had not self denial enough for his work. I am, however, rejoiced to find that *you*, as well as Mr. Coan and his good wife, are not only reconciled to your situation, but happy in it, and perhaps considering yourselves as specially privileged in thus taking up your cross. Unto you it is given, said Paul, in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. The more we have of the spirit of our blessed Lord the more cheerfully we shall follow him, wherever he leads the way. I love to think of your peculiar trials this winter as working in you all the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Perhaps God is thus training and disciplining you, giving you a small field to labor in and surrounding you with many unpleasant things, for some great and glorious work in the mountains. I can not tell you how much interested I am, and indeed all of us, in the details of your every day labors and successes. Your letters do us great good. We feel almost as if you had gone out from us on a foreign mission. You are always remembered in our social prayers and I presume very often in the closet. You have certainly made a most auspicious beginning. The softening down of prejudice and the attachment of the people to you is remarkable. May it be an earnest of what will be witnessed in all Gawar and throughout the mountains. Mrs. Coan certainly shows much perseverance in teaching the women to read. It seems a most promising feature in your work that the women are interested

and at such an early day eager to learn to read. It was very different at Oroomiah in the early stages of the mission.

"Your situation is in every respect an interesting one, and though I spoke above of the natives as so filthy, I did not mean that I should find them *repulsive*. On the contrary, if I was not just where I am, I should love to be with you all in Gawar. How delightful to believe that you are sowing seed, which will grow and ripen and bear fruit forever. A lodgment once effected in the mountains, light once beginning to shine, we may hope the influence will spread from village to village, from hamlet to hamlet, from heart to heart, till every valley and every mountain top in Koordistan shall be illumined with the beams of the Sun of righteousness. And you are permitted by the providence and grace of God to *begin* so blessed a work; not to enter into other men's labors, but to go beyond and preach Christ where he was not known."

To Rev. Dr. Dwight of Constantinople, he writes:

"March 12th, 1852. You speak of your secular cares. I am sorry you have so many and do not wonder you have a kind of longing for deliverance. But the first question always is for us, whether we are doing just the work God would have us do. If we *are*, we may be satisfied, and more than satisfied, whether it be governing a kingdom or sweeping a street. Give yourself, dear brother, anew every day to the Lord Jesus Christ, to be his servant, and I have no fear whatever that you will not be happy when handling money or making up the mails.

"I think our work was probably never more prosperous than at present, though we have not this year so many decided influences of the spirit as in some years previous. But the whole field is wide open. There is a great softening down of prejudice and a readiness everywhere to hear the Gospel. About three thousand are gathered in religious meetings every Sabbath, and during a recent vacation in the seminary of ten days, our pupils visited and held meetings in more than *one hundred villages*. Bless the Lord with us."

To his parents.

"April 17th, 1852. I know you are willing, quite willing, to have me where I am engaged in this *good* work of missions, and have no disposition to have me return to you, even if I could do ever so much to comfort your hearts. We are all happiest when we are where God would have us be, and when we are doing his will. If being happy is any indication that we are doing our duty, then I may have pretty good evidence that God would have me in Persia. If all my brothers and sisters are under as serene a sky as I am, they certainly have reason to praise God. I do not mean that I am free from trials. We never can be and perhaps never ought to be in this world. We have many annoyances from living in this country, about which you can know nothing. But then, so far as it is possible for a poor unworthy sinner to have peace of conscience, I enjoy it.

"Beside my duties in the seminary, I have charge of Geog Tapa, which is ten miles distant, where I go occasionally to spend the Sabbath. It would do your hearts good to see what is going on in that once wicked village. I could show you a Sabbath school of some three hundred pupils, embracing old men and women, young men and maidens, and little children just able to lisp the name of God. The enthusiasm of those who are advanced in life and who have never before learned to read is delightful. There is one class of forty women, and another of about twenty young men. Some are in the alphabet, some in the spelling-book, some in the New Testament, some in the Old, and all so absorbed in their lessons, that they do not like to have the hour close and the school dismissed. During the week, men may be seen going to their work with a book in their pocket, which they occasionally take out to read a verse. When they stop to rest at noon, they are often more anxious to read than to eat their dinner, and some poor persons who can not afford a candle are occasionally seen reading by the bright moonlight.* Some

* You can hardly realize how bright our skies are in Persia. Venus sometimes throws so strong a light into a room that one can read by it at a distance of twelve feet from the window.

rise long before day that they may thus redeem the time. Some women are seen spinning with the book before them on a shelf. Instead of spending their time as formerly in worse than idle gossip, groups now often gather around 'a reader' to hear the stories of Adam and Eve, Noah, Abraham, Moses, etc., from Genesis to Revelation."

To Mr. Rhea, at Gawar, he writes.

"May 29, 1852. It would be very pleasant to give you for a little while a more comfortable home than you can now have in Gawar in our own families, and to enjoy with you the delightful scenery about Seir and the city. But if duty *clearly* keeps you all in Gawar, I will not say one word. We have nothing to do with *inclination*, when the path of duty is plain. How slow we are to learn this simple truth, that we are safer and happier just where God would have us be, and doing just what he would have us do. I am sorry we cannot do more directly to aid you this summer, but we can *pray* for you, and I am determined to pray for you more and more earnestly than I have done. It seems almost presumptuous to think that my feeble prayers offered here will avail you any thing in Gawar; and yet, if we believe our Bibles, and consider the experience we have, no doubt, all had of God's grace in answering prayer, we shall not undervalue the privilege of intercession for each other. You have a difficult and responsible position, and you need our sympathy. But you do not need our *pity*. God has placed you where you are. He will be with you and bless you. You may roll all your burdens off on him, 'for he careth for you.' He will make all sunlight around you, if you only go to him in childlike trust.

"I am sorry to learn from different sources that your health is not good. Take the best care, dear brother, of health. It is too precious to lose. I wish I could impress this point on you. Don't work when you feel unable to do so. It is economy to lie by a little. I have learned this by sad experience in other years. Pay *great respect to yourself*."

To Dr. Lobdell, of Mosul, he sends this excellent counsel for the preservation of health in a hot climate. Unhappily Dr. Lobdell suffered his zeal as a missionary to get the better of his discretion as a physician, and early fell a victim to typhus fever.

"June 26, 1852. You seem yet to have a good stock of spirits left, and I pray that you may not be wilted down and unfitted for exertion hereafter. I do not believe it is your duty to study much or go about much this summer, but simply your duty *to live.* Whether Mosul be a healthy place or not, you must go through an acclimating process, and that process a critical one, too. You will have already learned the power of a Persian, or rather a Turkish, sun, and its action on the bilious system. We have nothing to compare with it in America, and Mosul must be worse than Oroomiah. I have written Brother Williams about instruments. I may add that I am myself a pretty good weather instrument, and I have learned by hard experience that it is good in Persia to keep quiet, to show out not too much of the Yankee, to look at the future as well as the present. Our work is pressing. Sick people are to be cured, men dead in sin are to be made alive, converts are to be watched over, and new conquests achieved, and the temptation is to forget that we have a body, and wear it out too soon."

Within a short interval the mail from America had brought him tidings of the death of his venerable mother, and of Dr. Briggs, of Marblehead, the father of Mrs. Harriette Stoddard. The two following letters refer to these afflictive providences.

"Seir, July 17, 1852.

"My Dearly Beloved Father,

"I cannot tell you how much I have thought of you, or how earnestly I have prayed for you, since the sad news came of my dear mother's death. I call it *sad* news, and yet I feel that this language is almost out of place. To you the event is a most painful one.

The partner of your joys and sorrows these many years, your comforter in sickness, the mother of your children, the light of your dwelling, has gone forever, and you cannot suppress wholly the rising tide of grief. The church and the community, too, have sustained a deep loss; and we who are children have parted with such a mother as few children have ever had to mourn. But when I turn from these first thoughts, and remember only my dear mother, my sadness passes away, and my heart begins to fill with thanksgiving and praise. Let us bless God that she lived so long; that she enjoyed such uncommon health; that her home was in such a delightful spot; that she was ever surrounded by so many beloved and affectionate friends; that she was permitted to see all her dear children, for whom she had toiled and prayed, grow up, walking in the fear of the Lord; that her husband was spared to her even to the end of her journey; that she was so cheerful and happy in her temperament; that she had grace daily to walk with God, to overcome the world, and let her light shine far and wide. Let us, in a word, praise God for her happy and useful life, her peaceful death, and the beginning of her triumphant immortality. O what a change has she now experienced! Instead of old age, immortal youth; instead of impaired faculties, those of an angel; instead of a world of imperfect beings, one filled with angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect; instead of faith, sight; instead of hope, full fruition; instead of a burden of sin, perfect purity; instead of wavering affection to Christ, perfect love. I can see my dear mother walking on those heavenly hills. Her robes have been washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Her face, ever beaming with love, is now lighted up with glory. Yes, she is *there*—there forever at rest, blessed above what eye has ever seen or ear heard. There she will forever flourish in the courts of the Lord. A few more days and nights of change, and we shall go to her. We know not who will go first. Perhaps you, dear aged father, perhaps I, your youngest son. Let us live, then, like pilgrims, our loins girt about, our sandals on, our staff in our hands, ready for the great summons.

"May God sanctify to you, dear father, this stroke of his hand. May you be *more* than comforted, and the remainder of your days be a brighter example than ever of the purity and power of the Gospel.

"We are well, but feel the heat of the weather. My missionary brethren and sisters send you their tenderest sympathy.

"Very affectionately, your son,

"D. T. Stoddard."

Extracts from a letter to Miss M. A. Briggs.

"Seir, July 18, 1852.

"My Dear Sister,

Your dear father is gone, cut down in the midst of his days and in the midst of his usefulness. I never knew how much I loved him till now. Ever since my first acquaintance with him he has been growing in my esteem and affection, and I had hoped I should enjoy his counsels and prayers for many years to come. But God has ordered otherwise, and transferred him to a higher sphere of activity and usefulness. We can only bow submissively, and say, 'Thy will be done.'

"Few children are called to mourn over *such* a father. Bless God that he was spared to you so long, that he did so much to promote your usefulness and happiness, that he trained you up in the fear of God. Bless God that your mother had his presence and aid in the difficult task of bringing up her little ones. Bless God that he was able to do so much to save the lives and restore the health of others. Bless God that the church had so much of his sympathy and aid. He was honored and loved wherever he was known; and even though he may not have left you very much of this world's goods, he has left you what is far better, his own bright example, and the savor of his influence in the family circle, which *cannot die.* Let us mourn for him, but not without hope. He sleeps in Jesus. He had a trust based on the Rock of Ages. He was prepared to die. He was one of those for whom the 'many mansions' are made ready. We shall soon see him again in a world where there is no change and

no sorrow. God grant you, and all your dear brothers and sisters, may be led to consecrate yourselves fully to that Saviour who was so dear to your sainted father."

The disturbances in the mountains affecting the comfort and safety of the station at Gawar, attracted the attention of Colonel William F. Williams, of the British army, then commissioner of boundaries, who has since gained a world-wide fame as the heroic defender of Kars. This able officer proved himself a warm friend of the mission. But far more precious than the protection of earthly governments is the seal of God's approbation upon the mission in the gifts of his grace. One of the letters which describes the visit of the commissioner, gives an account of the death of the most aged of the Nestorian converts, the father of John, the first convert in Mr. Stoddard's household.

"August 16th, 1852. You are familiar with the history of *John*, and you may have seen in the Journal of Missions a notice which I prepared of his blind and aged father. If so, you will be glad to know more of this man of God, who has recently put off his tabernacle of clay. Sixty years ago, he might have been seen, an active, vigorous young man, with staff in hand, setting out on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It was the impression then, as it is among the ignorant Nestorians now, that by seeing the holy city they might lay up treasures in heaven; and you will find here and there a man who is willing to leave his family and friends, and make, on foot, this long journey of three thousand miles, much of it through deserts and among hostile Arabs, in order to secure salvation. When the pilgrim returned, he settled in Gecg Tapa, and was celebrated for his hospitality and alms-deeds and abundant prayers. Every morning and night he used to go to the church and there repeat his long prayers in an unknown tongue, and as religion was then understood among the people, he was regarded as a *very pious man.* When Mr. Per-

kins came here, eighteen years ago, this same man, then some seventy-five years old, welcomed his coming with open arms, thinking that in some way life and blessing had come to the people, though he little understood how. He, however, entrusted his son John to the care of the missionary, and he was trained up in the fear of God, and has now become a burning and shining light. When the old man learned that our instruction tended to undermine faith in pilgrimages, and long, unmeaning prayers and almsgiving as a ground of salvation, he took offense, and was often heard disputing with our native helpers, and with his son. As the light gradually broke in upon him, and he learned in some measure that he was a lost sinner, he had quite an internal conflict. John says he often overheard him praying thus in those days: 'O Lord, I can not believe this new way of salvation, I do not understand it. Help me to understand it. Help me to receive it, if it is true.' And God heard his prayer, and led him to the cross of Christ. He became a meek, humble Christian, as eminent for true piety as he had formerly been for good works. He has been blind for the last two years, but always happy, always rejoicing in God. Many a time he has said to those around him, 'I am willing to lose the sight of this beautiful world, if God will only give me a clear sight of spiritual things. If I may have the eye of faith fixed on the heavenly world, it is enough. I am happy. I am more than happy. Bless God for what he has done for me.' He was accustomed every day to pray six times, and John tells me that he often spent from one to two hours in his closet at a time. About half his prayers were for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, and much of the remainder for his beloved son. Being blind, he would frequently kneel down to pray when some one was in the room, he not being aware of it himself. In his earnestness he would stretch out his hands, as if looking to Christ, and pleading with him, till he would press forward on his knees to the other end of the room.

"I would love to tell you more of the life of this excellent Nestorian, but I will take up no more of my sheet with it. Two or three weeks ago he was seized with cholera, and in a few hours passed

away to his rest. At times, when he was free from pain, his children and grand-children, thirty-six in number, gathered around his bed, and received his parting blessing. Said the patriarch: 'I have lived more than ninety years, and now I am called away. I welcome the invitation. This is a happy day for me. I am going to my Saviour.' He died peacefully, like a little child falling asleep, on Sabbath evening, after an illness of twenty-four hours. His good wife died, just a week after, leaving behind her an uncommon reputation for meekness and love. Such living and dying testimony to the power of the Gospel adds to the effect of our preaching among the people, and recompenses abundantly for our exile from home and country."

The disease which removed this aged pilgrim, again visited the plain of Oroomiah with fearful desolation. Mr. Stoddard writes:

"For nearly two months the city and plain of Oroomiah have been ravaged by the cholera. It is impossible to ascertain the number of deaths. We can only say that the poor people, knowing nothing of medicine, and without any prudence, stuffing themselves with unripe fruit and cucumbers, have been cut down by thousands. It is very sad to pass by the graveyards, and see the number of new-made graves. Perhaps it is not too much to say that four thousand persons have died in all, of whom half have died within the limits of the city. Our heavenly Father has kindly taken care of us, so that all our number are yet in life and health."

A few weeks later, Dr. and Mrs. Perkins, with their daughter Judith, set out for Erzeroom, to accompany to Oroomiah the newly-arrived missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Crane, and Mr. Stoddard's youngest daughter, whom they had in charge, on her return from America to her early home. In one week Dr. and Mrs. Perkins returned, bearing the remains of their loved Judith, who had been smitten

with cholera upon the way. Judith was the eldest child of the mission, and was a favorite in all its families. Mr. Stoddard, who had fondled her as a child on his first voyage from America, felt her loss most keenly, especially upon the eve of greeting again his own Sarah, who having recrossed the ocean in safety, was to have come back to him in Judith's company. He went immediately to Erzeroom to fulfil the service in which Dr. Perkins was so sadly frustrated; and where his bereaved brother had so lately walked through the vale of death, he returned in safety with his own exiled child. Yet each child found a *Father's* home, for Judith had gone to be with God.

CHAPTER XIX.

GROWTH IN GRACE.

Mr. Stoddard kept no journal of his own religious experiences, and was ordinarily reserved in the communication of these to others. It was evident to all who knew him that he was eminently a man of prayer. Said a native preacher to a company of Nestorians after his death, "Did you ever see that good man when the knees of his pantaloons were not covered with dust or worn threadbare? And do you know why it was? Because he spent so much time in prayer." But the secret of that spiritual-mindedness which shone through his countenance and characterized all his thoughts and plans, appears to have been the habit of minute particularity in prayer concerning his own spiritual state and his work. Among his effects there was found a solitary paper, dated 1852, which in part reveals his interior life. It is here given entire, and in the form in which it was written.

"THANKSGIVING FOR

"Life—complexity, simplicity, and convenience of bodily frame.

"Use of all my limbs—the eye, the ear, the hand, the foot, etc.

"Intelligence—

"Reason—use of all my mental faculties.

"Conscience—

"Circumstances of birth—in land of intelligence; of freedom; of

Christianity; educated, affectionate, judicious, and pious parents.

"Baptism in infancy—child of covenant.

"Early instruction, religious and secular—good teachers; abundance of books—especially the Bible.

"Restraining grace.

"Providential deliverances—(in my case striking).

"Health—good nursing, suitable medicine, restoration when sick.

"Friends—very numerous and very affectionate.

"Food—always in abundance, pleasant, and nourishing.

"Raiment—also abundant; creatures taxed to furnish me.

"Quiet, regular, and refreshing sleep.

"House and home—shelter from heat and cold; conveniences of a civilized home; comforts of home, as wife, children, etc.

"Beauty and variety of the world in which I live—sun, moon, stars, verdure, change of seasons—all that delights the eye, the ear, and other senses.

"Converting grace—the wonderful provision for me, and for all in the cross of Christ, not only without myself, but, so to speak, in spite of myself.

"Pardon. Justification. Adoption. Promises to me as a believer.

"Forbearance of God with me in my unfaithfulness.

"Peace of conscience. Joy in the Holy Ghost.

"Deliverance from temptation.

"Union with Christ. Aid of Spirit. Privilege of prayer.

"The Holy Sabbath. The Holy Scriptures.

"Ten thousand means and influences to draw me heavenward—change of seasons, death of others, warnings of pulpit, etc.; afflictions.

"Christian fellowship. Ordinance of Lord's Supper.

"Privilege of being a minister. Privilege of being a missionary.

"All that is promised to me in the world to come—viz.: resurrection, a glorious body, acceptance in day of judgment, admission to heaven, perfect holiness and happiness forever there.

"CONFESSION.

"Encouragement to confession of sin.

"Thorough defilement—nature and conduct.

"Want of love to God; to his law; to Christ; how different from woman that bathed his feet; to fellow Christians; and how little based on right grounds; to Nestorians; to whole world; to enemies.

"Want of desire for salvation of souls.

"Want of faith in God; (I am often a practical atheist); his promises so great and precious; his Son; I rather rely on my own righteousness; in realities of eternity, which seem to me as a dream.

"Want of zeal—I have enough for things of this world.

"Want of patience—fretfulness toward man, and murmuring toward God.

"Want of meekness—(frequent indulgence of passion. How unlike him who was led as a lamb to the slaughter).

"Want of spiritual mind—(far from being a temple of the Holy Ghost).

"Want of reverence—don't realize the immense distance between God and me.

"Want of thankfulness—I take the blessings and forget the Giver.

"Want of hatred to sin—I don't hate it for the same reasons that God hates it; for *lower* and merely *prudential* reasons.

"Want of humility—(pride).

"Want of activity—active enough when self is to be gratified.

"Want of contentment. Want of perseverance.

"Want of courage. When I think I am courageous, apt to be obstinate rather than courageous.

"Want of will subdued. How unlike the Saviour, 'not my will, but thine be done.'

"Want of watchfulness. Superficial repentance.

"Love of world—care about things of—a real Martha.

"Vanity—vain of abilities; of acquisitions; of station.

"Sloth—waste time in sleep.

"Impurity of motive. Selfishness—(pervades all my actions).

"Spiritual pride. Self-righteousness—depend on my prayers and works more than on Christ.

"Heedlessness—vain thoughts; neglect of meditation.

"Hypocrisy. Censoriousness—ill-will; want of charity. Levity.

"Neglect of prayer for self and others; mockery in, and omission of.

"Neglect of Bible.

"Neglect of opportunities of doing good to body and soul of men.

"Violation of Sabbath. Violation of covenant vows. Unworthy partaking of sacrament.

"Misimprovement of afflictions.

"Sensuality. Misimprovement of time. Searing of conscience.

"Tongue sins—viz.: detraction, profanity, deceit, unkind words, trifling words.

"Sins as a son—want of gratitude to my parents; early disobedience and irreverence.

"Sins as a husband—have not done half I might have done to promote my wife's comfort or help her in the way to heaven.

"Sins as a father—want of uniform government; want of a steady, affectionate, holy influence over my children.

"Sins as an instructor—want of attention to the souls of those under my care, and prayer for them.

"Sins as a minister—preaching a *cold duty*, through pride and vain glory, and not to please Christ.

"Sins as a missionary—breaking of promises I have virtually made to American churches; to Committee; to Nestorians.

"Sins as Christian brother.

"Sinning thus against God and my own soul, and souls of others.

"Sinning against light and knowledge, notwithstanding a high profession.

"Sinning in spite of innumerable mercies, of many warnings, chastisements, and vows.

"PETITION FOR

"Health—food, raiment, quiet sleep. Reason.

"Hatred of sin. Pardon of all sin. Deliverance from its power.

"Clearly comprehend Gospel plan. A well grounded hope in Christ.

"A tender conscience. Peace of conscience.

"Influences of the Holy Spirit. Witness of the Spirit. Justification. Joy in Holy Ghost.

"Spirit of prayer, constancy in. Spirit of prayer, gift of.

"Answers to prayer. Understanding of Scriptures.

"A spiritual mind. Reverence or holy fear.

"Love to God—Christ—fellow Christians.

"Love to souls and a desire to save. Love to a world in ruin.

"Love to enemies, and forgiveness to.

"Deadness to world. Patience. Meekness. Humility—will subdued.

"Benevolence—abound in good works. Crucifixion of self.

"Activity of body and mind.

"Heavenly and earthly wisdom.

"Discretion. Contentment. Perseverance. Watchfulness. Moral courage.

"Spirit of thankfulness.

"Sense of accountability. Not to be a trifler. Not misimprove time.

"Deliverance from special temptations.

"Improvement of afflictions.

"Be wise to win souls.

"Keep Sabbath holy. Love meditation. Have self-knowledge.

"Keep vows. Improve talents.

"Not be sensual. Govern the tongue (see Confession).

"Love meditation. Have right motives.

"Discharge properly duties; as a son, husband, father, instructor, minister, missionary, a Christian brother."

Mr. Stoddard sometimes prepared for his pupils themes for prayer similar to the foregoing list. One who knew

him most intimately says of him: "He was too busily employed in doing good to every body about him, to find time to make any record of his doings, for his own gratification. A *diary* he had no confidence in, as he said it tempted one to make the expression of exercises of the mind felt to be desirable, a substitute for efforts to attain them."

To one who had consecrated herself to the work of missions, he wrote:

"I do not know what your experience of missionary life will be; but if it is at all like mine, you will ever bless God that he has brought you to these interesting fields, so white for the harvest. Consecrate yourself entirely to your Redeemer, have your heart imbued with love to souls, and you will go on your way rejoicing;—come health or sickness, sunny or cloudy skies, you will ever be speaking to yourself in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with grace in your heart to the Lord."

CHAPTER XX.

LABORS AS A SCHOLAR.

The remarkable facility for acquiring languages which Mr. Stoddard possessed, and his thorough discipline in the grammatical structure of various tongues, fitted him to counsel and to aid Dr. Perkins in the work of translation to which that gentleman has devoted so large a portion of his missionary life.

The missionaries to the Nestorians found them in possession of the Scriptures in manuscript copies, in the ancient Syriac. This language, however, through the changes of time, had ceased to be vernacular; and hence the Scriptures, though more or less intelligible to the ecclesiastics, were not understood by the common people. It was, therefore, proposed to translate the New Testament into modern Syriac from the *ancient*, instead of making a new version from the Greek. The ancient Syriac version was, probably, made as early as the latter part of the second century, and in the earlier part of the fourth century it was in general use in churches where the Syriac tongue was spoken. Its origin is ascribed to the scholars of Edessa. It is commonly known as the *Peshito* a term meaning "simple," with reference probably to the fact that it consists of the bare text, without note or comment. De Wette* describes it as "an immediate, faithful, free, but seldom paraphrastic, transla-

* Historico-Critical Introduction to the New Testament, § 11.

tion" from one of the oldest Greek texts. Tregelles* does not estimate it quite so highly, though he concedes to it a great antiquity.

For reasons approved by the American Bible Society, the version of the New Testament in Modern Syriac was made directly from the best ancient Syriac manuscripts. The labor of this translation has devolved upon the senior missionary, Dr. Perkins; but in revising his version for the press, he was accustomed to pass the manuscript and the proofs through the hands of Mr. Stoddard, for his critical suggestions.

The difficulties which Mr. Stoddard had overcome for himself in the study of the Syriac, led him to prepare a grammar of the modern language for the use of beginners. His labors upon this work are described at length in his letters to Rev. A. Hazen. The following extracts will give the reader a general idea of its importance.

"June 17th, 1852. When I think of all my dear friends, I long to have fifty hands wielding fifty goose quills, that I may hold sweet converse with them and tell them how strong is my affection. I never mean to be in debt to my correspondents, and yet with all my efforts I find it somewhat difficult to keep out of it. Some tell me that I hold the pen of a ready writer, because I run over such a sheet as this, when free from interruption, in from half to three-quarters of an hour. But it is very rare that I begin and end a letter without interruptions, and I am sure that if I write faster than some people I write less to the point. I have so long adopted the rule that 'the man who wishes to see me is the man I wish to see,' that I fear I have carried it to extremes and suffered the natives to trespass on me more than they should. One comes for medicine, another for paper, another for a pencil, another to have his slate

* In Horne's Introduction, Tenth Edition, vol. iv., chap. 24.

mended, another for advice, another for a visit, so what with the thousand and one wants of my pupils and the villagers, I can truly say I rarely have an hour entirely unbroken. . . . I like plan and system; and I think some degree of it *essential* to any success or usefulness. But if your missionary experience has been like mine—and it is possible in your circumstances it may have been different—you have found that you could be much less systematic in India than in America. I never am idle—I may say *never*—unless exhausted or sick. And I always have a good many irons in the fire, tongs, poker and all. But I often work in a very different way from what I had planned in the morning, and arrive at night at a far different goal. This is not so much owing to irresolution as to my ideas of what my duty is in these circumstances. If I were a *translator*, the case would be much altered.

"I am occupying my time in preparing a grammar of the Modern Syriac for the benefit of beginners, and to transmit to the American Oriental Society. I find it a laborious, yet very pleasant, occupation. I also take a lesson daily in Turkish and Persian. I have had some knowledge of these languages for years, but I wish to converse readily in them and to read the latter. Our Syriac is only available among the Nestorians. We need Turkish for intercourse with all the common class of Mohammedans, who have never spoken Persian in this border province, and we need Persian for intercourse with all the higher classes of Mohammedans, and for journeys toward the East, where Persian is the only language. Dr. W. has a good acquaintance with all three, though his range of words is not perhaps so very extensive in any of them, as if he had bent his efforts more undividedly to the acquisition of one. You will rarely find him making blunders in numbers, genders, etc., and he speaks these languages perhaps with as much purity and precision as it is possible for an American to do. I am glad you have a high standard in regard to the acquisition of Indian languages. Do our best and we shall be but stammerers. I feel this more every successive year; and when I hear brethren talk about 'perfecting' themselves in the language, or about brother so and so, who preached an ele-

gant sermon in Syriac, I feel that they judge with a very different standard from the natives. Still there are some among us who have done nobly in mastering difficulties, and who are capable, under favorable circumstances, of producing a great impression on a native audience. I think our style of preaching here far more direct and effective than that of most preachers in America. Had I time I could explain this without assuming any great degree of credit to ourselves. There is every thing in our circumstances, in the wants and in the demands of the people, to produce such a manner of preaching, while in America the current often sets in the opposite direction. When the grammar of the modern Syriac is finished, I shall perhaps turn my hand to making a manual of the ancient Syriac for the use of our schools. You know that we cultivate the ancient Syriac as a classic and find it of great importance in enriching the modern. In Latin are some excellent grammars; but not accessible to the Nestorians; and their own old manuscript grammars are a perfect ocean of crudities and confusion. We need, therefore, exceedingly, some manual, which shall briefly and simply unfold the ancient Syriac and which shall be adapted to the young."

"I determined to make thorough work in my investigations and have made a full and minute comparison of the modern Syriac, first with the ancient Syriac, and then with the Hebrew. It only remains now to give a careful attention to the Jews' language, the modern Chaldee, and trace it to its origin. As you may not possibly be aware of the interest which attaches to these inquiries, far beyond the mere aid they afford new comers and others in acquiring the language, let me say a word on this point. Of the three great branches of the Semitic family, the Hebrew, the Arabic, and the old Aramean, the first two languages are by far the best understood, and we have literary monuments, extending back, in the case of the Hebrew, to the Pentateuch, and in the case of the Arabic to a time long before the birth of Christ. But, in regard to the Aramean, as it was originally, nothing has been known. Its literature was all supposed to have perished. This Aramean split afterward into two great branches and was developed in two different forms. 1st. The

Hebraistic form, which we call the Chaldee, and which was the language of the Targums. 2d. The Syriac form, which developed, with an alphabet of its own, a Christian literature for a long course of centuries. From this no doubt the Modern Syriac was derived; but it probably retains many idioms and words in daily use from the old Aramean, which have never found their way into books or lexicons. As for the modern Jews' language spoken here, some have affirmed that it was derived directly from the ancient Chaldee, while others have maintained, with at least a show of plausibility that the modern Chaldee and the modern Syriac were each derived from a common source, and that this proved the common origin of the Nestorians and the Jews. On this point I do not feel clear yet. If it shall appear, that the modern Jews' language is no nearer the modern Syriac, than the ancient Chaldee is to the ancient Syriac, then one of Dr. Grant's strong arguments for the Jewish origin of the Nestorians will be undermined. Until recently, as I have said, it was supposed the old Aramean literature had entirely perished, but the researches of Colonel Rawlinson have shown that this Aramean, or, if you please, Babylonian, is substantially the language of the monuments. Now, would it not be most interesting, if Colonel Rawlinson on the one hand should find certain words and phrases on those ancient monuments, which are to be found in no grammars hitherto extant, and we, on our part, should find those same words and phrases current among the Nestorians and the Jews around us?

"But I am afraid I am wearying you with a topic which is specially interesting to us from our locality, the people among whom we labor, and from the course of our daily studies. So I will pass to something else, simply remarking that I undertook this examination, urged to it by Dr. Robinson and others. . . . I shall now turn my attention at odds and ends of time to the preparation of a dictionary of the modern Syriac. Ever since I have been here I have been writing down words, but the vocabulary is full of mistakes and very confused, and needs a thorough overhauling. The range of words in modern Syriac is quite limited, and yet it is a language which for

ordinary purposes, and even for teaching and preaching, has much dignity and force. For philosophical and scientific purposes it is of course deficient, and yet I have translated a part of Euclid into Syriac this winter, and gone over half of a course in theology, without any serious embarrassment. Every year we enrich it from the ancient language, from the Persian, and, to a limited extent, from the Hebrew.

"I wish very much you could have been present at our recent examination, with sufficient familiarity with the language to understand all the exercises. I am sure you would have been impressed with the native ability of the Nestorians. I do not know where I could have had a better class in theology, astronomy, or geometry. My class in geometry demonstrated twenty propositions, taken at random, without a mistake, and almost without a word of hesitation in the forty minutes assigned to the exercise. I am sure the Sophomores I used to teach at Yale could not have done better. Besides the studies mentioned, there was an examination in English, in Persian, in ancient Syriac, in Bible history, in Church history, in descriptive geography, and in arithmetic. All passed off very well. The exercises lasted three days. The first day we had members of the mission, the bishops, and a few prominent priests and leading men. The second day we invited all our school teachers—seventy in number. The third day the invitation was still more general and we had a crowd. The visitors did not seem at all weary, though we kept them sitting more than six and a half hours each day. The exercises were interspersed with compositions and declamations, and occasionally we had a piece of music sung, with the seraphine as an accompaniment."

This reads very much like an account of an examination in a New England seminary of the highest class. Some of the text books of the pupils were prepared by Mr. Stoddard, in the modern Syriac; and he gave instruction in various branches of science, by means of lectures in that tongue.

The grammar of the modern Syriac language as spoken in Oroomiah and in Koordistan, was published in the Journal of the American Oriental Society, for 1855. (Vol. v.) Rödiger, the first living authority upon the Semitic languages, makes a complimentary allusion to this grammar in the Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft; Zehnter Band, iv. Heft.*

Mr. Stoddard's own estimate of the importance of this work is given in the following note to a younger missionary.

"July 21st, 1853. On Tuesday morning I finished the copy of the grammar and sent it off to Mr. Stevens, to be forwarded by him to Constantinople. It was much larger than the first draft, being one hundred and eighty pages, and very much better systematized and much more complete. I only regret that you could not use that; but I became so weary of the labor of writing and revising, that at last I hardly took the trouble to correct the mistakes and omissions of the copy I sent you, as I went along. However, it is on the whole, accurate, and I think it will be of much service to you. If I could have had such a grammar ten years ago, I believe it would have saved me six months of time and perhaps *an entire year*. I do not mean that it is at all what it *might* be, but it is very far superior to such an outline as we before had. I advise you to conjugate every verb in order, till you are perfectly familiar with the *meaning* and the *inflection*, and then go over them all so as to learn the mode of applying the suffixes. One who will do this faithfully for a few months, will, I am persuaded, acquire a fluency that will 'astonish the natives.' I have not done it myself as much as I intend to do it. After one has had years of practice in speaking the language, he yet needs this kind of discipline, in the same way as some of the best singers practice the eight notes every morning.

* Page 760, Leipzig, 1856.

"I hope you younger ones who are learning the language will far surpass in accuracy, in fluency, and in the extent of your knowledge, those who have gone before you; and that you will so use the language, as to be instrumental in leading many souls to Christ. How ought we ever to remember that the acquisition of the language is a *means* and not an *end.*

While thus devoted to studies having an immediate connection with his work, Mr. Stoddard retained his original interest in the physical sciences, especially in astronomy. His observations on the zodiacal light, which is seen in perfection in the fine atmosphere of Oroomiah, often instructed and delighted the missionaries, but were never recorded for the benefit of science. Some of his observations upon the climate are of value as indicating the comparative healthiness of Seir as a missionary station.

In one of his letters he says:

"This is one of the finest climates in the world. In the spring, spring comes; in the summer, there is summer; and in winter there is real, genuine winter. This is more than can be said of any other place I have ever seen. Then, too, the *dryness* of the climate is a great recommendation, besides its comfort."

Mr. Stoddard often applied his scientific experiments to a moral end. Thus he writes to Professor Denison Olmstead, of Yale College:

"I need hardly assure you, that whatever I have learned of natural science, and especially of natural philosophy and chemistry, turns to account in my seminary, and in my general intercourse with the Mohammedans. I have a pretty working steam-engine, of one cat power, a magic lantern, and a variety of chemical apparatus. Besides these, I have made a very decent solar microscope. I have been very desirous, with a *religious* object in view, to show the natives the

animaculcs in chcese, figs, vinegar, etc., but do not sueeeed as I wish. Why, I ean not tell; as I used, in America, to make solar mieroseopes and met with no diffieulty in using them for this purpose. Their cheese is different from ours, and possibly does not eontain them. The figs, too, are unlike those from Smyrna, and the vinegar made from wine is very weak. If you eould make any suggestions to me whieh would enable me to detect and expose the creatures, I should be very thankful. I want to teach these anti-meat bishops that they have eaten it from their ehildhood, and to show the whole people that their fasts from animal food amount to nothing."

Some of his astronomical observations were of sufficient importance to deserve a permanent record in the annals of that science. Writing to Mr. Hazen, under date of Dec. 23d, 1852, he says:

"By the way, speaking of our elimate, I am reminded to tell you of some diseoveries I have lately made, which are very interesting, to *myself* at least. I notieed, a few months ago, a statement that a seientifie traveler had seen the satellites (or some of them) of Jupiter from the top of Mount Etna. The announcement was received with a good deal of interest, as most astronomers have denied the possibility of any sueh phenomenon being visible to the unassisted eye. On reading the account I thought I would test the power of the naked eye *here*, as it seemed to me we were under the most favorable cireumstauees possible for this purpose. We are elevated more than a mile above the ocean, and have for months a eloudless sky, and a very dry and transparent atmosphere which I have no doubt far exceeds that of Italy. I know not how it is in India, but I think you would be astonished to see with what sharpness of outline mountains sixty, seventy, or even a hundred miles off, loom up on our view. In the night the heavens are magnifiecnt, and it needs but a glance to assure a new comer that this is a very different plaee from Ameriea for the practieal astronomer. I have often used my telescope here (I have one which I made in eollege—a Newto-

nian of six feet focus, and five inches aperture) and been delighted with the distinctness and beauty of the different telescopic objects; but until last summer it never occurred to me to test my unassisted eye. I have now the satisfaction of assuring you that I have thus seen several of Jupiter's moons, the elongation of Saturn's ring (the planet appearing plainly elliptical), and with a dark glass of just the right opacity, I have seen the phases of Venus. Last time I looked at it, it appeared as a very delicate and well defined crescent. I have also found that stars which I know to be telescopic elsewhere, are here detected, under favorable circumstances, by the naked eye. I have made out a list of some of these and sent them, with a full account of my observations, to Sir J. Herschel, and I have the vanity to think they will interest him deeply. Indeed, it will be an interesting fact to any one, if here, in a region where astronomy was studied thousands of years ago by Assyrian and Persian shepherds, the observer can be gratified by a view of wonders which, it has been supposed, only the telescope could reveal. As an illustration of the interest connected with these matters, let me say that it has long puzzled astronomers to account for the fact that in ancient books, written long before the discovery of the telescope, Saturn is represented as of an *oblong* shape. Was this a shrewd guess? Was it prophecy? Had the ancients any knowledge of the telescope? Or have I found a more satisfactory answer here on Mount Seir?

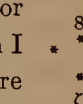
"I should like, if I had time, and I was sure you would like to go into the subject, to detail to you the various ways in which I tried to train my eye for this purpose. Suffice it to say, that it was a month, from the time I began to examine Jupiter, before I felt sure I was successful in my object. I looked at it through the empty tube of a telescope, that my eye might not be distracted with the images of other stars. I looked at it near the corner of a building, which cut off its brightest rays, still leaving the view unobstructed to the right hand or the left: and I looked at it when shining out in his full splendor. But all without success. At last, when watching it from its *first appearance* in the evening, at a point just between daylight and dark, when there was darkness enough on the one hand

for the satellites to appear, and not enough dazzling light from the planet, on the other hand, to obscure them, my highest hopes were gratified, and I jumped for joy."

His object in writing to Sir John Herschel is thus explained in a letter to a scientific friend in America:

"I have written Sir John Herschel at length on these observations, and given him, in addition, a number of test objects, that he may the better judge whether my account is entitled to credence. I wrote *him* rather than any one else, hoping he would interest himself to fit out an astronomical expedition for Oroomiah, and take advantage of this magnificent climate. It may be doubted whether there is a position in the world, at least one easily accessible, where a good astronomer, with good instruments, would reap such a harvest of discovery. You can hardly have an idea of the magnificence of our summer evenings. We are elevated more than *a mile* above the ocean, have no dew, and rarely see a cloud during June, July, August and September. Stars do not twinkle when forty degrees above the horizon, and Venus is so brilliant that I have distinguished by its light, when fourteen feet from the window, the hands of a watch, and even the letters of a book.

"But I can not dwell on this subject. Perhaps Professor Olmsted may like one or two of the test objects which I gave Sir J. Herschel. In Ursa Major, two faint stars are seen any favorable night, one on each side of ζ and 80, thus,



Can these *ever* be seen in America? Again, when I lie on my back, the view of 4 and 5 ε Lyra, as they pass near the zenith, is very similar to that I have often had of Castor in a good telescope. Again, the two small stars in the neighborhood of the pole-star, and in the general direction of γ caphei, thus ($\overset{*}{p}$ $\overset{*}{*}$), are seen distinctly and almost every night in summer, as a single point of light. Can these latter objects ever be seen in America? I shall be much interested to know."

Sir John Herschel very courteously acknowledged this letter in the following:

"SIR: I have received, and beg to thank you for, the interesting communication of your observations of the satellites of Jupiter, the oblong form of Saturn, and the small companions of certain stars—with the naked eye—in what you may indeed, by your account of it, most truly call a magnificent climate for astronomical pursuits. I think I shall best do justice to your communication by placing it in the hands of the Astronomical Society for reading at one of their meetings. Your account of the country, too, is most inviting. I think I may anticipate the usual vote of thanks on communication of observations to the Society, and I beg leave to add my own, and remain your obedient servant.

"F. J. W. HERSCHEL.

"P. S.—I find it recorded, in Bessel's Life, as an extraordinary instance of his sharpness of eye, that he could see ε and 5 Lyræ as two separable stars. But I have never heard that Saturn had ever been noticed as oblong before the invention of the telescope."

Upon this Mr. Stoddard remarked in a note to a friend:

"I was, of course, gratified with Sir J. Herschel's letter, and, from the interest he manifests, hope to hear from him again, or some of his compeers. An expedition here would, I am sure, pay better, so far as science is concerned, than one to the North Pole."

At a subsequent period Mr. Stoddard prepared an extended notice of the meteorology of Oroomiah, which was published in Silliman's Journal. In making these observations, his mechanical invention and skill were put to the test in repairing barometers, thermometers, and other delicate instruments, which had been injured in transportation from the United States.

The following letter, concerning his meteorological record, gives his views of the relations of science to missionary labor.

"By the way, do you know that I have made quite a splendid series of observations—more than ten thousand separate observations —on this climate? I have just been putting them in order, ascertaining the average temperature, the average height of the barometer and hygrometer, the prevailing direction of the winds, the amount of rain and melted snow, &c., and I shall forward the article to Professor Olmsted for publication. Perhaps you will some day like to run it over, and I intend that C—— shall have a few copies for distribution among my friends. I am aware that attention to such matters is not in accordance with Dr. Judson's advice or practice. He thought a missionary should give himself, not only *in the main*, but entirely, to his work, and let literature and science go. I do not agree with him, though I admire the single-mindedness and devotion of the man. I am *sure* that it does me good to turn aside now and then; it refreshes and invigorates me, and I return all the better to the charge afterwards. Five minutes spent with my quadrant in taking an observation of the sun, two minutes spent in looking at the barometer, three minutes spent in reading a little poetry, are worth more than they cost. So far as *I* am concerned, I have no doubt about it, but I ought not to judge others by myself. The *great* work is certainly that of making known Jesus Christ; and other things, if they come in at all, should come in as incidental, and, if possible, be made conducive to the great end."

CHAPTER XXI.

LABORS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE seminary at Seir, which in the beginning was only a boarding-school for boys, under the wise and comprehensive direction of Mr. Stoddard and his sssociates, grew into a normal school for the training of teachers, and a theological school, in which pious Nestorians were fitted to preach intelligently the Gospel of Christ. The following enumeration of the studies pursued in the seminary occurs in a letter to a brother missionary at Mosul:

"November 17, 1852. Our seminary here has recently assembled. We have, as usual, forty pupils, ten of whom are new comers. We were obliged to reject some twelve candidates. I assure you it is a delightful privilege to have the charge of them. I doubt whether I could be so happy in any situation in America. Three times a week I lecture on theology, four times I hear a class in Euclid, twice in English, and twice in astronomy. I have the charge of nearly all the compositions—the giving out of the subjects, and the correction of the manuscripts—and the oversight of the classes in ancient Syriac, arithmetic, and Persian. This, with occasional preaching, a Bible class on the Sabbath with the pupils, a visit once a month to Geog Tapa, which is assigned to me as a parish, and the many secular cares which come on me as provider of food and superintendent of repairs, occupies all my time, and keeps me quite as much driven

as my strength suffices for. We make it a point to converse and pray with all the pupils individually each month, which I think has a happy effect on them and on us. The best Christians among them, also, come to us often of their own accord for this purpose, and we try to make them feel as free as possible. Would that we were able to perform more of this pastoral labor among the people. But the hopefully pious ones are much scattered, and we have yet no plan, as we think of having, for getting them together occasionally for mutual conference and prayer. If I have ever done any good among the Nestorians, and it is little at the least, it has been more by such kind of pastoral efforts than by the formal preaching of the Gospel."

Mr. Stoddard's theological lectures were delivered in Syriac, from English notes written in the Syriac idiom. They embraced quite a full course of doctrinal theology, based throughout upon biblical exposition. This combination of classical, mathematical and theological studies in one institution, made the seminary at Seir more like the English Independent colleges at Manchester and at St. John's Wood, London, than like either colleges or theological seminaries in the United States. A number of competent native teachers have already been trained at this institution.

The Mission at Oroomiah has always made education subordinate to religion. The English language has been used in its seminaries only as a classic, and no attempt has been made to substitute it for the native Syriac. The great object of the missionaries has been to awaken the Nestorians to a true spiritual life. As the circumscribed field of the Mission, and its comparative peace and security, admit of but little novelty or variety of incident, its alternating trials and successes, disappointments and joys, will

appear in the regular sequence of Mr. Stoddard's letters. So completely did he live in the Mission, giving it all the thoughts and energies of his mind, that his familiar correspondence became its authentic history. To Dr. Lobdell, at Mosul, he writes:

"January 5th, 1853. A happy new year to you and your dear family, as well as to your associates. May you, during the coming months, have health, happiness, and constant communion with God. May you see the work protected by human power, and fanned by the gales of the Spirit of grace. We, on this side of the mountains, shall pray for you this year, and feel sure that you will pray for us. May our prayers thus 'together rise,'

'Like mingling flames in sacrifice.'

and draw down much divine influence on the poor people for whom we labor. How utterly vain are all our efforts without God! I sometimes feel that if I could speak the language with more fluency and point than any of the natives, instead of stammering it so feebly, and if I were as eloquent as Apollos, all would be vain without the grace of God. The trumpet would give an uncertain sound. We sadly need the Divine presence here. Things are running down, and have been for a year past. Not that we have not considerable piety and prayerfulness in our seminaries, and a number of pious helpers. But, compared with other days, a paralysis seems to have come over them, and they need, O how much, a fresh anointing from the Holy One.

To Mr. Coan, at Gawar, in a time of great trial and darkness to that station:

"January 5th, 1853. My *impulse* is to say to you, 'Dear brother, do not remain any longer in such a field. Come down at once to us, where there is abundance of work to do, thousands of souls to be led to Christ, and much that we have already undertaken in the vil-

lages suffering for want of more complete superintendence. Come and work with us, shoulder to shoulder, in our blessed harvest-field.' This is *impulse*. But I doubt whether I should dare invite you away at this critical juncture, without seeing Providence indicating that course more clearly, by far, than I do now. You do not yet know what is to come of poor Tamo's imprisonment. In case he is released, and stands firm, he will need all your help, as well as much Divine grace, to keep him on his course. Then, again, leaving *now* seems to be the hopeless abandonment of the field. You are not yet certain that you will be unprotected there. A month or two may alter the whole position of affairs. Then, too, we must look not only to Constantinople, but to heaven. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. How sweet to think that He who is Allwise, has a plan, the very best plan, in regard to the mountains, and that *infinite power* and *infinite goodness* are pledged to its successful issue. *We* may fail, but the cause can not. Darkness may envelope us, wicked men may hedge us in, Christ may be reviled, and his servants persecuted, but still the Lord is stronger than all, and his counsel shall stand. We have to wait in faith, patience and hope. Brother, the day will soon break, and the shadows flee away. Hope on, hope ever. Be strong in God, and let the breast-plate of righteousness be on your front."

To Dr. Anderson:

"January 21st, 1853. The importance of directing special attention to the care and instruction of our pious Nestorians has repeatedly of late engaged our attention. We feel that we may do far more than has yet been done to elevate their standard of personal piety, to band them together in the cause of Christ, and to make them missionary in their spirit; and we purpose, God helping us, to make increased efforts for the accomplishment of this end. At the same time, it seems clear to us, that by attempting anything which looks like a separate organization, we should not only excite much opposition in Oroomiah among the masses, and reduce, exceedingly,

the number who are now ready to hear us preach the Gospel, but that we should hazard the very existence of our station at Gawar, and the interests of our work throughout the mountains."

"We have repeatedly told you of the satisfaction we feel on being able to give the whole Bible to this people, in their spoken language. But a few years ago and there was hardly an entire copy of the Bible to be found in any village, either here or in Koordistan. The few manuscripts which were possessed, were regarded with such superstitious veneration that they were wrapped up carefully and placed out of sight, to moulder in their dark damp churches. And, besides, had they been ever so numerous and ever so freely circulated, not one in a thousand could have deciphered their meaning. Now, what a blessed change for the Nestorians! That Bible which we clasp so joyfully to our hearts, which we make the basis of our heavenly hopes, is given in full and in simple language to the entire people. It is to visit them at their rude homes, and sit beside them in their daily employment. This is a work which *can not die.* We may all pass away, and much that we have done be neglected or forgotten, but we believe that this Bible, in the spoken Syriac, will live and preach to young and old, in the house and by the way, on the plain and in the mountains, and bring forth the fruits of righteousness long after we slumber in the dust. Had the American churches conferred on the Nestorians no other blessing, how amply would this one thing repay their efforts. It animates us to feel that in these lands, so long under the dominion of Satan, and to this ancient people, David, and Isaiah, and Paul, and above all, the Saviour himself, are hereafter to preach the glad tidings of redemption. To the Bible Society our most hearty thanks are due for the funds so liberally granted for this noble work."

To his aged father:

"March 15th, 1853. The days and weeks fly faster than a weaver's shuttle. I wrote you 'the other day,' and now I find by referring to my book that it was as long ago as December 21st. I

do hope that you will not feel that I forget you, because I write not more frequently, for I can assure you that you are very often before my mind, and that I recall your kindness to me, ever since I have had a being, with the deepest gratitude and love. When I was in America, I did not realize, as I now do, what a privilege it was to be near you and mother. Now I feel that, if God did not call me to labor here, no duty would be so grateful as to pitch my tent in the 'new part,' and devote my time and strength to the soothing and cheering of my father in his old age. But I rejoice that the place is assigned to those who will fill it better than I could, while you may, at the same time, have the satisfaction of thinking that one of your children is laboring for Christ on the other side of the globe. I am a very unworthy missionary—*how* unworthy, God only knows —and whatever I am, and whatever I am able to accomplish, is all of grace. But, then, I dare say I never should have been a missionary at all, and I might never even have been a Christian, had it not been for the prayers and counsels and example of my dear father and mother. What a blessed thing to be descended from a pious ancestry. I value it for my children more than piles of gold, and I feel that there is far more reason to believe they will be taken into the fold of Christ than if they had had graceless, godless parents, grandparents, and great grandparents.

"I believe our children understand perfectly, that our great, our constant, anxious desire in reference to them is, that they may become God's children. And, though we do not desire it half as much as we ought, I confidently expect they will become true Christians. Am I presumptuous in thus regarding these children of the covenant? O what is wealth, or beauty, or talents, or accomplishments, compared with a treasure laid up for ourselves and our children in heaven? Harriette is often very thoughtful; and in the little notes she sometimes writes us, for example at her school recess when in the city, she says, 'Dear papa, dear mama, I do long to be a Christian.' "

To Rev. Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, on hearing of

the death of his son Charles, at the age of sixteen, who was preparing to devote himself to the missionary work.

"April 16th, 1853. We sympathize most deeply with you in your severe affliction. You are no stranger to such trials, but this falls none the more lightly on that account. It is hard, very hard, at such times to feel that God is dealing with us in love. Sense struggles with faith, natural feeling with a desire to submit to God's will; and yet, I doubt not, dear brother, if you have had any such conflict, that it is ere this over, and that you can heartily say, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.'

"I remember Charles with affectionate interest, as indeed all your children. God has been very good to you in calling so many of these dear ones into the kingdom of his grace. May not one be left. I feel that there is no blessing for our children at all comparable with the saving grace of God. As yet we can not hope that either of our children love the Saviour, though Harriette is at times susceptible to religious truth, and I think increasingly so. We have formerly conversed together on the subject of the early conversion of children, and I believe our views coincide. I see no reason why we may not look for their renewal while very young; and, on the other hand, I see very great encouragements to labor and pray for such a result. It was a comfort to us to know that the death of Charles had produced some seriousness among the other children of the mission. May it lead some of them to the Saviour of sinners."

To Rev. E. Strong, of New Haven.

"May 16th, 1853. Oh what a great work it is to preach the Gospel. It is so anywhere, but perhaps, most of all, on missionary ground. Would that you could sit down with me here in my study a few days while I let you into the routine of my labors. My sermons would be as little adapted to your pulpit as yours would be to mine, and yet I often prepare my sermons with the utmost care."

After speaking of certain defects of the ministry in America, he adds:

"I cannot forbear to allude to the subject of slavery. Without going into particulars, let me say that the circumstances and views of every missionary must make him an anti-slavery man, and I do not believe there is one of the missionaries of our Board but feels as I do on this general subject. Many of them I know are astonished at the apathy of American Christians, and especially American ministers, in regard to it, and have not words to express their sorrow when such an institution is apologized for and stoutly defended in Northern pulpits. For my own part, I fear that we shall not see the cause of missions making rapid progress until the American churches are ready to take a higher stand on this and every other subject, and become far more bold, enterprising, humble, self-denying. I do not mean to be a *radical*. I have not the slightest intention of withdrawing from our most excellent Board and joining the American Missionary Association, yet I am sometimes stirred in my inmost soul on these grand questions, which affect so vitally the progress of the Redeemer's kingdom at home and abroad."

To a friend, on the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Stocking from Oroomiah:

"June 17th, 1853. Mr. and Mrs. Stocking leave this missionary field after the most active labor for sixteen years, with great reluctance. There are few in the missionary field who are so untiring and devoted as they have been, and now that he is broken down, and so emphatically needs rest, I trust he will be welcomed to his native land by the churches who sent him forth, and there gain vigor for a fresh campaign. He is not yet fifty years old, but feels like an old man. Indeed, missionaries must generally expect to take the short way to the grave, and, what is very pleasant to think of in this connection, the short way to *heaven*. There is a wear and tear on the system, connected with the most favorable residence in a foreign climate, and especially with a missionary's labors and responsibilities,

which tends to whiten the head, and bow down the form, long before the time. My father was, perhaps, as feeble at thirty-five as I now am, and yet he not only lived out his three-score years and ten, but has passed more than twelve years beyond that limit of human life. I can not, however, look for any such old age, and I do not desire it. What if we must wear out earlier than other men, do we not wear out in a cause most blessed? Is there any privilege greater than that of working for our Master in Persia or in India? If life is shortened, does it not bring heaven nearer? Shall we reach that world of glory any too soon? Shall we sigh, when we reach there, that we could remain no longer in a world of darkness and of sorrow? Shall we not rather praise God who has brought us so soon and so safely through, and crowned his grace with glory?"

The missionaries to the Nestorians have not thought it expedient to associate in a separate ecclesiastical organization, those whom they regard as true disciples of Christ. They have looked upon the Nestorian church as far more hopeful than the Greek, the Armenian, or any other oriental church, and therefore have aimed at instruction, revival, and reformation, rather than at separation; preferring, if a separation must take place, that it should come as the result of a movement within the church itself, and not of proselytism from without. In this view the Mission have been nearly unanimous, though the policy of separation has been sometimes advocated in their councils. At the request of the Prudential Committee of the Board, in 1853, Dr. Anderson addressed to the several members of that mission a series of questions bearing upon this policy. The following extract from Mr. Stoddard's reply, contains his views of a question which must ere long become one of vital importance in every mission to oriental Christians, viz: the relation of an organic Protestantism to a true and permanent spiritual reformation. It is evident that Mr. Stoddard an-

ticipated a change in the policy which he himself advocated for temporary reasons.

"I will now take up the question, 'What do you conceive to be the actual working of the *church relation* among the Nestorians, and especially the converted Nestorians?'

"To this I reply, that there are no doubt serious evils connected with such a half-way system, and inseparable from it. Those to the converts themselves may be briefly stated: 1st. They are more or less tempted to violate their consciences by conforming to the foolish and sometimes the sinful practices of their church. The temptation is of course, however, far less than in the Armenian church, because there are not nearly so many corrupt usages, such as image worship, confession to the priest, etc., and because conformity to these corrupt usages can not be enforced, at least on the plain, by excommunication, fine, or imprisonment. If any individual, therefore, yields compliance, it is because he chooses to do so; and by yielding he detracts from the evidence we otherwise have of his piety. If we are correctly informed as to what has taken place in Erzeroom, not even a Protestant church organization can prevent such weaknesses and sins among oriental Christians. 2d. Some persons are thus deterred from becoming ecclesiastics, and their influence is, consequently, in a measure circumscribed. 3d. They have not, to the extent we desire them to have, the ordinances of baptism and the Lord's supper. 4th. They do not enjoy the privileges of Christian fellowship, as they would if separated from the corrupt mass around them, and gathered into a Protestant church. 5th. They probably have not so strong a sympathy with us, nor with each other, nor so much unity of action in their plans for doing good.

"These are certainly grave objections to our present mode of operation; and, if things were permanently to continue as they are now, I think our duty would be plain to follow the example of our brethren in Turkey. But neither we nor the converts shall remain long in this position. A few years must entirely change the aspect of things. If this temporary union of new and old, purity and par-

tial corruption, is strange, it is perhaps no more so than what existed in the days of the apostles, the New Testament being witness.

"Meanwhile, we are by no means neglecting the care of these converts. There are very few communities where I believe the hopefully pious are so faithfully watched over as those in our seminaries. We could not do more for them, in this respect, if they were gathered into a church.

"But, you will ask, do the converts manifest no tendency to go back to the darkness from which they have partially emerged? So far from this being the case, it seems to me clear that, as a body, and, I may almost say, in every individual case, they are all making progress in the right direction; and, although there is now a lamentable deficiency of the Holy Spirit's influence, I have never seen a more decided and healthy onward progress than at the present time. This opinion I express after ten years of careful observation.

"Now allow me to state some of the advantages of the present system. It is my impression, from what I have seen in Turkey, that the tendency of things there is to make the members of those little churches sharp controversialists. Being severed from the old church, they are of course in great danger of attacking the superstitious practices to which they were formerly themselves wedded, with more earnestness than they show in telling those around them the simple story of the cross. This is an evil from which we are happily exempt here. I have no doubt our good brethren in Turkey would oppose this tendency with all their hearts, but it is of course difficult for them in the circumstances to control it. On the other hand the converts here are in danger of being too liberal in their feelings, and embracing, in the arms of a large charity, those whom we and the Bible would exclude from fellowship. However this may be, it is certainly a fact of great importance that these pious natives, instead of being distracted with endless and unhappy discussions, are so free to preach the cardinal doctrines of the Gospel, which, I hope, will sooner or later, though perhaps not nearly so fast as those who travel on railroads and by steamboats desire, put an end to whatever is corrupt in opinion or in practice among their people.

"Moreover, the sympathies of the converts are now better drawn out for their people than they could be if placed in an antagonistic relation to them. Said one of them to me, lately, when I suggested the possibility of a new organization: 'What! would you separate us from our people? Are we no more to feel that we are one with them, and they one with us? Shall we not sympathize with our brethren, our kinsmen according to the flesh, in all their joys and sorrows? Shall *we* be the first to raise a separating wall? Shall we thus cast them out, as evil, and knowingly make them our enemies? Is it proved that we cannot follow Christ and yet be Nestorians? Will you begin among us a civil war?' I give you the above remarks as indicative of the feelings of most, indeed I believe of *all*, the pious Nestorians. If there are any who would be glad to break up their present connection with the people, I am not aware of the fact.

"You will also remember that, should a Protestant church be established here, the wide door which is now thrown open for the preaching of the Gospel must at once be closed. It is vain to hope that we can freely enter Nestorian churches, or gather congregations in many different villages, or exert any perceptible influence on the mass of the people, after such a blow has been struck at the present organization. Our native helpers, instead of going out, as now, to scatter broadcast the seed of the kingdom, would be hemmed in on every side. Our numerous village schools would, most of them, be put down, and the circulation of the Holy Scriptures be very much diminished. If we can anticipate with confidence *any* thing in the future, I think we may anticipate such a result as this; and the experience of our brethren in Turkey is far from leading me to a contrary conclusion. And, although a fear of any such calamity should not tempt us for a moment to pursue a course which is *wrong*, it ought to make us very careful how, without due reflection, we launch on an untried sea.

"I am also persuaded that we are taking the best way to put an end to the abuses which prevail here. It seems to me that combatting fasts and feasts and the prevailing system will never effect much,

until the people truly feel their need of something better. While we have not attacked their errors directly, at least not so as to make them more prominent than the cross of Christ, we have not failed, in season and out of season, year after year, and in multitudes of places, to declare the whole counsel of God. I do not believe the Gospel is preached anywhere with more earnestness and fidelity than it is in Oroomiah. And it is precisely on this account that a basis is now laid, as I believe, for a much more rapid advance than in previous years in reforming abuses. Light and love are stripping off the robe of self-righteousness, which the boisterous wind would only have wrapped more tightly around them. The opening of the window-shutters is removing the darkness and letting in the light, whereas the use of the broom would only have created a suffocating dust, while all remained still darker than before.

"While I am evidently leaning, as you see, to our present mode of operation as the best one, I am free to admit that it would be more grateful to my *feelings*, if the above considerations were left out of the account, to labor even in a small, but doctrinally pure, church, than to carry out the imperfect, half-way system which we now, for a season, tolerate. I believe we all sincerely desire to know what the will of the Lord is, and are willing to follow at once, wherever the path shall be plainly pointed out. And I ask your prayers that, free from pride and prejudice, and any blinding unhappy influence, we may faithfully discharge the high trust committed to us by the Board, the churches, and above all, by our blessed Lord and Master himself."

CHAPTER XXII.

LETTERS, CONTINUED.

A New Year's letter to his father :

"My Dear and Honored Father,—

"It is with great pleasure that I find an hour to write you. If I did not suppose that you read nearly or quite all the letters I write to my brothers and sisters, I should follow my inclinations and address you personally much oftener. When I think of all the care you took of me in infancy and youth, and how much I am indebted to you for your example, and prayers, and instructions, and, not least of all, how much pains and expense you incurred to procure me a first rate education, I feel that I am under greater obligations to you than I can requite or even express. I oftentimes have an inexpressible longing to be near you, and, in connection with William and Frances, to help soothe your declining years. But it may not be. We shall never meet, dear father, till we meet in heaven. There my beloved mother, there my eldest brother, your first born, there my sainted wife, have gone; and we shall one after another be taken from earth, till, as we fondly believe, all the members of our family, will rejoin each other in the New Jerusalem, and stand on Mount Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon our heads. The time will come soon. The grass will soon grow over our graves. A few more years, at the farthest, and our bodies will molder to dust, that mortality may be swallowed up of life. I trust you are watching and waiting for the dawn : that, while you can say, 'To live is Christ,' you also add, 'To depart and be with Christ, which is *far better*.'

"If you are ever tempted to feel that you are a *useless* man, now that you have retired from all active business, and the snows of more than eighty winters are accumulated on your head, remember that, if you can not labor as actively as you once could, you can at least *pray;* and that, after all, prayer is the great instrumentality to be used in hastening on the latter day glory. I am satisfied, not that we *labor* too much, but that we accompany our labors far too little with prayer, to expect the divine blessing, as it would otherwise be bestowed. I am now preparing for publication a sketch of an aged Nestorian pilgrim, which I think will interest you. This Patriarch was considerably older than you, and died when about ninety. His habits of prayer were wonderful. He would frequently rise several times in the night to pour out his soul to God, and, after he became blind, much of the day was spent in this holy employment. It is an extremely interesting fact that a large portion of this old man's prayers were for the conversion of the world. Often in his intense earnestness, he would be drawn forward on his knees from one side of the room to the other, and when his prayer was closed he would sink down exhausted. Our young evangelists were in the habit of going to him for counsel, for they all loved him, and would sit for hours to hear him describe the life of faith and the glories of that world to which he was going. When they set out from his house to make preaching excursions, he would say, 'dear young friends, I can not go with you, but I will follow you with my prayers.' On their return, his wife would say, 'now the pilgrim has been praying for you ever since you went away. He has not forgotten your *souls*, and I must not forget your *bodies*. So sit down and you shall have some food.'

"When this aged believer died, multitudes mourned for him and felt that they had lost a father. 'We shall never see his like again,' was their common exclamation; and the old men, who had known him from boyhood, and the young men, who had only known him when past fourscore, mingled their tears together around his tomb.

"Who can say that this aged man, blind and almost helpless, did

not accomplish more for the cause of Christ here by his *prayers* than any other man by his *active labors?* Of him, and such as him, we may indeed say, they 'still bring forth fruit in old age.' 'The memory of the just is blessed.'"

To a brother :

"If all missionaries relish their work as much as I do, we may indeed call ourselves a highly favored class. The only drawback to my happiness is the painful consciousness that I am very unworthy of my high privileges and responsibilities. O! for more faith, and love, and devotion. Had I an angel's heart and an angel's tongue, I should even then come far short of making known, as I ought, to these Nestorians the fullness and freeness of Redeeming love. When good people told me in America, 'you missionaries have given up *all;* you are entirely consecrated,' I used to hang my head in shame, and pray God that I and all my dear brethren and sisters might truly become what we were supposed and expected to be. If you were with me, day by day, while you would sympathize tenderly with me in my labors, and rejoice, that with health far from robust, I was able to exert myself so constantly, you would see much that would grieve you in my coldness and want of pure, steady love to Christ."

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"I am indebted to you for the new volume of D'Aubigne's Reformation and sundry other tokens of love. May our heavenly Father reward you. I can not. D'Aubigne I shall not have time to read just now, though I anticipate a feast when I commence it. I have on hand Layard's new work, (a very fine one) and the life and writings of Professor Edwards. What a charming man Professor Edwards was. How learned, how humble, how childlike, how persevering. It is very rare to meet with one so great and yet so retiring, combining in a most interesting manner the perfect scholar and the devoted Christian. I always loved him, but never so much as now that I have read his memoir. He was indeed the disciple whom

Jesus loved. I was much indebted to him during my short stay at Andover, as well as to Professor Stuart. I should love to plant some flowers by their graves. May many young men catch their falling mantle."

To Rev. Dr. Anderson, on tokens of a revival:

"February 16th, 1854. During the past month the Holy Spirit has been hovering over our two seminaries and the village of Geog Tapa. We needed very much this visit of the celestial dove. Many of our pupils and our native helpers, who give decided evidence of piety, had yet wandered from the Saviour, and lost the fervor of their first love. There has been less earnest prayer offered by them than formerly. There has been less activity in making known Christ to others. The mass of the people, while advancing in intelligence and acquaintance with evangelical truth, have been becoming more insensible to its claims; and, as we looked abroad on the desolations, the painful conviction forced itself on us, that the bones were very dry. The Roman Catholics have also been this year unusually rampant, and have vigorously, and with some limited success, made efforts to proselyte the people.

"Our solicitude has been still more increased by the fact that the proportion of those in our seminaries who are not Christians, is greater this year than for some years previous. Of our forty-five pupils, not more than fifteen or twenty have given evidence of piety, and the proportion is about the same in the female seminary. Several of those who are to leave us this spring, are not converted. They are soon to be withdrawn from our constant influence. They will be scattered in distant villages. They will be exposed to numerous temptations. The thought that they may thus possibly be overcome, and even at some time be induced to range themselves with the enemies of the truth, often makes our hearts to die within us. What could be more distressing than such a prospect? We have left father and mother, brother and sister, home and country, in order to preach Christ to these Nestorians. We have done this *cheerfully*. It has seemed to us a most *precious privilege*. These dear pupils

have been reeeived into our families, and had a warm place in our affeetions. For years we have toiled to discipline their minds, to store them with intelleetual furniture, and to fit them to proelaim the gospel with efficieney and sueeess among their people. We have prayed often for them, and with them. We have longed to see them all sitting at the feet of Jesus. And yet some of them have nearly eompleted their last year, and are not born again. Their appearance while with us is encouraging, and they are at times affeeted by the truth. But they are not yet translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. They are without an anehor or a eompass, and may at any time make complete shipwreek.

"Such have been our feelings, sueh our solieitude, in regard to these young men. This has led us to earnest prayer. We felt that this season must not pass by without a revival. Unitedly and, I trust, earnestly, we asked our Heavenly Father to appear for us, and baptize us all with the Holy Ghost.

"Blessed be God, our unworthy prayers have been heard. For some weeks the seminary has been pervaded with a deep solemnity, and the anxious inquiry has been repeatedly heard, 'What shall I do to be saved?' At a meeting held three or four days ago, to which those only were invited who had no hope in Christ, but who were determined to give themselves wholly to the subject, nineteen were present, and I have rarely attended a more solemn meeting. All were in tears, and many could not repress their sobs, as they were reminded of their eritieal position—thus being, as by a single hair, between heaven and hell.

We have kept up our regular school excreises, but have allowed the pupils more time than usual for their eloset duties, and for religious conversation with each other. We have also set apart two days for fasting and prayer, beside the first Monday of the year, whieh was spent in the same way. These seasons have undoubtedly been of great benefit to all who have shared in them, and aided mueh, by the blessing of God, in carrying on the good work.'

In common with all American missionaries in the East,

Mr. Stoddard apprehended the most fatal evil to missions in the event of the triumph of Russia in the Crimean war. Under date of February 17th, 1854, he writes:

"What the end will be we know not. It may result in the triumph of Russia. Woe then to missions. Woe to civilization. Woe to freedom. May God in mercy avert such a calamity. It may, on the other hand, result in the triumph of the allied powers and the establishment of a firm peace on the old basis. It may result in the dismemberment of Turkey, and the downfall of the stronghold of the False Prophet. Should the war continue, there is the greatest reason to apprehend that Persia will be involved. Thus far we have not experienced the least molestation in our work from this source. We hear the noise of the battle *afar off.* Should Persia still remain neutral, our greatest danger would be the cutting off of our communication with America—an event we should most deeply deplore. We try, however, to give ourselves no anxiety on these subjects, but to leave them all to him who will bring light out of darkness, and, amid all the marchings and counter-marchings of armies, will take good care of his own precious cause. * * * * * I need hardly say that all our sympathies are *against Russia.* We long to see her humbled, if not crushed. It is cheering to see that England is at last waking up, and that the Queen calls Nicholas 'our common enemy.'"

To Dr. Lobdell, at Mosul, dated March 16, 1854:

"I have this morning given my last lesson to our pupils in theology. It was good to take 'Heaven' as the closing subject in such a course, and we all dwelt on it with great delight. Including natural theology, I give about one hundred and twenty lessons or lectures, and the pupils take copious notes for future reference. In the preparation of these lectures I have spared no pains, and have read through many octavo volumes in order to get the cream of them. It is my design to extend these lessons over two years, devoting three or four hours to them each week, and allowing no one to go out as a graduate who has not studied them thoroughly.

The next time I go through with the course, I think I shall discard all study of *systems*, and confine my investigations to the critical study of the Bible. Perhaps I ought to have *begun* in this way. It is the only safe way; and if those who teach theology had adhered far more closely to this Book of books, we should have had, under the name of theology, less of saw-dust and moonshine. What a glorious study theology is. The field is boundless, and if properly explored, cannot fail to excite our wonder, love, and praise. Yet, when we have made all our researches and taxed our feeble powers to the utmost, how much there is that we cannot fathom. We are little children picking up pebbles along the ocean shore. But the time will come when we shall know *more*, know 'even as also we are known.' Theology, will no doubt be our great study in Heaven; or, if you do not like the term theology, let us say we shall forever study God's character and works, as a foundation for our adoring praise. It is delightful to think Christ will be our teacher there. He will *feed* us and lead us to living fountains of water. We know what it is to 'feed the church of God' here below, and may we not infer what it will be to feed it in Heaven? Shall we not be fed 'with knowledge and understanding?' "

If every minister would study and preach with this spirit, how heavenly would be the ministrations of the pulpit.

The next extract is from a letter to a friend, upon the influence of slavery upon foreign missions:

"We dare not tell these Nestorians that such an institution exists in 'free, happy America.' If we should, they would not fail to charge us, as Mar Yohannan did, when visiting America, with the grossest inconsistency. 'You come here,' I seem to hear them say, 'to labor for our social and moral elevation. It is well. We thank you for your labors of love. May God reward you for all your self-denials! But, while feeling compassion for us, why do you

harden your hearts against whole millions, who languish in your own land in unrighteous bondage? You give *us* the Bible; why do you deny it to the slave? You multiply schools among us; why do you forbid the African to learn to read? You feel indignation at our Moslem oppressors; why are you unwilling to disturb, even with a whisper, the American slaveholder? You tell us of the sanctity of marriage; why do you endure a system which, hardly less than Mohammedanism, tends to concubinage? You hold up before us the family relation as of the most sacred and delightful character; how then can you sanction the violent sundering of these ties, and the scattering of father, mother, brother, sister, son, and daughter, to the winds of heaven? You assure us that man is not a brute, that he is made in the image of God, that he is to live forever; why then do you, in America, buy and sell men, and reduce them nearly to the level of the horse or the ox? Is this consistency? Is this Christianity? Is this the land of freedom; this the land of philanthropy, of pure and devoted piety, of which you boast?'

"What should we say to such questions as these? What could we do but hang our heads for shame? Now, my dear brother, I do not believe in denunciation on this subject; there has been too much of it already. We should love the slaveholder as well as the slave. Had we been accustomed to the 'peculiar institution' from our childhood; had you and I received a Southern training, we should probably now have a slaveholder's feelings. It is God only who makes us to differ. What we need is simply this; that the gigantic evil be understood and appreciated by people of all classes, and then that each one set himself, calmly and seriously, to look for the remedy."

To his brother-in-law, Rev. A. Hazen, missionary in India:

"March 18, 1854. For two months past there has been very deep religious interest among our pupils, and at times there has been such overcoming feeling that, when we conversed and prayed with them, they could not repress audible sobs. Night after night they came to my study, and though their emotions would not allow them

to reply freely to my questions, the tears chasing each other down their cheeks, told the sorrow of their hearts. At such times it is a blessed thing to labor for souls, when these precious ones are *all eye* and *all ear*, when backsliders are reclaimed, and stupid sinners are inquiring the way to the cross of Christ. We never can praise God enough for such a shower of grace. We needed it very, very much. In the autumn but fifteen of our forty-five pupils were hopefully pious, a smaller proportion than we have had for some years. How many have been converted time alone will determine, but I can not but hope a considerable number. The pupils have gone out full of zeal, if not full of faith and the Holy Ghost; and, as there is a good deal of susceptibility to the truth in many villages, a general movement among the dry bones, we hope they will carry everywhere life and salvation. Oh! how delightful would it be, if during this year of civil commotions, we might see thousands of these dear Nestorians sitting at the Saviour's feet. Such revivals *have* been witnessed, and in modern times, too. Why may they not be witnessed again? Are we not equally needy with our missionaries in the Sandwich Islands or in Burmah? Are not these Nestorians as truly lost as they without Christ? Are not their souls as precious? Has not the good seed long been sown? Are not many hundreds, and perhaps thousands, intellectually convinced? Is not God just as ready here as elsewhere to put this seal on our unworthy labors? Does he not *love* to pour out the Holy Spirit when his children wait on him and cry day and night? Why shall we then not look for great things? and why will not you, too, pray for us, that we may thus shout the harvest home? While I write, John, our faithful evangelist, has come in, and is giving a glowing account of what he has witnessed in a neighboring village, where he passed the night. His face is lighted up with joy, and the tears start to his eyes as he speaks of the mercy of the Lord to us. There is deep interest in Geog Tapa also."

His preaching labors at the village of Geog Tapa are described in a letter to Mr. Hazen:

"Every Sabbath morning Geog Tapa sends out ten young men, two and two, to the five villages around, who hold meetings and conduct Sabbath schools. In the evening they meet together to report progress, and pray for grace and strength. Some of these evening meetings have been intensely interesting. The zeal of the people for religious meetings on the Sabbath is very great. Take, for instance, the last Sabbath. We had Sabbath school from $8\frac{1}{2}$ to $10\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. From 1 to 2 P.M., a large class of women met at a private house, who thought the two hours in the morning were too short for them to devote to their stammering attempts to read. At 2 o'clock I preached to a large congregation. At 4 o'clock several of the morning classes met at the houses of their respective teachers, to review thoroughly what they learned in the Sabbath school. Then, at evening, was the meeting I have before spoken of. I assure you, they quite tire me out when I go there, and I at times (weak in body as I often am) shrink from going there on that account. Yet the spirit is willing, though the flesh is weak, and I consider it a most precious privilege to visit there often, and to call it 'my village.' Were it not for the exhausting labors of the seminary, I should visit it much oftener than I do."

To his dear and honored father:

"June 17th, 1854. Can it be *five* months since I have written you? How fast glide away our days and months, and years, even on missionary ground. Some persons think of us as lengthening out a weary existence, poor, unhappy exiles, fondly expecting in the other world the enjoyment we fail to get in this. This is just the reverse of the truth. I am never more happy. I never *have* been, I never *could* be, than in this, my mountain home, unless, indeed, I was a better Christian, and lived more a life of faith. My path is not, to be sure, strewed with roses, nor is it, on the other hand, hedged in with thorns. God is very good to me and mine. He has placed me in the position where, of all others, I love to be, and gives me abundance of the most interesting missionary work to do. I have to mourn over my unfaithfulness, my distance from the Saviour,

my want of love to souls. But, in other respects, I mourn not. O, for a heart to praise the Lord! O, for a sense of his infinite love! Father, I hope you are in the land of Beulah, and that, as you draw near the end of your long pilgrimage, you catch nearer and brighter glimpses of what is reserved for you. I hope you enjoy sweet communion with God, and are calmly looking forward to a home with him forever."

On the death of Rev. Messrs. Stocking and Crane, for many years his associates in the Nestorian field:

"July 18th, 1854. We have lately been reminded, in a most solemn manner, to set our houses in order, first by the death of our beloved brother Stocking, and more recently by the death of our sister, Mrs. Williams, who, with her husband, was on her way here from Mosul, for a visit. Mr. Stocking was a good man, *emphatically* a good man, and a very noble-hearted missionary. Active, energetic, untiring, judicious, devoted, he stood for sixteen years in the fore front of the battle. He never was in college; he never went to a theological seminary, and yet none of us could wield, like him, the sword of the Spirit. He was an eminent and eloquent preacher in Syriac, and did much to form our native preachers on the same model. A few years ago he began to fail. Still he held on his way, and was exceedingly unwilling to leave his post and return home. We, however, urged him to it, as his last resource. But a change—the journey—the voyage—the sight of his native land, could do nothing for him, and he quietly fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of April 30th, in New York. Our natives are very much affected by his death, and we may truly say the whole Nestorian people sit in sackcloth, so widely was he known, and so universally beloved. God grant that I may be as able as he to say at the last, 'I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith.'"

"In many respects we have had a quiet, prosperous summer, but in other respects our mission has been deeply afflicted. The death of Mr. Stocking was a great loss to us. He was a noble missionary,

and many Nestorians will hereafter rise up and call him blessed. About the 1st of September our dear brother Crane was called to his rest. His disease was typhus fever. He was in the vigor of youth, and had just acquired the language, and promised extensive usefulness in the mountain field. But God had higher work for him, and he now serves him day and night in his temple. He has a better home than he could ever have in Koordistan. We can not weep for him. We weep only for ourselves. Do you remember this brother—how, one Saturday evening, he introduced himself to us in your study? He was very frank in his manner, an excellent companion, of good judgment, of far more than ordinary talent, and uncommon piety."

Of the comparative importance of teaching and preaching, upon missionary ground, Mr. Stoddard thus expresses himself in a letter to Rev. Mr. Williams of Mosul:

"November 22d, 1854. My impression is that, taking the field of the American Board through, the business of teaching has been *overdone;* that a vast amount of strength has been expended in village schools, very imperfectly superintended, and in India, under *heathen* teachers, which might have been better expended in the direct preaching of the Gospel. The business has been greatly overdone here, as we nearly all of us firmly believe. Many of our village schools have accomplished nothing; and the reason is that they were not and could not be brought under a direct religious influence. Mr. Stocking visited them once a month and did the very best he could; but his visit was a flying one, and the moment he passed by to look after the other seventy-nine schools, things reverted to their old course. That course in many cases was a sad one. Since some of the teachers and their older scholars have become pious, we have learned abominations which we never dreamed of at the time they were enacted. For example, one young man told me that, when at school in Ada, his teacher used *habitually* to lock up the scholars and then go away to gamble! Of course they learned nothing, but whenever the boy, placed on the roof to watch, cried out, 'Sabib is entering the vil-

lage,' then there was a whirl for a few moments and the school was all in grand order and the teacher at his post!

"While this has been true of many of our schools, and especially those in the remote villages and those taught (?) by mercenaries, it has not (bless God) been true of all. On the contrary, our schools in Geog Tapa, for example, have done a noble work and a work which I believe could have been brought forward in no other way. They have stimulated the masses with a desire for improvement, and are, in my opinion, at the foundation of most that is really good in the village.

"In a word, I am in favor of village schools only when they can be brought under teachers *decidedly pious*, who labor not for filthy lucre, but for that Saviour who bought them with his own blood. We even now have few enough of such teachers, but, let them be few or many, I think we should adhere to this rule.

"In regard to *seminaries*, in charge of missionaries, who give themselves to their work, I believe they are beyond all price in carrying forward the chariot of salvation, and especially where constant and jealous care is taken that they are not *secularized*. Our experience is very decided on this subject. So is that of the Ceylon mission. If we are ever to finish up our work—I mean we missionaries—and go to new fields, it is of immense importance (I know not how to use language strong enough) that we have natives in considerable numbers of well disciplined minds, as well as fired with apostolic zeal. How we are to get them I do not see, unless we establish seminaries like ours at Seir, and then try by God's blessing to pervade them with the influences of God's Spirit. Come here and see if, schoolmaster as I am, I do not *preach* to my scholars. It is one of the best of audiences too. What a privilege to have such an audience to preach to from morning to night. It ought to tell on the welfare of these Nestorians greatly, and if it does not, I shall be free to say that we have wrestled too little on our knees for the blessing."

The following letter shows that Mr. Stoddard was grow-

ing in the conviction that a distinct church organization of the Nestorian converts would soon become a necessity.

"December 15th, 1854. I have read with delight and gratitude the account of the meeting of the Board at Hartford, and I have no doubt it is read with delight and gratitude throughout the world. It is cause of special thanksgiving that you were so harmonious on a subject which produces everywhere so much excitement. I hope this new year will be one of rich blessings to all our missions. As for ourselves, I think I see some signs of a retrograde movement for a year or two, and I confess I look forward to the future with some anxiety. As soon as it shall be definitely settled that we can not *vigorously* prosecute the reformation *in* the church, I shall be in favor of a separation. It will not do to have so precious a harvest lost. Hitherto I believe our course has been a wise one, but not unattended with peril. The pious Nestorians have so much lumber to carry round on their backs that it is more difficult than you may imagine for them to stand up, freemen in Christ Jesus. You will be glad to know that we have held a communion season, at which a number of them were invited, and we expect to have another the first of next month. Our plan is, as soon as we can bring it about, to have all the pious Nestorians commune with us three times in a year or once in four months. They need sadly the benefit of this ordinance, administered in a solemn and scriptural manner."

His humility appears in the following, to a sister:

"January 16th, 1855. If I regard the *manner* in which I perform my daily duties, I am often filled with deep sorrow. It is easy to preach, but not easy to preach in the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. It is easy to invite others to repentance, but not easy to travail in birth for their souls. It is easy to live a moral, upright life, but not easy to have Christ ever reigning supreme over all our affections. In a word, it is easy to be called a missionary and to be doing, here and there, some little good; but not easy to live,

either in America or in Persia, a life of faith on the Son of God. I hope you are far in advance of me in your way to heaven, and that you will pray that I may grow, much faster than I have been growing of late, to the stature of a perfect man in Christ Jesus."

Of the signs of the times during the Crimean war, he writes:

"I have this fall and winter been quite busy in preparing a course of lectures for our pupils, on the evidences of Christianity, and I have found it a very delightful employment. Situated as they are, among Mohammedans and Jews, it is specially important that they be well grounded in the faith, and be able to give to every man an answer with meekness of wisdom. The time may come, I should not wonder if it came speedily, when the door for preaching the Gospel to the millions of Mohammedan Persia shall be thrown wide open. This gives an importance to our labors which they could not otherwise possess. We are on the eve of great events. The old foundations are broken up. Nation is dashed against nation like a potter's vessel. These eastern countries are becoming more involved every day, and in all human probability Mohammedan power is now forever to fall. Whatever *other* results come from the war, whether Russians or the Allies conquer, I believe the death-knell of Mohammedanism is now struck."

Of the family feeling of missionaries as illustrated from common trials:

"March 19, 1855. This has been a year of deep affliction in Western Asia. You know two adults belonging to this mission and three children have died. Then Mrs. Williams at Mosul, and Mrs. Nutting at Aintab, are gone; and the last two mails have brought us the painful intelligence of the death of Mrs. Everett and Mr. Benjamin in Constantinople. We missionaries, in some sort, form one great family, and when one of our number is taken away, especially one whom we have personally known and loved, we are afflicted by

the stroke in a manner different from what you in America can be. Soon we too shall be gone, it matters little when or how, if our treasure is only laid up in heaven. Oh, sister, let us earnestly and perseveringly seek to live a life of heaven on earth."

To Dr. Lobdell at Mosul, upon new perils:

"March 28th, 1855. I can not let this messenger go, without telling you how grieved I am to hear of your sickness, and especially as I fear it has been brought on by your late journey to Bagdad, undertaken on our account. May our Heavenly Father grant you a full and speedy restoration, if you have not been thus blessed already. We are *very much* obliged to you for your great kindness in going to Bagdad, and interesting in our behalf the new ambassador, and, as things now seem to be going, it is possible that your representations may, under God, contribute materially to save this mission from destruction. We are yet quite in the dark as to what Asker Khan, the new Governor of the Nestorians, will do, but his designs appear to be any thing but favorable to us. He, however, evidently looks with a more favorable eye on the Catholics, and perhaps was bribed by them in passing through Salmas.

"We rejoice that *God reigns*, and that we are in his hands, and that we are to be disposed of just as he sees best. He has long watched over and blessed us, and will do it still if we only put an implicit, childlike trust in him. I sometimes wonder that I have not more anxiety about the future, but I indulge a hope that my quietness of feeling may be, at least in some small measure, the result of faith, and not all blind fatalism."

Dr. Lobdell was one of the choicest spirits in the foreign missionary service; a man of thorough science, of liberal culture, of excellent judgment, of mature piety. His early death, like that of Dr. Azariah Smith, was the more painfully felt because his medical knowledge, so serviceable in guiding and restraining others, did not suffice in his own case to regulate the fire of missionary zeal. The very

next letter of Mr. Stoddard to Mosul was a letter of condolence to the widow of this beloved brother.

"Oroomiah, May 2d, 1855.

"My Dear Afflicted Sister:

"When the Mosul packet was brought in Monday morning, I opened it with a beating heart, fearing the worst, and yet hoping far more than I feared. I had supposed I was, however, prepared for any announcement. But when I glanced at the letters and saw that our beloved brother was no more, that you were left a widow, and the little ones fatherless, I was quite overcome by my feelings. I had not *believed* it would be so. I knew that he was very low when you wrote, and that, humanly speaking, the chances might be against him. Still I felt that he was not to be cut down now; that God would spare him to you and those dear children in this land of strangers; that God would make him a greater and greater blessing to the perishing ones around you, and a brighter and still brighter ornament to the church of Christ. But how was I mistaken. My hopes were withered in a moment by the startling words, 'Brother Lobdell is *dead*." *Is dead.* Is it indeed so? Shall I never more meet him on earth? Never more hold sweet converse with him? Never more kneel by his side in prayer? Never more feel that we are laboring, shoulder to shoulder, though on different sides of the mountain, in the blessed cause of Christ? Is his precious life so soon sacrificed? Is he hurried away from the scene of his toils, before he could see the fruits ripen and aid in shouting the harvest home? How *sad.* What a blow to that dear wife. What a loss to those infant children. What a discouragement to that little and already twice-stricken missionary band. Why *need* this be? Is this infinite wisdom? Is this infinite love? Does not God sometimes make mistakes? Will his cause in this way ever be likely to triumph? Will not enemies gather courage, and friends lose all heart?

"Yes, these and a thousand more such questions will press themselves upon us. But, blessed be God, Faith, Faith will in a moment dispose of them all. We meet our brother no more on earth, but we

are soon to meet him in a world of infinite glory. There shall we hold communion with him as we never could on earth. There shall we kneel by his side in *praise*, as we here were wont to kneel in *prayer*. His life is *not* sacrificed. The master had need of him, and called him to higher service. Though hurried away from the scene of his toils, he forms one of the great cloud of witnesses, who bend down, intent on our every movement, from the battlements of heaven. When the angels rejoice over one sinner repenting in Mosul, he will rejoice with them. His dear wife has indeed received a heavy blow. Yet see how she sings of mercy, even in the furnace of affliction. How she realizes the height and depth of the promises of God's word. How she stands on the banks of the Jordan, catching glimpses of the glory beyond, which she never *dreamed* of till her own dear husband crossed over the river. Those infant children are indeed left without a father. But will not *God* be their father? And is he not a thousand times better than any earthly protector and friend? The ranks are thinned, but God is thus disciplining and sanctifying and preparing for greater usefulness those who remain. All is done in wisdom, all in love. God knows best. We will not murmur. We will not desire to have our own way. Let him do what he pleases with us and ours. Our part is childlike submission —humble, unwavering, triumphing faith.

"Dear Sister, my heart bleeds for you, and yet I can comfort you with the comfort wherewith I have myself been comforted of God. Know *assuredly* that you will not be forsaken. Know that in time and through eternity all will be well. If God has given you his own Son to die for you, and his own Spirit to seal you an heir of glory, he will not fail you in this time of your need. O *trust* him; trust with *all your* heart. He is an ever-present help in time of trouble. *Say* over and *sing* over,

"'If through untroubled seas,
To heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee
We'll own the favoring gale.

"'But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come:—
Blest be the *sorrow*, *kind* the *storm*,
Which drives us nearer home.'

"I would gladly write you more, but peculiar circumstances have taken up all my time and I must now close by subscribing myself,

"Your very affectionate and sympathising missionary brother,

"D. T. STODDARD."

To a brother in Northampton:

"How is it with you, dear brother? are you pressing on in your pilgrimage, staff in hand, and your eye on Prince Immanuel? Does heaven grow more attractive and seem nearer and nearer? Do you live in daily readiness for the call of the Master, and can you say, 'for me to live is Christ and to die gain?' I hope that you are far in advance in this respect of your missionary brother. It is apt to be supposed that being on missionary ground, we must of course be heavenly minded, growing Christians. But we ever carry our wicked hearts with us, which are quite as wicked when we are in Persia as when we are in America, and the force of external temptations is even greater than with you. So, if it were not for the special grace of Christ, I know not what would become of missionaries or the cause which they represent. Pray for us, that we may prove good soldiers of the cross, and fight steadily and successfully the good fight of faith and lay hold on eternal life. We must *fight*, if we would *reign*.

"We have little of news to communicate, except that the government seems stirred up to renewed hostility against us. The Khans, who have for generations here rioted in the oppression and misery of the Nestorians, have for the last few years felt our presence here to be a great restraint upon them; and while they have been externally civil, there is no doubt that at heart they are our enemies and would glory in the destruction of our mission. We suppose

that these nobles have secretly used an influence with the king, prejudicial to us, persuading him that we were instilling into his subjects principles of freedom, which would make them uneasy and revolutionary, and were acquiring a personal influence in Northern Persia which foreigners ought not to possess, and which might at some day bring great disaster to the 'center of the world.' It has been represented that at first a few 'Engleese' came to *India*, then a few more, then a few soldiers, until now the whole country has been subjected. And there are many in Persia, weak enough and ignorant enough to confound us with the 'Engleese,' and to swallow just such stories as these. The only wonder is that for twenty years we have been so little molested, while living under so despotic and jealous a government. No doubt, however, the Lord is on our side and will take care of us, so that in the end no harm will come to his precious cause. No doubt, too, that 'Michael, one of the chief princes,' will help fight against 'the prince of the kingdom of Persia,' not only 'one and twenty days,' but one and twenty *years*, if it is necessary to the destruction of Christ's enemies and the establishment of his kingdom. Daniel, x. 13."

To Rev. Mr. Cochran, his associate in the seminary, then absent at Constantinople for his health, Mr. Stoddard writes of the renewed interference of government with the mission.

"September 27th, 1855. Asker Khan has of late revealed to Dr. Wright much more than we supposed he would about his orders and his intentions. He says he shall be obliged to visit the *girls' school*, when it assembles, and see to it that they are reading nothing but their own books, and that he can permit neither geography nor arithmetic, nor any science, to be taught there. He also says he must look after our *press* and examine the character of its issues. And, farther, that he must know who our helpers are and *where* they are, and what they are doing; and that if they, or any of the people, shall be found to have broken their fasts or to have departed

from the way of their fathers, they are to be treated as 'criminals.' The Dr. has also had a talk in private with the Vizier of the Prince, who has been intimate with Mr. Stevens and accused of favoring the English more than his own people. He says that the design of the government is to hem us in and embarrass us, so that we shall *at the last* be compelled to retire from the country; but they wish to do it, so that it shall not appear to be open violence. He adds that, in case we are molested, he could not aid us, as he would thereby lose his place and 'good name,' though he intimated that his sympathies might be strongly with us.

Under all these circumstances—the probability, if not *certainty*—that as soon as we commenced our winter's labors we should be in hot water on every side, and the further fact that since the ambassador's arrival at Teheran, (April 12th) we have heard not a word from there, and know not whether he has lifted a finger, or designs to do so, in our defense, we have thought it best that Dr. Wright should go to Tabreez and there endeavor to elicit light.

"Thus, in a few words, I have told you the story of our present position, so far as the government is concerned. It can not be denied that things wear a very threatening aspect, but we trust that our Heavenly Father will overrule all for good, so that our enemies shall be ashamed, and all the friends of Christ here be constrained to magnify his name. He is always better to us than our fears, often better than our highest hopes."

These signs of opposition from government led Mr. Stoddard to feel more deeply the importance of a separate church organization for the evangelical Nestorians. Yet they could only watch the gathering storm, and wait the will of God.

"The time seems to have fully come, if indeed it is not already past, to form a Protestant evangelical church among the Nestorians, such as has been formed among the Armenians. But, so far from our being able to form such a church, the government is opposed to the least

attempt at proselytism, and bears down on us in every way in its power, evidently hoping that we shall withdraw from the country. I think the king is just weak enough and ignorant enough to suppose that we are political spies, employed by England and designed to aid in the subjugation of the country to that power. What more liberal ideas can we expect of a king, who has never traveled through his dominions, who knows next to nothing of foreign countries, and who, shut up in his harem, is intoxicated half the time and reveling in voluptuous pleasures the other half?

"The principal evil we now encounter is this: in the absence of a church organization, the pious natives are not bound together as they should be in a firm and delightful brotherhood; but are scattered among the people, too much tempted to conform to their customs and superstitious observances, and to catch their spirit. They do not feel enough that the work rests on their shoulders. They do not feel half the interest in trying to patch up and adorn with Christian graces their old church, (which many of them believe is hopelessly decrepid, if not inherently corrupt) that they would in the formation and extension of pure churches, founded not on patriarchs or bishops, but on Jesus Christ, the chief corner stone. Then again it is very difficult to develop liberality among them. They are taxed for the support of the old church, and help, willingly or unwillingly, to feed a host of lazy priests and deacons; and having done this, are apt to feel that they have done enough, at least in the way of supporting religion among their own people. The native helpers are looked on rather as *ours* than *theirs*, and it will be very hard, in the existing order of things, to throw the burden of their support upon an *unorganized* body of pious natives, who yet have an organization of their own which is worse than nothing. I have not time to go into this subject, which is a great one, and most important in its bearing on the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom here. While most of us would rejoice to see the way open for Protestant and pure churches here, we must be content, in the absence of the English embassy and during the bitter hostility of the government, to take in sail, and hope and pray for better times. One thing is certain,

that the Gospel is destined to achieve a great and glorious triumph throughout this country and the world. The Lord hasten it in his time."

To Rev. D. W. Marsh, Mosul:

"November 16th, 1855. You will be glad to hear that our girls' seminary is now in operation and has been for nearly two weeks, without any effort on the part of Asker Khan to molest it. The letters which Dr. Wright procured at Tabreez, and the letter from Mr. Murray to the Vizier of the Prince Governor of Oroomiah, have undoubtedly had a happy effect to repress his efforts for our destruction—at least for a time, and to make him seriously doubt whether he had better carry out his orders. He finds, perhaps to his surprise, that we have able and willing friends, English and Russians, and that if he pursues any means of *open* hostility to us, he will very likely lose his place, if indeed he is not disgraced at court. Such considerations will keep him quiet now, it may be all winter, it may be 'for good.' So long as our female seminary is undisturbed, we may confidently hope that all our operations will be, as that has from the first appeared more obnoxious than any other department. It must not, however, be concealed that Asker Khan, by reviling us behind our backs and by great swelling words of vanity, as to what the king would do, has frightened a multitude of our half way friends, and made it more difficult than for years before to carry on our operations. Beside this, it is now well understood by us that another Asker Khan, the principal nobleman of these parts, who has been much at Teheran of late years, was the principal agent in getting up this opposition, and that he now secretly puts up the other Khans to thwart us in every way in their power. And, inasmuch as these Khans have almost an absolute control over their respective villages, they have of course the means of annoying all connected with us to any extent they desire. All they need be on their guard about is this, *not to appear themselves* as our opponents, but to work through subordinates. But God will in the end bring

their counsel to nought. I would as soon have God on my side as 'half a dozen' of the greatest Khans who ever vegetated in this kingdom."

To his venerable father:

"December 31st, 1855. I love to think of you as an aged pilgrim, who has reached the land of Beulah; who has near and delightful views of the heavenly inheritance; who can now and then catch the musical strains which float down from that blessed world; and who only waits for the summons to march fearlessly into the river, and cross over to the other shore. Would that I could sit once more by your side, and talk with you of these sacred themes, and learn more than I can now know of your feelings, in the near prospect of such a glorious exchange of worlds. I trust you enjoy much and intimate communion with God, and that you are able to say, with sweet assurance, 'I *know* whom I have believed; I know that I love the Saviour, and that he loves me; I know that soon I shall be like him, for I shall see him as he is.'

"When Barzillai was fourscore years old, he said to David, 'can I discern between good and evil? Can thy servant taste what I eat, or what I drink? Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?' I rejoice to learn that it is not so with you; that you are rather like Moses than Barzillai, and that your eye is not dim, nor your natural force abated."

To a nephew, engaged in the study of theology:

"February 12th, 1856. You will naturally devote a good deal of attention, the first year, to the Greek of the New Testament, and the Hebrew, and I hope you will make *thorough work* with them. Perhaps you have already familiarized yourself, in a measure, with the Greek Testament. If not, you can easily gain a tolerable acquaintance with it, for which purpose there are several excellent grammars. I would not exchange for any amount of gold and silver, my knowledge of the Greek Testament. I have read it, more

or less, for twenty-six years, and, since I went to Andover, in 1839, I have read it a great deal. Of course I have explored all its nooks and corners, and become very familiar with its phraseology. While I admire the noble translation made from it into the Anglo-Saxon, I must say that I derive more pleasure and profit from reading the Greek. This was the *very language* the Holy Ghost used, and it must be that the fountain is more pure than the stream, however pure the stream may be. I will add, in this connection, that I believe we derive more pleasure from reading the Greek Testament *here* than we could under almost any other circumstances. You know that the principal difference between this Greek and classic Greek consists in this, that the New Testament writers spoke Greek as a *foreign language*, and introduced into it a multitude of Syriac (if you please, *Syro-Chaldaic*) idioms. Now, familiar as we are with the latter language, we can appreciate just what the writer meant, and just the turn of thought in his mind, much better than if we came to the Greek Testament after only the study of Thucydides or Xenophon. Passages about which there have been volumes of controversy, seem, as Stuart used to say, very 'facile' and natural, when viewed from our stand-point.

"Now a word as to the *Hebrew*. If you want to buy Hebrew books cheap, you can generally do so by going to those ministers who have been out of the seminary a year or two. At least this was the fact fifteen years ago. Having acquired a mere smattering of Hebrew in the seminary, it was too difficult for them to pursue the study after entering on their ministerial duties, and so they relinquished it altogether. I hope the state of things in this respect is becoming better in America, but I fear it improves very slowly. The Hebrew is a difficult language to a beginner. We will grant that it is *beset* with difficulties on every side. But only persevere a little, and they will vanish, and leave you in possession of the coveted treasure. And *what* a treasure! An ability to read the whole word of God in the original languages. You are to be a minister—an authorized expounder of the Bible. And will you be content to get at the document at second-hand, and take up with the opinions of other

men, even though they be more learned than yourself, when you ought to exercise your own independent judgment?

"I suppose that you are a good linguist; that you have encountered, and thoroughly mastered, the difficulties of the Latin and Greek. Let me say, then, that by diligence, a *solid* foundation may be laid in a year or a year and a half, for such an acquaintance with the originals of the Old and New Testament, as will enable you to read them with great pleasure, and still more profit, all your life. *Try it. Macte virtute.* Try it, and then tell me whether my advice is not good.

"But, my dear C., if you should become a great Biblical scholar, without being a humble, holy Christian; if your fondness for your Hebrew grammar should entice you from your closet; if you should suffer yourself to think more of the external form in which the Bible is communicated to us, than of the living Spirit which everywhere pervades it; then I should regret having given you such advice, and feel that I had done you a lasting injury. Whatever else you are, or are not, my dear C., be a whole-hearted Christian. A thousand motives call on you thus to give yourself up to the Saviour. But the great constraining motives should be, love to him and love to souls for whom he died. Take your stand on Calvary, and gaze on that meek Sufferer, who hangs there on the cross, till your whole soul is a-glow. This is the best preparation for preaching Christ. In one point of view it seems the *only* preparation worth having. Then you will speak with effect. Then you will reach the heart and move the conscience. But, without love to Christ, whatever your intellectual furniture, or your classical attainments, you will be as sounding brass, and a tinkling cymbal."

Early in 1856, the missionaries were again cheered with a revival among the Nestorians. Mr. Stoddard rejoiced anew in its precious scenes. At the same time he wrote thus to his brother in Boston:

"O, brother, pray for me, that I may be found *faithful*, and have

grace to meet my many responsibilities. It is a very solemn thing to pass through a revival of religion, and especially to be much engaged in the work of pointing perishing souls to Christ. I long to have this work of grace a *deep* one, both in my own soul, and in the souls of all around me."

The general character of Mr. Stoddard's instructions to his pupils may be inferred from the following letter to a theological student in the United States:

"'*Addictus jurare ad verba nullius magistri*,' is a good rule for all young men preparing for the ministry, especially if they will take care not to foster a conceited opinion of themselves and their own views. The best course of all is to go to the Bible, and earnestly, humbly, and prayerfully sit at the feet of the great Teacher. I do not believe *the Bible* was half enough read, meditated on, and prayed over by the students when I was at Andover and New Haven. And I do not believe that any man who makes the law of the Lord his daily counselor and best friend, will be likely to err greatly in his theological opinions.

"Since my return from America, as possibly I have told you, I have prepared a full course of theological lectures for our students, which I go over every two years. I find they are very much interested in the study, and I have succeeded beyond my highest hopes in confining them to the simple word of God. Yet I do not repress inquiry on any legitimate subject. On the contrary, I encourage it, and am never happier than when, surrounded by my pupils, I find them asking more questions than I can find time to answer. If you were to read what I have prepared, I do not believe that, in *general*, you could tell whether I was Old school or New school, but I think you would admit that I had got in a good deal of the Bible."

Of the general progress of the work, Mr. Stoddard thus writes to Dr. Anderson:

"September 23, 1856. We have now been for six months in this

remote land without any political protection, and at the mercy of this hostile government, in consequence of the withdrawal from Persia of the English ambassador. We have also been subjected to frequent annoyances from Asker Khan, the Governor of the Nestorians and Inspector-general of the Nestorian mission, as well as from the Mohammedan nobles of Oroomiah, who would rejoice to do us all the mischief in their power, and to see our light go out in darkness. Yet there was perhaps never a time when, *on the whole*, our work presented a more cheering aspect than now. Those who have charge of the seminaries are every year acquiring that experience which enables them to lay out their strength to the best advantage. Several important text books have been prepared for the pupils, which relieve us in a measure from the severe and often unproductive labor of oral teaching. The native assistants have become so familiar with the course of study that they are able to teach very successfully some of those branches which formerly devolved upon us. The seminaries, too, are more appreciated by the more intelligent among the people, who earnestly desire an education in them for their sons and daughters.

"The village schools, being scattered widely over the plain, and presenting in consequence many vulnerable points to our enemies, have suffered more the last year or two, from our want of efficient protection, than the seminaries which are conducted on our own premises. In a few instances the masters of the villages were able last winter to intimidate the people and prevent them from sending their children. In some cases they succeeded in annoying and rendering uncomfortable the situation of the teachers. But notwithstanding these drawbacks, the general cause of education is on the advance. The teachers of the village schools, who have many of them been educated in the seminaries, are altogether superior as a class to what they were a few years ago, and thus not only is the standard of instruction in these schools raised, but far more religious influence is exerted over the pupils. Middle aged persons, and heads of families, are also learning to read far more than formerly in our Sabbath schools, and with a very happy effect on the general cause.

"There was never, probably, a year of our mission when more people than at present were brought within the sound of the Gospel, or were stated attendants on preaching. Beside our somewhat numerous corps of preachers dispersed in different villages, who instruct the people on the Sabbath and during the week, in companies varying from five or ten to fifty or a hundred, and even more, the pupils of our seminaries, who spend the summer months at their homes, do much, it is believed, to scatter the good seed of the Word. We have also kept two faithful native evangelists constantly at work this summer, who have scoured the plain in every direction, visited some sixty or seventy villages, and carried the bread of life, so to speak, to every man's door."

In the month of October Mr. Stoddard made a tour in the mountains of Koordistan in company with Mr. Cochran and Miss Fisk, and Mr. and Mrs. Rhea, whose station was at Gawar. This journey did much to strengthen the hands of the missionaries who have labored in the mountain districts, with so much self-denial and faith, and to demonstrate the importance of *woman's* aid in all efforts to reach with the Gospel her degraded sisters in the East. Mr. Stoddard's journal is too long and too minute to be here inserted.

On the first Sabbath in November, 1856, Mr. Stoddard had the joy of welcoming his eldest daughter, Harriet, to the fellowship of the Mission Church. On that occasion the three oldest children in the Mission publicly professed their faith in Christ. It was a day of great rejoicing to their parents and to the entire Mission. Mr. Stoddard felt it to be among the crowning joys of his life.

CHAPTER XXIII.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

In the autumn of 1856 the attitude of the Persian government toward the American missionaries and their work at Oroomiah, rendered it important that a deputation from the Mission should again wait upon the high civic functionaries at Tabreez. Mr. Stoddard had more than once been sent upon a similar mission, and by his gentleness of manner, combined with decision of purpose, his knowledge of languages, and his excellent practical sense, he had proved himself a valuable advocate in times of peril. He was now deputed, in company with Dr. Wright, to accomplish this difficult and delicate embassy. The journey was, of course, performed on horseback, and, as his custom was, Mr. Stoddard beguiled the way with hymns and sacred songs. "His soul was in a happy frame, and though a cloud hung over the Mission, he looked beyond it, and was joyful." As he had opportunity, he preached to the Nestorians in the villages along the way; and he also occupied himself by night in the perusal of a learned memoir on an old Arabic work, which the Russian consul at Tabreez had prepared in French, and had forwarded for his inspection. After a long day's ride, he would sit for hours by a feeble light, in the rude house that served for an inn, poring over

a manuscript that promised to aid him in the literary labors of the mission.

The incidents and results of this journey are sketched in the following extracts from notes and letters written on the way. To his wife he sends word from Gavalan, after the labors of the Sabbath:

"I conducted the Sabbath-school and the evening service, and feel very bright and well. It is now delightful weather for traveling, so long as we have no rain, and I anticipate an agreeable journey. Of course we feel some anxiety as to what may be the result of our application to Mr. Khanikoff (the Russian consul at Tabreez, who has often befriended the mission), but try to leave all with our Father in heaven, who loves the cause more, a thousand-fold, than we can."

"Tabreez, December 1st, 1856. We arrived here on Wednesday evening, and were cordially received by Dr. Cormick (an English physician), who has surrounded us with every comfort and luxury in his magnificent house. There is little cholera in Tabreez, and we and the servants are all perfectly well."

"December 3d. We *earnestly* hoped to be able to set out this morning, and to arrive at home on Saturday evening. But the time of our leaving now seems as distant as ever, and we have nothing to do but watch and pray, and wait while our friends are exerting their influence for us. It seems to us to be our evident duty to remain here, at least some days longer."

To Mr. Charles Stoddard, of Boston, he writes from Tabreez:

"December 6th, 1856. Dr. Wright and myself have now been here ten days, but have accomplished very little. Probably a day or two more will determine whether we are to go back to Oroomiah saddened, and inclined to despondency, or with our hearts magnify-

ing the Lord for his fresh deliverances. In *any* case, I trust we shall be willing, with meekness and submission, to receive just what our heavenly Father sends, assured that his way is the best way, and that he will, sooner or later, bring affairs to a happy termination, and magnify his great and holy name. Dr. Wright will write so fully to Dr. Anderson on the business which has brought us here, that it would not be worth while for me to repeat the same things to you. You will be glad to hear that Mr. Khanikoff treats us with great attention, and desires in every way to give us *un*official aid. We only regret that his aid is not *official*, and that there is some reason to apprehend that the sympathies of his government lie in a different direction from his own. I hope the Prudential Committee will see their way clear to apply to our government in regard to the general subject, as suggested by Mr. Perkins. We are very willing to live on, however, as at present, without any official protection, and trusting in the Lord, if that is really the best way. But we suppose that if we can have protection it is proper to 'use it rather.'"

The utmost which Dr. Wright and Mr. Stoddard could accomplish at Tabreez, was to procure from the Kaimmakam, a superior officer of the Persian government, a letter designed to restrain somewhat the imperious demands of Asker Khan. In procuring this order, the deputation had the kind co-operation of Mr. Khanikoff, the Russian consul-general at Tabreez, whose personal friendship Mr. Stoddard acknowledged in the warmest terms. Indeed, quite an intimacy had sprung up between the consul and Mr. Stoddard, through their correspondence upon matters of science and of oriental literature and antiquities. While not authorized to afford them his official protection, Mr. Khanikoff has given to the mission many and substantial proofs of his friendship. On this occasion he added his own remonstrances to those of the Kaimmakam.

These papers, however, proved of no avail; for with that duplicity which characterizes oriental diplomacy, counter orders were secretly issued to Asker Khan, from Tabreez, and he openly repudiated the written orders brought thence by the missionaries. Under date of December 18th, Mr. Stoddard writes:

"I am very sorry to say that the papers we brought from Tabreez proved of no service, and things are worse than ever. Our helpers are now beaten because they are our helpers; and some of them thrown into prison, and threatened with being sent to Teheran in irons! Our village schools are nearly all broken up, and we are daily expecting an attack on our seminaries. What is in store for us, we know not, but we feel that we must walk by faith, for we can not walk by sight. One thing is certain, and to this we cling: God loves his cause infinitely more than we do."

In this crisis Mr. Stoddard, at the request of the mission, prepared and forwarded for publication in the London newspapers, a letter addressed to Sir J. Anderson, of Glasgow, setting forth the oppression of the Nestorians, and expressing "the earnest hope that, on the return of the English embassy, free toleration may be secured for the Christians of Persia."

But the providence of God interfered in a remarkable manner to rid the mission and the district of this petty tyrant. In a letter addressed to the Rev. Mr. Rhea, Dec. 20th, 1856, he writes:

"You will be pained to hear that the letters which we brought from the Kaimmakam and the Russian consul seemed to be of no avail for our protection. In regard to the first, the Khan said he had another order simultaneously issued by the Kaimmakam, directing him to go on just as before. In regard to the other, he said

he was not responsible to the Russian consul but to the Persian Government. You will hear of his throwing Yosif, our translator, this week, into prison and threatening to send him in chains to Teheran, because he was guilty of preaching last Sabbath in the church. This was so bold a stroke that we have been daily expecting an attack on our two seminaries. They are, however, thus far spared, and it is my earnest prayer that they may be, especially that in the city. It seems to me I would rather have anything almost happen to the boys' seminary than to have our dear sisters disturbed in their very useful and self-denying labors.

"While in this suspense, all of a sudden came the announcement, like a clap of thunder, that the other Asker Khan, the great oppressor of Oroomiah and the great enemy of our work, had been assassinated by a Koord! Such an astounding report we could hardly believe, but one messenger after another came and confirmed the tidings. As I suppose Dr. Wright will give you the details, I will only allude briefly to the facts. You know that it was asserted when the quarrel was commenced between the Persians and the Koords, that Asker Khan was getting it all up for fear that he should be ordered off to the south of Persia. Poor, infatuated man. How little he dreamed that he was to die so soon a dog's death by the hand of violence.

"It seems that Sultan Beg, who is quite a great man in the region of Mergawer, was induced by Malek Mansoor Meeza to come down to the camp of Asker Khan, on the pledged word of the Prince that he should be detained but one night. While in the camp such extravagant demands were made of him, seventeen hundred tomauns in money being demanded, as well as the destruction of his fort, that he was rendered quite desperate. He had also reason to suppose that his life would be taken. So he determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, and entering the Khan's tent despatched him with his dagger. The Prince was sitting by and offered to interfere, but on being threatened by the assassin made his escape from the tent. It was probably Sultan Beg's intention, or rather hope, to escape in the confusion, and it is said that he had

his horse saddled at the tent door. He was, however, seized and his body cut to pieces in a few moments.

"We did not learn of the death of the Khan till yesterday forenoon about ten o'clock, though it had occurred long before dark the preceding day. When the news came the funeral procession was far on its way to the city, and distinctly visible from our roof. It probably comprised many hundreds and perhaps several thousands of persons. Of course this event has thrown the city into great confusion, and until there can be word received from Tabreez, (say Monday or Tuesday,) there is virtually no government. The Koords, exasperated by the loss of Sultan Beg and some other of their chiefs, all assembled in considerable force in Mergawer—it is said two thousand—and there is a good deal of reason to apprehend that some villages in Baran Dooze will be sacked. At any rate the people of that district and of Hyder Loo and Seir are quite alarmed, and to-day, as I went to the city, I saw perhaps forty or fifty loads of valuables on the road, which the owners were carrying off to more distant villages for safe keeping. This evening the people of Seir have been bringing in and depositing with us their valuables, but I do not really think there is any immediate occasion for their alarm.

"These are eventful times. We know not what a day may bring forth. The death of Asker Khan will affect us very much and probably prove a great blessing to us as well as to multitudes of others, Nestorians and Persians. We can not, however, speak with certainty yet. It is unquestionable that he was at the bottom of all this enmity against us and our work, getting up when at Teheran the original firman, and now directing Asker Ali Khan, day by day, in its execution. The latter is evidently alarmed at the new state of things, and is as quiet as a lamb. He says if he had five tomauns to spare he would run away. This money Miss Fisk offers to furnish, but I believe has not sent word to the Khan as yet.

"These are times when we ought to watch unto prayer, keeping very humble and prayerful, and being exceedingly solicitous that we understand and profit by the dealings of God's Providence. Your brother in Christ. D. T. Stoddard."

This letter proved to be the last from Mr. Stoddard's pen. Hardly had he recorded the providential deliverance of the mission from the dangers he had labored to avert, when he was called to rest from all earthly labor and care, and to enter into the joy of the Lord. His sojourn at Tabreez was protracted for three weeks, during which time he was in constant anxiety and perplexity concerning the affairs of the mission. This prolonged mental excitement, together with a change of diet and the exposures of the journey, produced unfavorable effects upon his system; and on his homeward route he had premonitory symptoms of fever. But he seemed possessed with the idea that he could not become a subject of *typhus* fever—so fatal to Franks in the East. The day before he reached Seir, he suffered severely from headache, and looked so pale and sickly that the fears of his medical companion were aroused. But with a cheerful tone he said, "I shall be better to-morrow, *home* will put me all right again."

On reaching home he found Mr. Cochran and two of the native teachers disabled by sickness, so that for a few days he felt obliged to devote himself entirely to the duties of the seminary. In the ensuing ten days he preached three times, besides being much in school, sometimes hearing double lessons, and much also in his study laboring to reduce the correspondence and other cares which had accumulated in his absence. But the fever which was lurking in his veins undermined his strength, and at length conquered even his iron resolution. On the 22d of December, ten days after his return from Tabreez, he became decidedly ill, but he continued to perform most of his public duties for three days longer. The day before—the last Sabbath on which he preached—he discoursed of death; and

in the course of the sermon said, "we know not who of us may next lie in the coffin before this desk; it may be you; it may be myself." On the 25th he was so much prostrated as to be obliged to confine himself to his bed; there he lay for two and thirty days, while the fever ran its fatal course. At the end of the first fortnight the disease seemed to be arrested, if not subdued, but it soon returned, with more alarming symptoms, defying all skill and baffling all hope.

That month was a period of deep anxiety in the mission. Dr. Perkins, in his funeral discourse, speaks also of the intense solicitude for his recovery manifested by the Nestorians, "As soon as Mr. Stoddard's disease was pronounced by our medical brethren, *typhus fever*, our hearts were filled with the deepest anxiety. Not so his; he had no fear respecting the result of his sickness. He knew in whom he had believed. He was ready and desirous that the Lord's will concerning him might be done. Everything was done for his recovery which medical skill and assiduity could administer, and the most tireless watching and nursing could contribute. Fervent prayer was offered almost incessantly in his behalf by scores of anxious Nestorians, as well as by the mission."

One who hardly left his side during his illness, and whose constant presence and ministrations were his highest earthly solace, has recorded the daily incidents of his sickness for the satisfaction of his relatives in America. From this letter, dated January 26th, 1857, only a few extracts can be presented to the eye of the public:

"The premonitory chill came on, as he was retiring Monday evening, December 22d. It was so severe that I was alarmed; but he said, 'Don't be troubled. It is only a

sudden cold;' and then told me how he had exposed himself to the wind, while repairing a window in the store-room. He was restless through the night, and the next day kept upon the sofa during the forenoon; but in the afternoon could not be dissuaded from hearing his usual lessons. Tuesday night he was again feverish, but still on Wednesday performed his usual duties, though urged to remain at home in quiet. Thursday he lay upon the sofa all day, complaining of a severe headache and pain in his limbs, but did not take medicine until the middle of that night, when he became convinced that he could not get over the attack without something more than rest. . . . . Symptoms which in another would have caused him alarm, gave him no anxiety as to himself, because he had a strong belief that he was not a subject for fever. Only two or three days before he was taken sick he remarked, 'I may die of cholera, or plague, or some other dreadful disease, but I don't believe I shall die of typhus fever.' It has sometimes seemed to me that this assurance was the cause of his death, because it so effectually shut his eyes as to his real state, until the disease had progressed so far that it could not be arrested.

"On Sabbath morning, after the doctor's visit, he remarked, 'Strange I have not thought of it before; I have typhus fever, but it is of a mild form;' and then gave his reasons for so thinking. Soon after he said, 'I am not very sick, and I think I shall get well, but if I knew I should die it would not trouble me. I have no fear of death.' The next morning, as he was sitting in the chair, he remarked to Dr. Wright, 'Perhaps I am different from other persons, but I do not dread death. I think it would be pleasant to know five or six days beforehand, if one was to die; that he might look over his accounts and be all

ready.' For a day or two afterward he seemed to be doing this as he had strength. Twice he asked me to pay money, and as I gave the last sum, said, 'Now, I believe, I owe no man anything." Again he directed me to attend to one or two items of mission business, and then turned his thoughts to himself. He made remarks similar to the following almost every day that week: 'I expect to get well, but I want to be prepared for whatever may come.' It was his general expectation that he should recover, but withal he manifested an earnest desire to go. He said to one, 'I rather expect to live, but the better world seems so near, so *very* near, that I shrink from coming back to go those rounds of sin again.' At another time, 'It would be pleasant to go home now;' and often similar expressions were upon his lips. One day he said, 'Perhaps it seems strange to you that I think and say so little about my sins and unworthiness, but I have no strength to look over them now. I have given myself to Jesus, and I look upon him as a family Saviour. He was my grandmother's Saviour, my mother's Saviour, Solomon's Saviour, Harriette's Saviour, and I know he will be mine.' In answer to the inquiry, 'How are you?' he would reply, 'Very peaceful,' or, 'All is peace, peace within and peace without.' He said to the children at one time, during their daily visit, that he could not talk with them much, but wished them to know that all was peace: at another, if they should ever be so sick, he hoped they would have as much peace as he had. At another time he said, 'It is well worth all the pains of such a sickness to have so much peace, and *such* peace. I never knew such peace before.' And again, 'All about me is so peaceful, the bed is so peaceful, the room is so peaceful, and every thing is done for me so quietly.' He would often

awake from sleep repeating a line of Scripture or of some hymn. Once I remember it was, 'Jesus, who knows full well;' again, 'I go to prepare a place for you;' and again 'Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone.' He said little about absent friends, but at one time remarked, 'I lie here and think of the good, both among the living and the dead, particularly of my dear mother, she seems very near to me.' In reply to a remark that he could do nothing there upon his sick bed, some one said to him, 'Yes, you can serve God by lying passive in his hands.' For some days after, when that person came to his side, he would say, 'I lie passive, I lie *joyful* in his hands.' He manifested a very strong desire to have his sickness sanctified both to himself and others. 'I am afraid,' he said, 'we shall not, any of us, get the good God designs from my sickness.' Again, 'It were a thousand times better that I die now than to recover and not be a better man. O! if I live I do want to be a *holier* man.'

"In the early part of his sickness he had called for such hymns, as 'Jesus, lover of my soul,' 'Father, whate'er of earthly bliss,' 'When languor and disease invade,' to be read to him; now he chose those which are full of praise, and such psalms as the one hundred and third, and one hundred and forty-sixth.

"Once seeing him look troubled, I said to him, 'Can't I do something for you?' He replied, pointing to the side of the bed, 'Sit down here, and talk to me of the Saviour and of Heaven.' He asked for the hymns to be read or sung to him, 'High in yonder realms of light,' 'I would not live alway,' 'Dear Saviour, we are thine,' 'O! talk to me of Heaven.' After hearing the last, he said, 'How beautiful! Are there not more like it?' Saturday afternoon he wished the children called in, and clasping all our

hands in his, repeated the lines, 'Dear Saviour, we are thine, By everlasting bonds'—said he hoped we should *all* belong to the Saviour, that we should ever feel that we did, and try to serve him in every thing.

"Toward the end of his sickness he was a little delirious most of the time, but his wanderings were sometimes so like himself that they interested us much. Sabbath night, as Mr. Cochran was sitting by him, he said to him, 'Sometimes the soul seems to go out from the body, and it is difficult to bring it back to the scenes of earth. I do not ask my wife, even, what is going on around us.' Early Tuesday morning, in the exchange of watchers, supposing himself alone with his family, he offered, in a distinct voice, the following prayer: 'Guide us this day by thy Spirit, which is the only *infallible* guide. O Lord! bless this family today, and especially that member of it who has been for some days sick. Bless the means used for his recovery, if it can be thy holy will, that he may hereafter have occasion to stand before large and interested audiences, and speak of thy goodness. But whatever may be thy will in regard to this, may we all be thine—thine in death—thine in the judgment-day—and thine when an abundant entrance shall be administered into thy kingdom. And the glory shall be to the Father, the kingdom' [here he lost himself], 'and the Holy Ghost, forever. Amen.'

"The day before he died, after taking an affectionate leave of his family, he said, 'Sophia, peace, peace.' An hour afterward he said to me, 'All well—do you understand—all right.' It was only by getting quite near that we could catch the words.

"On Thursday night, January 22, 1857, at twenty minutes past eleven, his happy spirit joined the angel throng.

It left the body without a groan or a struggle, and so quietly and peacefully that for some moments we doubted whether he were really gone. Eleven years before, on that very evening, he was rejoicing over the first converts of the first revival, and pointing awakened souls to the cross of Christ, and perhaps some of those souls were among the blood-washed throng, who waited to convey his ransomed spirit to glory.

"The funeral services were attended on Saturday, and, with the exception of a prayer and singing at our house, were in Syriac. Mr. Cochran preached from the words, 'Let me die the death of the righteous.' Mar Yohannan offered the last prayer, and was so much affected, when he came to speak of the bereaved family, and of the servants of the Lord, strangers in a strange land, that he could not restrain his emotion, and wept for some moments. A large number of Nestorians were present, from the former pupils of the seminary, from Geog Tapa, and from other near villages, all sincere mourners. The precious remains were borne to their last resting-place, and laid away there, by his own children, as it were—that is, by pupils who became hopeful Christians in the first revival—and they performed this last office with filial tenderness."

Some additional particulars concerning Mr. Stoddard's last illness, given by Dr. Perkins in his commemorative discourse, are here subjoined:

"On Tuesday, December 30th, I said to him, 'I trust the Saviour is with you in this visitation.' 'O, yes,' he replied, 'all is peace, sweet peace. My disease is pervading my system, and will have its course; but I am thankful that it does not affect my mind. I could calmly meet death on the ocean, or from cholera, but I shrink from the

idea of the wreck of my mind." I replied, "How blessed in such circumstances to be able to say,

"'Sweet to lie passive in Thy hands,
And know no will but Thine.'

"'O yes,' he heartily responded. Soon afterward he said, 'I feel that Jesus is *mine;* he was my grandmother's Saviour, and my mother's Saviour—and is mine by a kind of inheritance."

"On Wednesday morning, December 31st, as I relieved Mr. Coan at day-break, who had watched with him during the night, he said to me, 'Now will you draw aside the curtains, and let me see the returning light.' I did so, and he commenced in a loud and distinct voice, and repeated the whole of the hymn beginning,

"'Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,'

"On Friday afternoon, January 2d, while sitting with him, he said to me, 'Judging from my sickness nine years ago, if I recover I shall be a long time recovering; but it may be more profitable than health; I can pray more if I labor less; I have prayed too little and tried to labor too much.'"

"On the Sabbath, January 4th, he inquired of me about the seminary, and asked whether the pupils were quiet. I replied, they are greatly subdued, and prayer is offered by them without ceasing for your recovery? He answered, 'It is a thousand times more important that they pray for my *sanctification.*' A day or two previous, he had once said, 'I shall probably recover; and oh, I shrink from

returning to the world again, and living at such a poor rate from God.'"

"One day toward the close of his life, he remarked thus: 'As I told my wife to-day, if I have cast myself on the Saviour, his all-sufficiency is the thing, and not the number nor the magnitude of my sins. He will wash me clean from them all with his precious blood.'

"And again he said, 'It is delightful when thus laid by, to let go of the world and think of being caught up to glory. One has thus little desire to go back to the world.'"

The death of Mr. Stoddard called forth the most touching expressions of grief from the pious Nestorians, especially from the young men who had been led to Christ under his instructions in the seminary, and had there been trained to preach the Gospel to their countrymen. The following letter addressed to Mrs. Stoddard by one of her husband's pupils, written in his simple English, is a beautiful expression of the general feeling.

"DEGULA.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—

"After the remains of your dear husband were interred on that mournful day, I wanted to see you very much, and to drop my word of consolation into your distressed and wounded heart. Be assured that I condole with you, and share with your calamity. It is true you have lost a husband, and a very excellent one, but we have lost in his death, a *father*, and a very blessed example, and one that, like Whitfield, wore out himself in the service of his Master, for the sake of the Nestorians. In the course of so many years among our people, he had gained the love of very many of us. As for my part, I will own myself guilty of ingratitude, and even cruelty, if I be tempted to forget Mr. Stoddard until my memory ceases in death. By spending only one night in our family last spring,

he had endeared himself to all our associates here, who are now bemoaning his premature death.

"How great your loss must be, we can judge of ourselves, and how painful your recollections. But you know better than we do where to go for a real and immortal comfort.

"When we were laying the calm and peaceful corpse into the tomb, nature whispered within me, with a sort of despondency, What a great scholar and Christian is laid in the grave, to turn into dust! Then faith exclaimed, He is not dead; he is only removed to a nobler country, this vale of tears being not worthy of him. Then weep not for him. He who desired to walk with God, is lying in his bosom now and that for eternity.

"May the everlasting arms support your dear afflicted family, and may Immanuel smile on your solitary house with his special graces, is the prayer of your most sympathizing friend. JOSEPH."

From the many tributes to the memory of Mr. Stoddard by his brethren of the various oriental missions, the following from the pen of Rev. Samuel A. Rhea, is inserted as a just estimate of his character as a man, and his life as a missionary.

"Mr. Stoddard was the first missionary whose acquaintance I formed, and from him I received a most happy impression of what a missionary should be, and of the influence missionary life exerts upon character. In him I saw illustrated, in an impressive manner, how the missionary is to sacrifice all, take up his cross, and follow Jesus. In him I saw exemplified the strong faith which a missionary must have to stay long on missionary ground. In him I saw how it was that the missionary could be one of the happiest of men. In him I saw an excellent exemplar—in habits of economy—the sacredness of missionary funds—the simplicity which should mark the missionary's home, furniture, table, dress, etc., etc. His life illustrated the value of thorough scholarship for the missionary, and of those habits

of order, system, and accuracy which characterize the scholar. The pleasing impression which he made upon all classes, shows how much the missionary should cultivate the *suaviter in modo* as well as the *fortiter in re*, and a more perfect illustration of what a missionary should be in all his intercourse with his associates, of a manly expression of his own sentiments, with perfect tolerance toward the opinions of others, combined with great courteousness and gentleness, would be hard to find among the walks of men. He was ever noble and generous to confess a fault, or acknowledge an error. He spoke his sentiments with great frankness, and if there were occasions when he supposed he may have touched the feelings of a brother, how quick he was to repair the injury! How full, free, and generous were his explanations! With what sincerity could he disclaim any intention to wound the feelings of another!

"His mind was cast in a fine mould; so was his moral nature. He had a peculiarly sensitive and wakeful conscience. His whole life was pervaded with a tender conscientiousness. He entered into no company, engaged in no employment where he left his conscience behind him. He could say, 'I have lived in all good conscience before God. Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly, and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you.'

"He gave himself to his work with singular devotion and purity of motive. He brought his whole heart's affections, and all the strength of his mind and body, and laid them at the feet of this poor and despised people, saying, 'I am yours, to spend and be spent for you.' Never were vows more faithfully performed than those he took when he consecrated himself to labor in behalf of this people. Never was a sacrifice bound with tighter cords upon the altar of Christ.

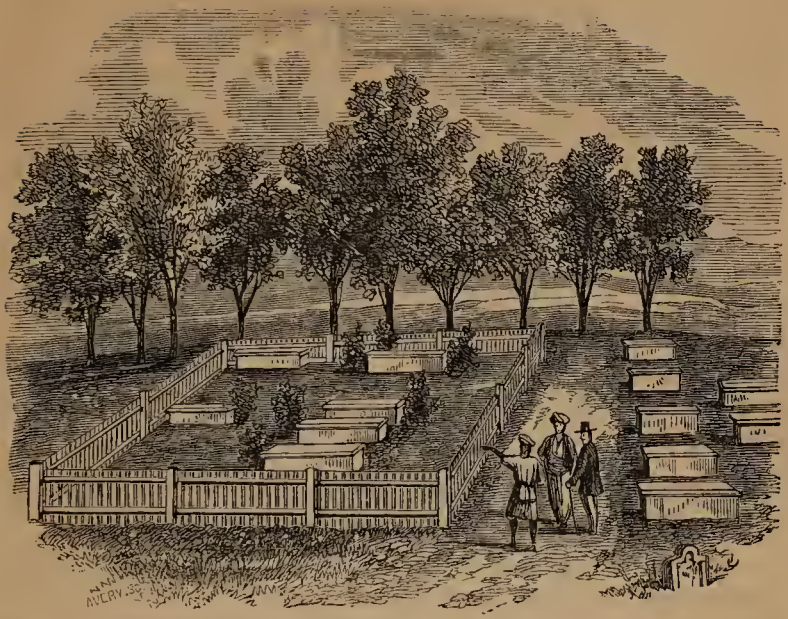
"To an unusual degree he attained to habits of spirituality, close intimacy with the Saviour. He walked with him as with an elder brother. With all possible fullness and confidence he breathed his heart's sorrows into his ear, and this was the secret of that serenity and spiritual hilarity which diffused itself through his life. In him religion robed herself in her most winning garb. Solemnity and

gravity did not characterize him—it seemed, rather, as if a stream of love was continually flowing through his heart, and pouring itself forth upon all around him. He did not have those deep, depressing self-loathings which Brainard had, but rather the happy, exultant spirit of McCheyne and Summerfield. If any pilgrim ever turned this valley of Baca (weeping) into a well, and through this vale of tears carried a heart full of melody, he was that one. From his life I would infer he was seldom without a sweet sense of his acceptance in the Beloved. His loving heart could not breathe long under the frown of his Saviour. I doubt if ever his faith was eclipsed, or whether he ever passed under a cloud. He kept the words of Jesus, and Jesus came and made his abode with him, and manifested himself unto him."

The little burial enclosure where the remains of Mr. Stoddard now rest, appears in the sketch of the mission premises at Mount Seir. But the accompanying view, engraved from a photograph made by a Persian nobleman, a Mohammedan, will give additional interest to that hallowed spot. That a Mohammedan should so far conquer his prejudices as to make a picture of a Christian's grave, is of itself remarkable; but that he should do this as an expression of his regard for the departed missionary and his surviving friends, is highly significant. This prince had often been entertained and instructed by Mr. Stoddard's scientific lectures and experiments. On hearing of his death, he wrote to a member of the mission: "The event which has just happened has made me very sad. It is a pity. We shall never meet again with so knowing a man."

Mr. Stoddard is the only adult member of the mission who lies interred in this enclosure.* The other graves are

* Mr. Stoddard is only the second adult missionary who has died at Oroomiah during the twenty-five years of the Nestorian Mission. Mrs.



those of children of the missionaries. Since the death of Mr. Stoddard, his oldest daughter, Harriette, who had just united with him in the fellowship of the church on earth, has gone to join her parents in the fellowship of the redeemed in heaven. She sleeps by his side. Three months after Mr. Stoddard's death a missionary brother wrote to the Day Spring:

"Scarcely a day passes but some one of Mr. Stoddard's grateful pupils seek the hallowed spot where they may recall his blessed ex-

Grant died there in 1839. Others associated with the mission have died elsewhere. In all, eight missionaries to the Nestorians have been removed by death; Dr. and Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Harriette Stoddard, Mr. Stocking, Mr. Crane, Mr. Holladay, Mr. Stoddard and Mrs. Rhea. A stone has been erected over Mr. Stoddard's grave, with the simple inscription, "He walked with God." A monument to his memory has also been erected in the family plot in the Northampton Cemetery.

ample, and dwell upon the words of holy cheer which he left to stimulate them in efforts for the salvation of their benighted people. About two weeks since, as I was walking, one Sabbath evening, upon the terraced roof of our dwelling, my attention was arrested by the sound of mingled voices singing in Syriac, the hymns our departed brother so much loved. Turning to find from whence the music proceeded, I was touched to see some of the pupils of the seminary standing by the grave of their beloved teacher, and surrounding it with sweet songs of praise. I stood for a moment lost in deep emotion. No incident of my life can leave a happier impression upon memory's page than these songs of Zion, sung in a strange land and in a foreign tongue, around the grave of the faithful missionary. Blessed rest, after a life of self-denying toil, to be thus enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people. Who would wish a better monument than those songs of victory which arose above that lowly grave, in the still evening air of a Persian sky? When racked with fever, Mr. Stoddard often asked for the sweet hymns which he had been accustomed, while a child, to repeat at his mother's knee. And it was a strong tribute to the soothing power of those hymns, that they not only sustained him throughout the sorrows and cares of missionary life, but that even in the last trying hours, the strains of Watts, Cowper, and Doddridge, were commissioned, by a hand Divine, to illuminate the dark valley. And shall we deny, that to our own stricken hearts, these simple hymns, next to the words of our Saviour, have come even from his grave like leaves of healing?"

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE MISSIONARY CHARACTER AND WORK.

The character of Mr. Stoddard is so artlessly, and yet so fully transcribed upon his own letters, that no summary of its traits is needed to impress it upon the mind of the reader. A few of these traits, however, may be profitably recalled in their relation to the missionary work.

The *simplicity* of that character is as rare as it is admirable. All scheming for self, and that diplomatic and ecclesiastical scheming, which good men sometimes practice "for the glory of God," were foreign alike to his nature and to his views of Christian integrity. He practiced no concealment with respect either to his opinions, his feelings, or his plans. He was never known even to suppress the truth for any sinister end, nor could he be suspected of guile. A transparent honesty was the garment of his soul. His lips and countenance always fairly represented his thoughts and intentions. Honest in himself, he was frank toward others.

But this simplicity and frankness were not occasioned by lack of judgment or of a discerning knowledge of human nature. It was not a simplicity which could be imposed upon; it was not a frankness which led to rash confidence. On the contrary, no member of the Nestorian mission had greater sagacity in his dealing with the peculiarities of native character; but his wisdom was free from guile—the wisdom of the serpent, the harmlessness of the dove.

Dr. Perkins says of him: "With all his attainments he never seemed to suppose that he was a whit above the humblest mortal. His pupils were freely and patiently instructed on such subjects as they could comprehend. Persian nobles and princes, as well as those of lower rank, who visited him, were often entertained and enlightened by his illustrations of the wonderful works of God. In such efforts there never appeared in him the least ostentation of superior knowledge. He possessed the modesty of genius, as well as the humility of the Christian. He was just as ready and happy to explain to the humblest child why the smoke first rises and then descends, as to point out to the proud yet admiring Persian of royal blood, the mountains in the moon."

This simplicity was duly combined with *strength of principle and inflexibility of purpose.* Mr. Stoddard, with his frail body, his delicate complexion, his almost feminine elasticity and grace of person and of manner, would hardly have suggested the idea of a hero or a martyr. But the gentle, loving John, who leaned upon the bosom of the Lord, showed more of steadfast heroism in the judgment hall and at the crucifixion, and more of the patient firmness of the martyr in his exile at Patmos, than did the sturdy and valiant Peter. Mr. Stoddard's whole Christian life was marked by a steadfast adherence to principle, and to the line of duty which Providence marked out for him. An enlightened conscientiousness ruled in all his decisions and plans; not the naked constraint of duty, nor the morbid apprehension of doing wrong, but an intelligent regard for what is *right*, before all temporizing expediency, above all personal convenience or advantage. "In this respect," says Dr. Perkins, "he was a rigid Puritan."

The *intellectual training* of Mr. Stoddard was of the

highest importance to his usefulness as a missionary. Nothing could be more unsound in philosophy, nothing would be more fatal in practice, than the notion that he who, through some defect of intellectual ability or development is not qualified to minister to an intelligent church in his native land, is good enough to be a missionary to the unevangelized. In every missionary field there is need not only of the most elevated piety, but of the highest force of intellect, and the ripest fruits of scholarship.

The two principal departments of Mr. Stoddard's labors—instructing youth in the knowledge of Christian civilization and Biblical divinity, and perfecting the version of the Scriptures from an ancient into a vernacular tongue—required the best scholarship guided by well-balanced and disciplined powers. The whole communion of English-speaking Christians are to-day agitated with the question of a possible revision of their time-honored version of the Scriptures. No college of translators could be convened from the schools of Great Britain and America, to whose united learning and wisdom the Christians of those countries would commit the task of even *revising* that version. And yet a single missionary is sometimes called upon, first to reduce a strange language to a written form, and then to translate into that the Word of God, thus determining by his unaided judgment the impression of the Scriptures upon a nation, and fixing for whole generations the meaning of religious and theological terms. Surely no labor demands such thorough scholarship, guided by a calm and mature judgment and daily sanctified by prayer. De Wette and Bunsen, each in his way, have sought to supersede the sterling old version of Luther. But Germany refuses to accept the authority of any single scholar in so great a matter. Can the mission-

ary, without learning, do a work for which the highest wisdom and learning are hardly equal?

A singular and preëminent *devotedness to the cause of Christ* is accorded to Mr. Stoddard by all who knew him in the missionary field, and will be accorded also by all who have read these pages. Dr. Schauffler, of Constantinople, once said of him: "His work had swallowed him up, so that he thought of nothing else, and nothing in the whole world could influence his mind aside from that." The love of Christ constrained him so fully and so constantly, that he seemed hardly susceptible to any other motive.

The late Professor B. B. Edwards, of Andover Seminary, said of Mr. Stoddard, during his visit to America in 1849: "He goes among the churches burning like a seraph. I call him Henry Martyn, Junior. So heavenly a spirit—one whose meat and drink it is to be a missionary—has hardly ever been seen in this country."

In summing up the record of his labors as a missionary, Dr. Perkins remarks:

"Three precious revivals have occurred in the male seminary since our brother's return to Persia, and two seasons of less extensive interest, in which several individuals were hopefully converted. No year has passed there during this period without special tokens of the divine presence and blessing. His prayers and toils and joys during those visitations of mercy are well described by those already noticed in connection with the first revival here eleven years ago. As a missionary and a preacher, and yet more as a Christian in his closet, he was eminently a *revivalist*. He longed and prayed and labored habitually for the frequent recurrence of those seasons of refreshing, or rather for their increasing continuance."

An almost constant elevation of spiritual feeling, an unwearied enthusiasm in his work, a joy in the service of his Lord, that shone in his countenance, that animated his conversation, and diffused itself over all around him, a certain ethereal beauty of expression and grace of manners, and that combination of humility and zeal, so remarkable in his reverend ancestor, the minister of Northampton, which made him always disposed to shrink from publicity, yet always ready to seize an occasion to speak for Christ and for souls—these qualities, which nearly allied him to the sainted Martyn—endeared him to his fellow-laborers, and made him a burning and shining light.

His *joy* in his work is the highest testimony to the wisdom of his choice and the blessedness of the work of missions. He was pre-eminently a happy man. His natural temperament was cheerful and vivacious. He always met his missionary brethren with a smile, and his happy, hopeful temperament diffused itself over their circle. His very step was buoyant. He would enter with a hearty laugh into the innocent sports of children. But his letters indicate a far higher joy than that which flows from the exuberance of natural feeling. Indeed, the vein of mirthfulness which was in him by nature seldom comes into view in these letters—not because a morbid pietism forbade him to be cheerful, not because he had mistaken sanctimoniousness for piety, but because a true religious joy absorbed his emotions and lifted him into a higher plane of feeling. The joy of the Lord was his strength. His life is a weighty appeal to young men of ability and education to give themselves to the highest, noblest, most rewarding service.

Often in his letters he had expressed the wish to end his

days in his Persian home, and to be buried among the people to whose spiritual welfare he had given his life. The desire of his heart was granted. He sleeps among his beloved Nestorians, and his monument bears the united testimony of associates, pupils, and converts—"HE WALKED WITH GOD."

APPENDIX.

A.—Page 15.

The namo of Rev. Solomon Stoddard is associated in New England theology with a controversy concerning the terms of communion. Indeed, his views were at one time so prominent that they were designated by the name of *Stoddardism.* He did not, as some have supposed, advocate the use of the Lord's Supper by all unregenerate persons as a means of grace, but, in accordance with the prevailing doctrine of the Reformed Churches of that age, he held that the children of visible believers were "ecclesiastically holy," and that "they that are in external covenant with God [by baptism], and if neither ignorant nor scandalous, may lawfully come to the Lord's Supper, though destitute of a saving work of God's Spirit on their hearts." No minister ever preached more clearly and earnestly than did Mr. Stoddard, the necessity of regeneration in order to salvation.

B.—Page 17.

In a sermon preached by President Edwards upon the occasion of his death, Colonel John Stoddard is described as "one of the first rank, as to his natural abilities, strength of reason, greatness and clearness of discerning, and depth of penetration." It is further said that "the greatness and honorableness of his disposition were answerable to the largeness of his understanding." He was eminent in the Church, also, for his doctrinal and experimental knowledge of divine things.

C.—Page 23.

MRS. TAPPAN'S ACCOUNT OF HER CONVERSION.

"In my youth I was, for the most part, as thoughtless, perhaps as ever any creature could be, but God, who is rich in mercy, still waited upon me to be gracious. When about twenty I visited Falmouth and The Vineyard. At Falmouth I heard a plain sermon from these words, 'For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' (Mark viii. 36.) I recollected I had often heard sermons from that text, but never felt the truth as it was then enforced. The impression was deep and lasting. The next day a young woman came to the house on a visit. We had never met before, but she also was under deep convictions. We knew of no other persons who felt as we did, and as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, we soon became interested in each other, and retired where we could converse freely together. From this time, without any one to assist me, the truths contained in the Bible opened more fully to my mind, and I read and heard with the greatest astonishment at my past willful ignorance. I was, indeed, as one new born, and God's glorious character was visible in all his works, to that degree that I thought it was wonderful that the stones did not upbraid man for his ingratitude, for all things else that had breath or life seemed to utter forth his praise. The March after I was twenty-one I publicly took the seal of the covenant, and gave up myself to God to be his, relying wholly on the merits of the glorious Jesus for acceptance with God, and strength to perform my engagements. By the influences of the Holy Spirit, and through many temptations, and much weakness, I have been enabled to persevere, and to receive light more abundantly."

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Rev. Mr. Rhea, of Oroomiah, says:

"His soul was wrapped up in his work. A stream of love was continually flowing through his heart. He had the happy exultant spirit of McCheyne and Summerfield."

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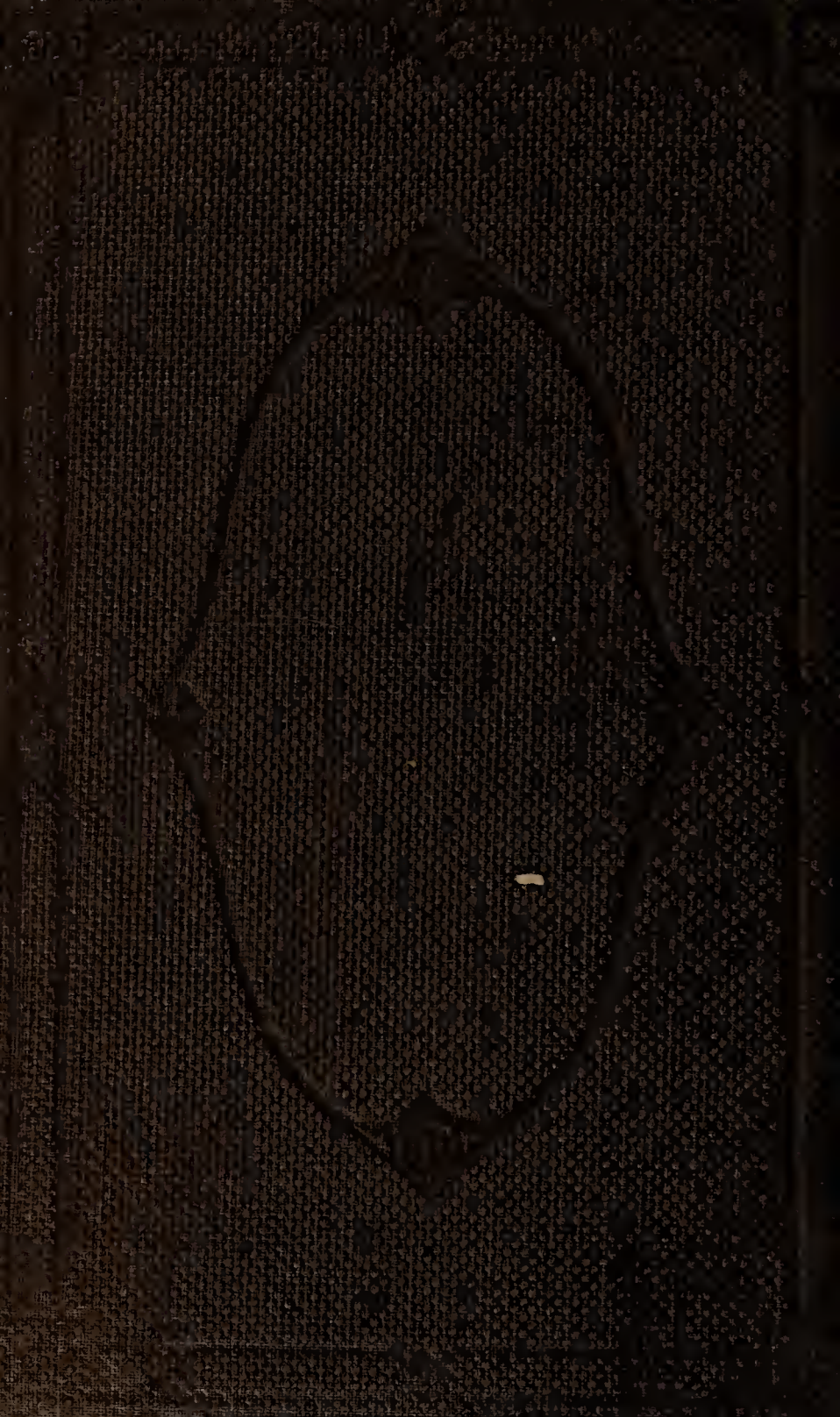
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